PHOTOPLAY

The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

June
25
Cents
30 Cents
in Canada

The Hollywood Stars Tell You How to be Beautiful

Give Yourself a Break

See Page 32

Copr. 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"LUCKIES are my standby"

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Cash in on Poppa's famous name? Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.! For months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed into a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. See him in his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words. "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Pays $5 for perfume . . . *Spends nothing on her gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you *smile*?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

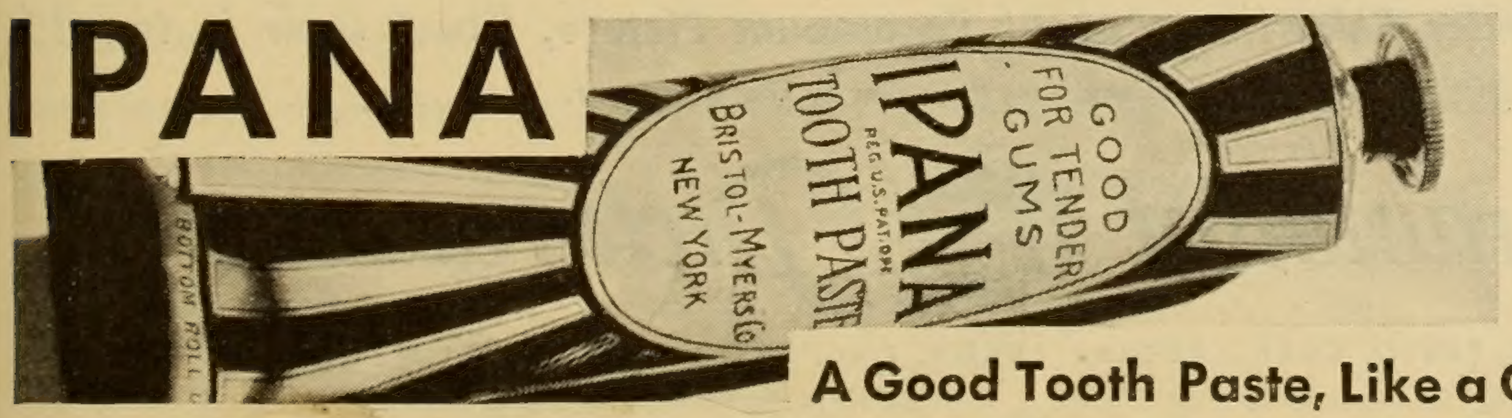
The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) *aids* the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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City.....*State*.....

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Love consumed her!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom *love* consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from *"Thunder Below"*—a great Paramount Picture, *"best show in town!"*

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 1 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | June, 1932

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMORESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	**1924**	**1925**
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	**1927**	**1928**
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	**1930**	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	

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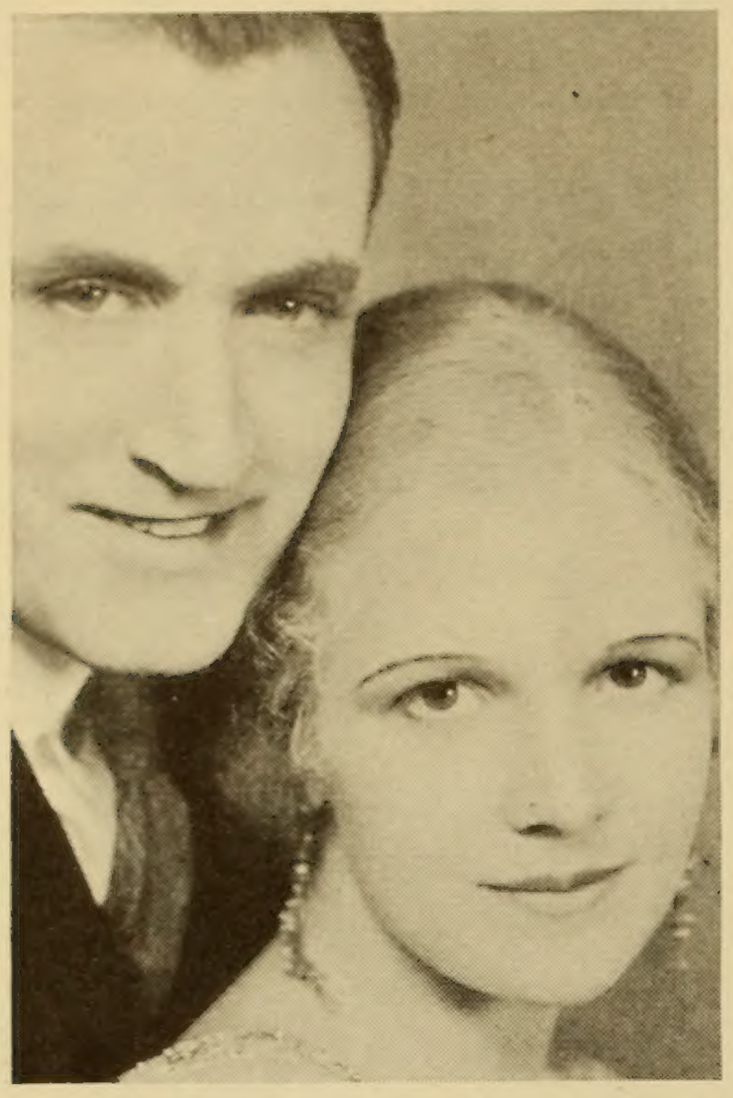
The Audience Talks Back



The fans couldn't believe that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, whose love seemed such a sure thing, were really separated. Hundreds wrote in to PHOTOPLAY asking if it were really true. One woman said her movie illusions had been shattered

Maurice, you big brute, you're making that little woman cry! But Jeanette MacDonald will cry with joy when she reads all the nice things written about her and Chevalier in "One Hour With You." It is as great as "The Love Parade," is what they all say

THE $25 LETTER

I have a protest to register and I believe that there are a few million American mothers who will back me up.

We have two children who are fond of the movies so we go all together twice a week. We try to choose a feature which we feel will not outrage our sense of decency nor embarrass us before our children. For the feature pictures we can make a right choice, thanks to reviews in PHOTOPLAY and the consistency of most producers in keeping certain stars in clean pictures. But very often we find a comedy following which contains remarks and innuendos which were taboo in most refined, adult gatherings a few years ago.

Yet they are flung before our children as entertainment.

I have often, when witnessing certain comedies (not all) sat there and thanked heaven that my little girl was too young to comprehend them and prayed that my eleven-year-old boy might miss them. It sickened me to hear the comprehending guffaws of the young boys and girls about us and the echoing laughter of the little people who had yet to learn what they were laughing at.

JEANNE DALZELL, Pasadena, Calif.

THE $10 LETTER

Wuxtra, wuxtra! Here's one for Ripley! Girl sixteen travels thousands of miles in two years, but has not left sanatorium bed! Explanation in next paragraph.

Oregon provides movies for her T. B. patients. Sure, they're just the old silents but that doesn't anchor my ship of dreams which steers a straight course for romance and adventure, my favorite ports.

What sage was it said, "Everyone has to live his own life"? With my few years of living I shouldn't dispute the old fellow, but I must say he is sadly mistaken. I have found it more enjoyable to let the movie actors live my life for me, while I reap the pleasure. After all, it's not a bad idea, is it?

LILLABEL CURRY, Salem, Ore.

THE $5 LETTER

Life doesn't hold much for me now—seventy-four years old, children scattered over the face of the globe, no home life and, were it not for the talkies, a lonely existence.

But do I sit in my room bemoaning my condition, pitying myself and living a life of regrets? I do not.

Thanks to modern progress my town supports six good movie theaters. I see a show every day or night. Is this extravagance? No. I consider my money well invested. In return, I keep pace with the times; I become more tolerant of mankind and, best of all, keep cheerful and jovial and save on doctor's bills.

L. C. GRAY, Miami, Fla.

TWO big news events occupied the spotlight this month. The pen-takers-in-hand were shocked to superlatives by Garbo's rumored return to Sweden—for good!—and the separation of "the happiest married couple in Hollywood," Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.

But there were still time and space left to crown a new king. Johnny Weissmuller swam away with all the honors, in spite of the fact that there was quite a heated argument about Clark Gable's rôle of the minister in "Polly of the Circus." There were nothing but raves for Johnny. Hail, *Tarzan!*

"The Wet Parade" started a nationwide discussion pro and con prohibition. Sounds as if it were going to continue for a long time.

Favorite films were "Alias the Doctor" (praise for Richard Barthelmess), "The Impatient Maiden," "Arsene Lupin" and "One Hour With You," with Chevalier and MacDonald ringing the bell again. Genevieve Tobin (you'll find a swell story about her on another page of this magazine) was voted great in that picture.

Our foreign readers did lots of writing this month. Do their opinions coincide with yours? It's fun knowing what people in other lands think about our movies.

DON'T LEAVE US, GRETA

I hope that Greta Garbo will renew her contract because I think that if she doesn't the movies will lose a great actress and a fine person. Garbo will always be remembered just as Duse is. As for being a mystery—well, I don't think minding your own business and asking others to do the same is mysterious.

J. MILLEN, Newark, N. J.

It is whispered that Garbo is leaving for Sweden after completing one more picture. Are we, the public, the cause of this by continually hounding her to be interviewed? Can't we understand that hers is a sensitive spirit; that her every action and emotion reveals the soul of a genius? Many believe her selfish because of her seeming indifference to public opinion, but remember Garbo was always afraid of crowds from the time she was a child.

KATHLEEN ESAU, Winnipeg, Canada

There has been much talk lately that Greta Garbo will retire. What a shame that would be. Doesn't she realize that she brings happiness to countless millions all over the world? My hope is that this letter will be an influence that will cause her to continue her work that is as great as that of a diplomat, clergyman or scholar.

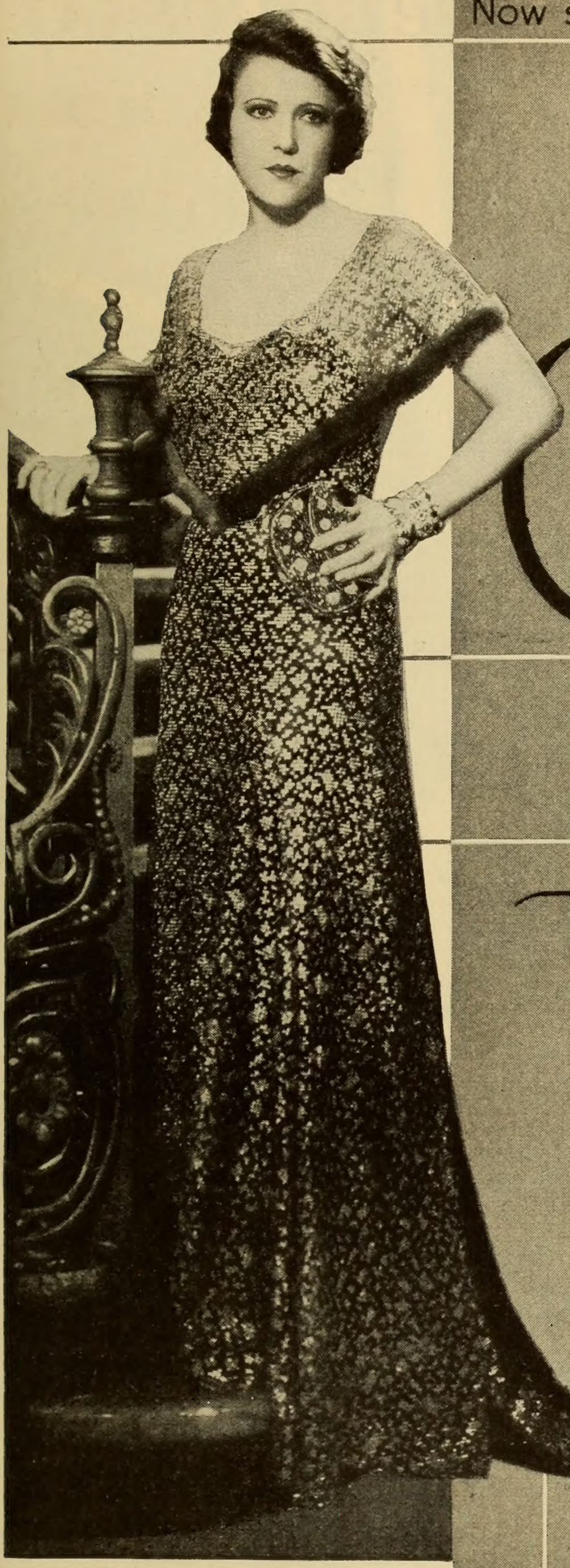
EDGAR SHOLUND, Gothenburg, Neb.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

You loved her in "MADAME X"..."SARAH & SON"..."TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...



Miss

Ruth

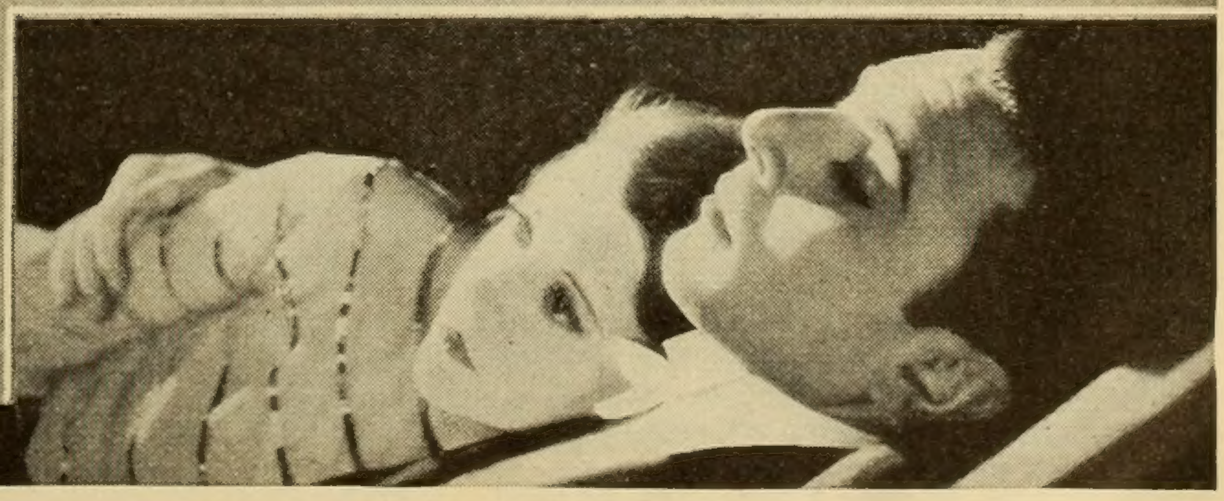
Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED . . .
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED . . . IN
HER *first* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives — and loves — and lies . . . Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT THE MARRIAGE GAME?



with BETTE DAVIS

GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN

Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL *Hit!*

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFTER TOMORROW—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (*May*)

AIR EAGLES—All-Star.—An amusing enough picture, but bigger and better air films have been made. (*April*)

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—First National.—Now it's Richard Barthelmess who glorifies the medical profession. Rather gruesome. (*April*)

ALMOST MARRIED—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (*Feb.*)

AMATEUR DADDY—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (*May*)

AMBASSADOR BILL—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (*Dec.*)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (*Feb.*)

★ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (*Dec.*)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (*May*)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (*Jan.*)

★ **ARROWSMITH** — United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (*Jan.*)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (*March*)

BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (*Feb.*)

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia.—This ranks among the best mystery and chill pictures of the year. Jack Holt. (*April*)

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heart throbs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (*Dec.*)

BEN HUR—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (*Feb.*)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (*Feb.*)

BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (*May*)

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (*Feb.*)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY** — Paramount. — (Reviewed under title "The Man I Killed"). A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (*March*)

BROKEN WING, THE—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (*May*)

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (*May*)

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (*March*)

CAPTIVATION — Capital Prod. — Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (*Dec.*)

OSCAR, the Paramount bootblack who has appeared in several pictures, was wanted at a neighboring studio for a part.

Oscar was offered $35 a week. But he held out for $40.

"I'll tell you what," they finally said, "we'll compromise and make it $37.50."

"Well," Oscar said, thinking it over, "I'se willin' to compromise all right, but I can't compromise a cent under my 40 bucks."

Oscar won.

CARELESS LADY—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (*May*)

CARNIVAL BOAT — RKO-Pathe. — Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (*May*)

★ **CHAMP, THE** — M-G-M. — You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (*March*)

CHEATERS AT PLAY—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (*May*)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (*Jan.*)

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risque. (*Feb.*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (*May*)

CONVICTED—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (*Dec.*)

CORSAIR — United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (*Jan.*)

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme.—Plenty of suspense about a boy accused of his father's murder. (*April*)

CROWD ROARS, THE—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (*May*)

★ **CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (*Dec.*)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (*May*)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (*March*)

DEADLINE, THE—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (*Jan.*)

DECEIVER, THE—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (*Feb.*)

DELICIOUS—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (*Feb.*)

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (*May*)

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL'S LOTTERY—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (*May*)

★ **DISORDERLY CONDUCT** — Fox. — Sally Eilers is teamed with Spencer Tracy and it's a fine idea. The whole family should see it. (*April*)

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (*Feb.*)

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star.—A banal ballad in celluloid about a rum runner and two women. (*April*)

DRIFTER, THE—All-Star.—William Farnum miscast as a French-Canadian who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS

Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!...Smart!

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture

JAMES DUNN

PEGGY SHANNON

SPENCER TRACY

SOCIETY GIRL

Opinions from Over the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

PLEASE KISS AND MAKE UP

And now the one and only Ann Harding getting a divorce. Not so long ago columns were written about the ideal couple Harry and Ann.

Harry Bannister seems to feel that he can't let a mere woman ruin his career. He might be right after all, but can't people just live instead of trying to soar the heights of fame and folly?

MARY DALTON, Haddon Heights, N. J.

Among some of the stars, divorce is rather expected, but when it comes to one of the few idols of whom Ann Harding was one, it is quite disillusioning.

I hope we never read any gossip about Warner Baxter, Thomas Meighan and Jack Holt.

LILLIAN PONDS, Chicago, Ill.

CONNIE AND JOAN

Why doesn't Joan Bennett get the praise that's due her? She could have taken any one of her famous sister Connie's pictures and done as well, if not better than Constance.

MISS A. J. PLOWMAN, Dallas, Texas

Constance Bennett is perfect and I am sure that the rest of the public think so too only jealousy forbids them to say so, but deep down in their hearts they all love Connie. If not why are the theaters always packed when a Bennett film is shown?

MARGE VEROSHI, Bay City, Mich.

FORWARD, CHATTERTON FANS!

I think Ruth Biery went just a little too far in her article about Ruth Chatterton in the April Issue of PHOTOPLAY. I'll admit that Chatterton was not at her best in "The Magnificent Lie" and "Once a Lady" but no actress can make a good picture out of a flimsy plot.

But "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was fine and if the love scenes were not just as they should have been, I think some allowance should be made for the fact that Ruth and Paul Lukas were not on speaking terms during the filming.

JANET RALEY, Washington, D. C.

That thrust at Ruth Chatterton by Ruth Biery in your April issue made me mad. I have seen Miss Chatterton in every picture and if she is slipping she is slipping forward. If Miss Biery was not stirred by "Once a Lady" she couldn't be stirred with a cement mixer.

J. S. PATTERSON, Des Moines, Iowa

Ruth Chatterton's work in "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son" showed the blazing genius that she really possesses. But in her recent pictures, even discounting the mediocre stories, there was an appreciable deterioration in the quality of her performances. I felt that something should be done about it and I'm truly thankful to Ruth Biery for her searching analysis of the trouble and to PHOTOPLAY for sponsoring the article.

T. B. BENTLEY, Washington, D. C.

"AFTER TOMORROW"

What a relief, after a deluge of so-called sophisticated pictures, to run across something as wholesome and refreshing as "After Tomorrow." As the mother of a growing daughter, I was happy to find that somebody still believes in ideals and that young love can still be regarded as something fine and precious.

Of late there has been altogether too much glamour cast over the lady of easy virtue; she is made to appear mysterious and sophisticated and desirable.

How are our growing girls to be made to realize that moral character is still a valuable asset if gorgeous beauties of the screen parade as luxurious ladies of easy virtue?

MRS. RUTH NEWCOMB, Berkeley, Calif.

THAT WEISSMULLER BOY!

We who thrilled at seeing Johnny Weissmuller cut through the water were equally as thrilled by his performance in "Tarzan."

DOLLY ASHLEY, Baltimore, Md.

Our local newspapers said that "Tarzan, the Ape Man" was just a lot of hokum and trick photography. But the critics did not see it as the public did—a relief from the average type of picture. It took our minds off our troubles and, for awhile, we were free as *Tarzan* from financial and business worries.

MRS. G. H. JOHN, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Tarzan, the Ape Man" should not be missed. The directing is perfect, the acting supreme and the outdoor scenery beautiful. Let us have more of these fascinating pictures.

CORINNE HUGHES, Memphis, Tenn.

"Tarzan, the Ape Man," is the most interesting picture I have ever seen; Johnny Weissmuller, as *Tarzan*, the most interesting character ever shown on the screen. I think that this great swimmer will also become one of our great movie actors.

MARION HEMMER, Lockport, N. Y.

GANGSTER OR PARSON GABLE?

In "Polly of the Circus" Clark Gable is woefully miscast in the rôle of a preacher. He tries manfully to make the audience forget that he is the two-fisted, philandering lover of the screen but without much success.

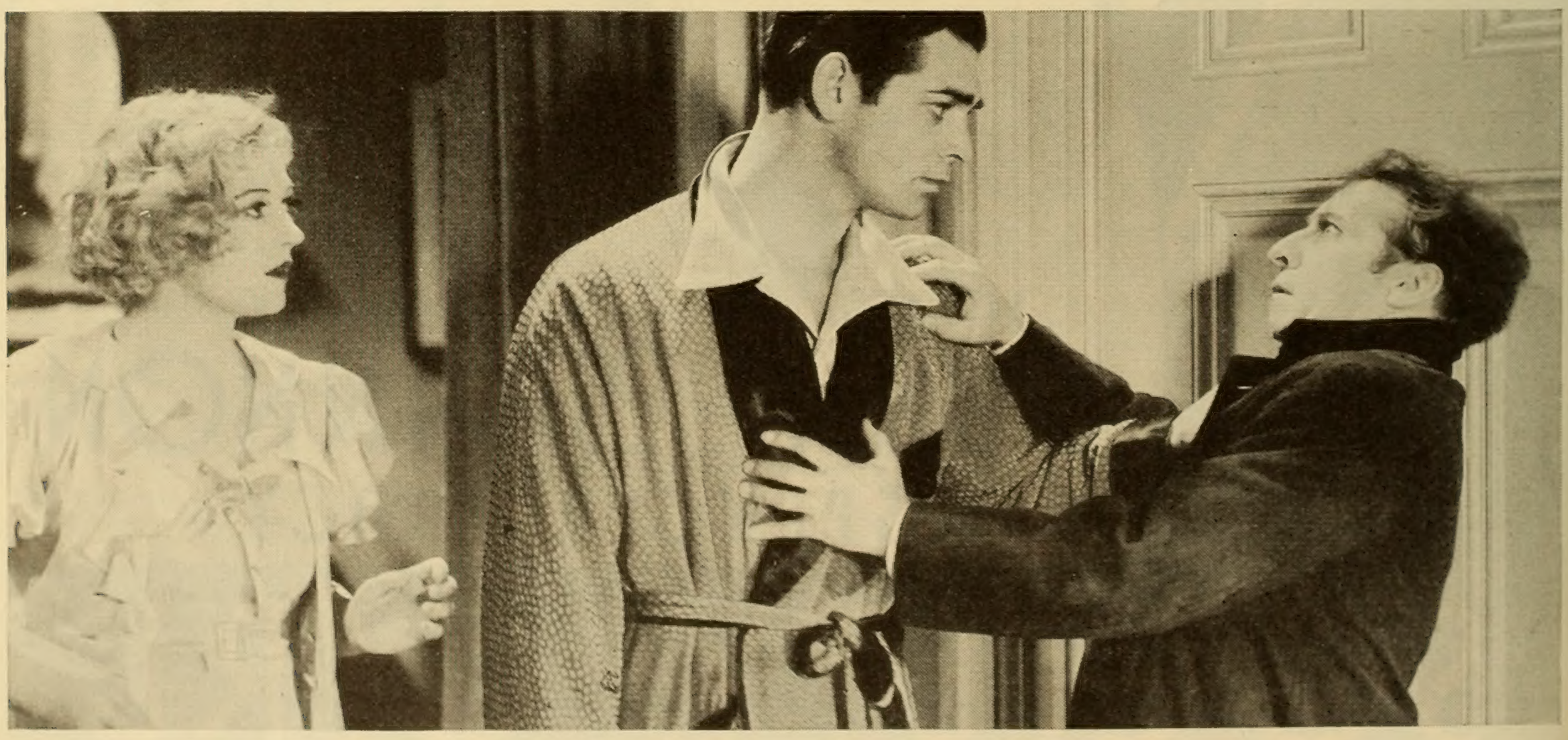
LEONA SIMMONDS, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"Polly of the Circus" has everything one expects in a picture today, also much food for thought. I like Marion Davies always. But I was used to Clark Gable as a gangster and I'm amazed at what an ideal minister he makes.

LILLIAN ANDERSON, Oakland, Calif.

I have just seen "Polly of the Circus" and I think it was the best that either Marion Davies or Clark Gable have made.

CLARA WYLAND, La Ferio, Texas



Some people objected to Clark Gable as the minister in "Polly of the Circus," but others cheered him for making a pastor a real man, able to meet situations like this. Everybody thought Marion Davies was great

Make Movie Arguments Exciting

"The Wet Parade" has started an argument that will be heard around the world. "The newspapers give us the cold facts," said one reader, "but this film is the living drama of prohibition." Walter Huston and Robert Young are shown above in one of the many thrilling action scenes in the picture

Last month a reader wanted to know what had become of her favorite, Richard Barthelmess. This month she wrote to add her word of praise along with that of hundreds of others for his work in "Alias the Doctor." Stop looking into Marian Marsh's eyes long enough to take a big bow, Dick, old boy

CHANGE YOUR STYLE, JANET

I watched Janet Gaynor make a tremendous hit in "7th Heaven" and ever since she has done nothing but this one type of picture, which by this time is so trite that I find myself reluctant to go to one of the Gaynor films.

SANFORD PAYNE, Jr., Mount Vernon, Wash.

NOW PARSE THAT SENTENCE

When the cast is superb, the story unflaggingly interesting, the photographer superlative, every detail perfect—the star uses an ungrammatical expression.

I refer to "Shanghai Express" where, at the end, Marlene Dietrich says to Clive Brook, "Nobody is here but you and I." How could the director overlook something so glaring? When the picture is shown in England, our cousins there will have just another chance to smile at our ignorance.

LOUISE BRAUN, New York City

SAVE JIMMY DUNN

I was tremendously impressed by James Dunn's wonderful performance in "Bad Girl." But "Dance Team" was a sad disappointment. Jimmy's attractive crooked smile was worked overtime and the self conceit which was amusing when it first made its appearance in "Bad Girl" was repeated ad nauseum. Can't something be done to save this new star from impending destruction?

JOHN T. OPIE, Whipple, Ariz.

NO MORE STAR THROWING

What right had Warner Brothers to make James Cagney a star? The "Public Enemy" was a good picture and "Blonde Crazy" was okay but in my home town he is liked by about one out of every ten.

I don't see why producers should throw stars at the public and say, "Here they are—take them." The public likes to make its own stars and the quicker the producers find this out the better.

HAROLD E. BELL, Danville, Pa.

MORE VARIETY WANTED

"Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll" were successes, so all the producers began to turn out horror pictures. "Arrowsmith" was a near-great so Barthelmess, Ayres and others turned doctors. "Possession" wasn't so bad, but "Forbidden" was an imitation. "The Divorcee" was pretty good, and Norma Shearer has made a half dozen of the same type. The "Grand Hotel" style has been copied. And I suppose the great success of "Tarzan" will have every male star except George Arliss swinging from the tree tops.

But the audiences want variety and originality, not a lot of immature copying of various trends.

RANDOLPH MILLER, New Haven, Conn.

WE MAKE THREE GUESSES

My mother who is deaf, but far from dumb, attended a movie a few nights ago, and, not being able to hear all that was said, finally decided that the heroine of the story was playing the rôle of a feeble minded girl. She was astonished to learn that the actress was only trying to be glamorous.

I won't mention any names but will let you guess.

ELIZABETH DAWSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

YOU'RE WELCOME

I want to thank PHOTOPLAY and Genevieve Tobin.

A month ago I was in a serious accident. My head and forehead were badly cut and I realized that I would be left for life with an ugly scar, which threatened to ruin my stage career.

Then I saw a picture of Genevieve Tobin's new hair cut in PHOTOPLAY. She was wearing bangs.

I had my hair cut in this fashion and the scar is perfectly hidden.

ADELE JOLANE, Denver, Colo.

SCHOOL MA'RM HARDING

I am the mother of a fourteen year old girl. For the past few months I have been greatly concerned because she thought it smart to use all the latest—and the worst—slang. And she would pay no attention to my corrections.

Then came a sudden change. Her newest screen idol is Ann Harding and her chief interest in life is to speak as beautifully and in as refined a manner as Ann does. She has discontinued her use of slang and watches her English very closely.

She will not miss one of Ann Harding's pictures and I take great satisfaction in taking her.

MRS. ELIZABETH COMBS, San Bernardino, Calif.

"WET PARADE"

The movies are making us realize the necessity of readjusting some things in this country before we can sit back in a self satisfied manner. A shining example of this type of picture is "The Wet Parade." Our public problems are put before us in the newspapers, but somehow black print leaves us cold and in the hurry and rush of the day we forget quickly. But the human drama lived before us on the screen shocks us into realization that something must be done.

KAY SHERMAN, Portland, Ore.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (*Feb.*)

EXPERT, THE—Warners.—Chic Sale and little Dickie Moore in a nice, homey picture from that fine story, "Old Man Minick." (*April*)

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (*Feb.*)

FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (*Jan.*)

FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (*May*)

FILE 113—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (*March*)

FINAL EDITION—Columbia.—A worthwhile newspaper story packed with punches, political intrigue and murders. (*April*)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National.—Don't be misled by the title. This is a baseball picture and a good one. Joe E. Brown. (*April*)

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (*Jan.*)

FOOL'S ADVICE, A—Frank Fay Prod.—Frank Fay produced and acted in this. (*April*)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (*Feb.*)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (*March*)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN** — Universal. — Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (*Jan.*)

FREAKS—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (*March*)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (*Jan.*)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (*Jan.*)

GAY CABALLERO, THE — Fox. — George O'Brien riding and rescuing fair damsels again. (*April*)

GIRL CRAZY—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (*May*)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (*Feb.*)

★ **GIRLS ABOUT TOWN**—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (*Dec.*)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (*Jan.*)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (*May*)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (*Dec.*)

GUILTY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (*Jan.*)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (*March*)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (*Dec.*)

HEART OF NEW YORK, THE—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (*May*)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (*Jan.*)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (*Feb.*)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (*Jan.*)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (*March*)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (*Jan.*)

HOTEL CONTINENTAL—Tiffany Prod.—Suspense, action and lavish sets make this story of hidden plunder and a crook entertaining film fare. (*April*)

HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (*Jan.*)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of [illegible] atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (*Dec.*)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY — Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (*Feb.*)

★ **IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE**—Universal.—Lew Ayres thinks he should make a "good woman" of Mae Clarke but she has other ideas. So they make a good movie. (*April*)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (*Dec.*)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (*Feb.*)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (*May*)

KEEPERS OF YOUTH—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (*May*)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADY WITH A PAST**—RKO-Pathe.—Connie Bennett as a real person this time. You'll be sorry if you miss it. (*April*)

LAW AND ORDER—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (*May*)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this m[illegible] drama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (*Feb.*)

LAW OF THE WEST—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (*May*)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (*Dec.*)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naive. (*March*)

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (*Dec.*)

★ **LOST SQUADRON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine, behind-the-screen aviation picture about an unscrupulous director who sacrifices everything for realism. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—M-G-M.—An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (*March*)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (*Dec.*)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (*Feb.*)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (*Feb.*)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (*March*)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (*Feb.*)

MENACE, THE—Columbia.—Recommended for ardent mystery fans only. (*April*)

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (*Jan.*)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (*Feb.*)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (*March*)

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney. (*May*)

MONSTER WALKS, THE—Action Pictures.—Another horror picture. (*April*)

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.—This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouper Bessie Love. (*Jan.*)

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.—A grizzly mystery yarn in which the actors are more confused but not as amused as the audience. (*April*)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (*March*)

MY WIFE'S FAMILY—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (*May*)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the doldrums. (*Jan.*)

NICE WOMEN—Universal.—A trite plot proves entertaining because of Sidney Fox, Russell Gleason and Frances Dee. (*April*)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (*March*)

NIGHT RAID (Un Soir De Rafle)—Osso Prod.—A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (*Dec.*)

NO ONE MAN—Paramount.—Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (*March*)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (*Dec.*)

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—Paramount.—A gay, naughty farce with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. It has music and grand Lubitsch touches. (*April*)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The Kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (*Dec.*)

OPERA BALL—Greenbaum-Emelka Prod.—English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (*Jan.*)

★ **OVER THE HILL**—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (*Jan.*)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (*March*)

★ **PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE**—M-G-M.—This couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy. Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. (*April*)

PEACHO'RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (*Jan.*)

★ **PLATINUM BLONDE**—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (*Dec.*)

PLAY GIRL—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (*May*)

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (*Feb.*)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS—M-G-M.—Marion Davies and Clark Gable in a modernized version of an old favorite. (*April*)

★ **POSSESSED**—M-G-M.—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (*Jan.*)

PRESTIGE—RKO-Pathe.—Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (*March*)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risque, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (*Feb.*)

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (*Jan.*)

RAINBOW TRAIL.—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (*Feb.*)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (*Dec.*)

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (*Jan.*)

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (*Jan.*)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (*Dec.*)

ROAD TO LIFE, THE—Amkino.—How the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow into able citizens. Russian dialogue with English titles. (*April*)

SADDLE BUSTER, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A Western without a shot fired. (*April*)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (*Jan.*)

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures.—A story of high-class crooks. Entertaining enough. (*April*)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (*May*)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (*Dec.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!

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Giving A Bridge Luncheon?

"I think your muff and turban of white violets are simply stunning," said Maureen O'Sullivan to Anita Page when they met at a bridge luncheon the other day. Bridge luncheons are the current party vogue in Hollywood these days. You'll like the typical menu, below

EVERYONE has gone contract bridge mad out here in Hollywood. Whenever there is a lull at the studios, you will find the cinema élite doing a "talkie" over the bridge tables. And the popular prelude to these card sessions, is luncheon.

I have found bridge luncheons in Hollywood so fascinating as to menus, that I thought you would enjoy hearing about a recent one. Of course, you can adapt these suggestions to your own particular tastes, perhaps using only one or two of the dishes I am going to describe.

For instance, squab is not always available as a luncheon delicacy—in its place you can substitute chicken.

To return to this particular luncheon. Anita Page and Maureen O'Sullivan were two of the twelve guests—don't they look charming in the costumes they wore?

The menu included: boned squab with wild rice dressing, Parisienne potatoes, orange cup, new peas in souffle cups, thimble biscuits, vegetable aspic salad, strawberry sherbet with small assorted cakes, and coffee. The squab and its complements were attractively arranged on one plate as you can see in the picture, above.

The hostess said her cook had a way with squab—they tasted it! Here's how she prepares them:

Boned Squab

Select one plump squab for each plate. Lay the squab on a board, cut carefully on underside so that the top is whole, remove all bones. Stuff with the wild rice. Roll and wrap in oiled paper. Then bake until tender. Serve with a broiled mushroom as garnishment.

The wild rice dressing is made of wild rice that has been cooked two days previously and kept on ice. The rice should be boiled for forty-five minutes or longer. Mix it with seasoning, chopped green onions and chopped bacon.

On the plate with the squab goes an orange cut in the shape of a basket. After you have removed all the pulp and cut the handle, fill with diced fruit topped with currant jelly.

Parisienne potatoes are round potato balls, French fried.

Vegetable Aspic Salad

Fill individual molds with vegetables arranged in layers. Try to alternate or blend the colors as green peas, then diced carrots, mixed green peppers, diced celery and finally, shredded pineapple and cabbage. Top each with a sliver of pimento.

Pour enough lime aspic over this to fill the mold. Chill thoroughly and serve on hearts of lettuce with buttons of mayonnaise and rosebud-cut radishes.

Strawberry Sherbet

Use two cups of water, 1 cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of strawberries, mashed fine. Boil your sugar and water for twenty minutes, then let it cool. Add the fruit and freeze. This amount will serve four people—add to the consistency for a larger service. You can freeze this in molds or in one dish.

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ONCE WAS ENOUGH

FOUR hours ago he hadn't dreamed he could kiss this beautiful and famous woman.

They had been strangers then, though across the damask of the candle-lit table their eyes met in eager challenge. Gridley, no less than she, had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight. But tonight, at their first meeting, they did not sneer.

And now he was holding her in his arms ... her warm lips on his in a kiss half of yearning, half of tenderness. One kiss ... and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. Instead, it parted them forever.

For in the instant that his lips held hers he knew that she was not the woman for him. He knew the reason, too. But she didn't ... and probably never will. It is a matter people do not discuss.

No one is immune

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is unpardonable—repellent in either man or woman. It breaks up many a friendship, romance, and occasionally a marriage. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you; the subject is too delicate. The same applies to the presence of body odors which are second only to halitosis in their power to offend others.

Why risk either? Why not make sure that your breath is sweet and agreeable? Why not take precautions against body odors?

Swift deodorant power

Halitosis yields immediately to Listerine, the quickest of deodorants. Simply gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time with ordinary antiseptics; it takes them 12 hours or more to get rid of odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

After your bath, Listerine

Body odors, including that of perspiration, are the result of a chemical action in tiny glands. No mere washing with soap and water will remove these odors. That is why we say to you: after your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It checks body odors without altering or impairing natural functions.

Keep Listerine always handy in home and office. Carry a bottle in your handbag and the side pocket of your car. It is your protection against infection in an emergency, and your constant assurance that you won't offend others.

By the way, we have a small but useful book of etiquette that tells you what to wear, do, and say at formal and informal occasions. A copy will be sent to you free if you will write Dept. P.H.6, Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE *ends* **HALITOSIS** *checks* **BODY ODORS**

MEET Hollywood's newest working wife. Joan Bennett wanted to take a long honeymoon with her husband, Gene Markey. Fox Studio said a polite, "Nix, we need you in our pictures!" So they hurried back from a two weeks' trip and Joan began work on "The Trial of Vivienne Ware." They say it's great

Bachrach

A FEW years ago this girl begged for a job posing for commercial photographers. Then she was awkward, badly dressed, glum. But the camera saw something that escaped the eye. She became New York's $50-an-hour model and is now Richard Dix's leading woman. Gwili Andre, of Denmark, has what it takes

Gaston Longet

HERE'S another new girl, Phyllis Clare. Looks like Lois Wilson —yes?—with a dash of Chatterton in that smile. Why does she have a picture of Joel McCrea on her arm? A new fad, Genevieve. She sits in the sun and after awhile her favorite actor's silhouette is tanned upon her arm. Silly idea, but cute

Russell Ball

MARY PICKFORD is going to make another picture. "I can't let people remember me in 'Kiki'," she says. She has two stories and will begin work as soon as she decides which to use. Here is Mary's latest photograph, taken for PHOTOPLAY in her Beverly Hills home. Never more youthful and charming

your FACE can't take a holiday

YOU'RE planning a week-end in the country, or a Summer abroad. New clothes . . . new scenes . . . new friends!

But—your *face* can't go on vacation. It's your chief representative to your world—whether you're in Pleasantville or Paris, at a dance or at your desk. And you can't *change* your face, as you do your frocks, or *locale!* But—you *can* give it a lovely, natural-toned finish which clings without clogging—and that, you know, is the very fine Face Powder made by Coty!

Coty Face Powder offers you *twelve* skin-true tones from which to make a selection. Doesn't *your* one and only face deserve this care? *Today* would be a good time to choose the delicately fragrant Coty tone that's an accurate twin to *your* coloring . . . Remember, too, Coty's delightful Dusting Powder! "*Poudre aprés le Bain*" if you prefer it in French; certainly you'll prefer it in use, it's so pleasant after your tub—so *cooling* after sun baths. In *waterproof-base* box, with lamb's wool puff.

Look for the powder-puff box! It's your guide both to Coty *Dusting* Powder, $1.50, and to Coty *Face* Powder, $1.

Coty

TO YOUR THIRST'S CONTENT!

A pure, wholesome drink of natural flavors. With a taste thrill and a cool, delightful after-sense of refreshment...Served at more than 8 hundred thousand soda fountains and refreshment stands. There's nothing else like it—and it's only a nickel.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN—Universal Pictures
See her in "Back Street"

Drink
Coca-Cola

THE DRINK THAT MAKES A PAUSE REFRESHING

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

WHEN the final results of the national motion picture preference poll, which Will Hays is conducting, are announced, it ought to put an end to all this claptrap about the low intelligence average of us motion picture fans.

Thousands of our leading citizens, from scientists and churchmen to bankers and society leaders, have been questioned, and if we are morons so are they.

Our intellectuals, some of whom have thrown mud at pictures, admit they go in for broad comedies. Scientists and statesmen prefer the same screen fare as plumbers and barbers. Society leaders are as interested in Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich as are ladies who wash their own dishes.

Texas Guinan voted for historical and inspirational themes, good old uplift stuff, while Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, quite a hot dog among our leading biologists, wants thrillers for mental relaxation. Henry L. Mencken, section boss of a gang of America's intellectuals, wants his comedy straight, the lower the better, while his old pal, Aimee Semple McPherson, wants "a deeper spiritual touch."

Who's a moron now?

JACKIE COOPER, whose salary runs into four figures a week, is allowed fifty cents each week for spending money. And to Jackie, who hasn't the slightest notion of how much he earns, that fifty cents looks like the inside of Mellon's bank.

Recently, Jackie came upon an independent motion picture company at work on the beach. He became friends with one of the extra children.

"How much do you get?" Jackie asked the extra boy.

"Five dollars," the boy replied.

"Five dollars!" Jackie gasped. "Gee," he said, his eyes round as moons. "You must be good. I only get fifty cents a week."

HUNDREDS of mothers are mad at Roscoe Ates and are making frantic appeals to have something done about it.

Roscoe stutters on the screen. And hundreds of little boys try to imitate him.

Well, didn't we kids always imitate the fellow in the butcher shop who stuttered? We used to drive him bughouse, as we said in those days.

Ah, the screen is a terrible influence on us kids. Keep your mother home and she won't be thinking of Clark Gable.

I WAS just going to write something about why PHOTOPLAY is now the only twenty-five-cent magazine in the motion picture field, when I received a letter from a reader in Sanford, N. C., which tells the whole story as well as I could do it myself, and with much better grace!

WHILE conversing with some friends, someone inquired my opinion as to why the price of PHOTOPLAY *had not been reduced, in view of the present economic conditions. My reply was:*

First, it is impossible to reduce without a sharp reduction in quality; while at the same time PHOTOPLAY *can and does take advantage of the situation by utilizing possible reduction of expenses to give us a much higher quality magazine, maintaining the same established price, which is just what we readers want.*

Second, there has been a tremendous improvement in PHOTOPLAY. *The paper on which it is printed, the beautiful colored pictures, the reading matter—all prove that* PHOTOPLAY *is placing the difference right where it should be and where it will produce the greatest results, both to publisher and reader.*

Keep the quality and price up, and continue to reign supreme in your field.

GILBERT W. CRUTCHFIELD.

I THANK the gentleman from North Carolina. PHOTOPLAY could not possibly maintain its improved standards with a reduced price. This depression is not going to last forever. When it is over PHOTOPLAY may reduce its price, but when it does it

will not be with cheaper paper and printing and lower editorial standards, but still better and higher.

IT would add just another note of hopelessness if, when we recover from our economic illness, we could look ahead only to a world where all standards of living and entertainment were permanently lowered.

It's not the price that counts. It's the value.

I ASKED a famous actor how he would compare Garbo and Dietrich.

"Dietrich displays all of the charm of her anatomy; Garbo all the charm of her face. I can't compare them. I have never noticed Dietrich's face."

I HAVE had three experiences in the theater recently that have tried my patience to the point where, even if the picture I went to see was good, I wouldn't like it.

First, it was at the Astor Theater, in New York. I paid two dollars to get in. As I entered the theater two gangsters were yelling, "Check your coats. Check your coats here," in a loud and intimidating manner. I started to walk by, but one of them deliberately blocked my path, demanding my coat. I had to push them out of my way. Then I asked the usher for a program, only to be curtly informed they were on sale in the lobby for twenty-five cents. After this, I sat in the cold, old-fashioned theater for twenty-five minutes after the announced starting time.

I WANTED to see a picture which was showing at one of the Broadway motion picture houses. I had an hour to spare, but only an hour. The doorman assured me the feature would be starting in a few minutes. For one solid hour I sat through an annoying assortment of orchestrations, stage shows, and badly selected short reels. I paid a dollar to actually suffer through the mess, wasted my hour, had to leave, and never saw one foot of the picture.

A FEW weeks later I went to see James Cagney at still another Broadway theater. I enjoyed the newsreel and even the travelogue about Java, but it took all Cagney's acting and Loretta Young's fascination to make me forget the punishment of sitting through, not one awful short "comedy," but two of them.

PLEASE tell me, kind folks, do these things happen in Detroit or Tulsa, or are New Yorkers the only saps in the world who sit and take it instead of socking the manager in the eye? I wonder what Jimmie Cagney would do under the circumstances.

HERE is a letter I received this month that has a direct bearing on that subject. It is better than any comment I could make:

There are three of us in our family and we go to the movies about twice a week. We always discuss the feature when we get home, but there is one thing that annoyed all of us and that was the shoddy quality of the short reels they sometimes slipped over.

We talked to the manager of the theater and, as a result, he changed his short reel subjects. It just shows what you can do by telling the manager what you like and don't like. He didn't seem to realize how important the short reels were until we spoke to him. Now we sometimes go to the movies just because one of our favorite two-reel comedies is being shown.

MRS. MABEL HUMPHREY,
Denver, Colo.

SHE was once a star. That is, until things began breaking badly. Now she is seen every day along Hollywood Boulevard and side streets with her dogs. She seems to have many of them. But what few suspect or know is that airing dogs for prosperous owners is her job. With head held high, the valiant little ex-star tramps many miles a day with her canine charges. It's incidents like this that really write the book of Hollywood.

IF you have any doubt that we are living in a machine age, just drop around to a certain make-up laboratory in Hollywood.

They are experimenting on a scheme by which perfectly natural looking masks can be made of rubber. And those weird make-ups over which poor Lon Chaney spent hours and hours can now be slipped on in a minute.

What's more, if the thing is a success, the features of one player can be duplicated upon another, so if Garbo does actually desert the screen Miss Susie Zilch from Pawtucket can put a little rubber mask on her face and be Garbo.

HERE'S a strange sign that appeared on the M-G-M bulletin board. "Company on location tomorrow—blossoms permitting," it read.

Seems that certain scenes for a picture called for an orchard in bloom. So many an extra girl's rent and many an extra man's rations depended upon whether or not blossoms bloomed the next day. They did.

IN Hollywood the boys who drive for the studios own their own automobiles and rent them by the hour. What is more, they don't like to be called "chauffeurs."

An Eastern star, who didn't understand, arrived in town, hired one of the cars and insisted upon calling the driver "chauffeur."

At last the lad had as much as he could stand. "Listen," he said, "I'm not a chauffeur. I'm a driver."

"Well, what's the difference?" the star asked.

And this is the answer he shot at her:

"About one hundred dollars a month and no dogs to wash."

Eddie Robinson was just a good actor without much box-office drawing power until he became a tough guy in "Little Caesar," and now the "standing room only" sign is hung out when his pictures come to town

Jimmy Cagney never had his name in electric lights until he became a film gangster in "The Public Enemy." Now Paul Muni, left, in "Scarface," makes the others seem like nice boys. Just watch Paul's machine gun smoke

"Scarface"—*Paul Muni*

By Sidney Skolsky

EDWARD G. ROBINSON, James Cagney and Paul Muni should say a prayer every night for Al Capone before going to bed. He made them what they are today.

Eddie Robinson was a good, but not too well-known, actor on the Broadway stage. He made one picture at the Paramount Eastern Studio and wasn't anything to cause the fans to line up at the box-office.

His last appearance on Broadway was in a flop play, "Mr. Samuel."

Then he played "Little Caesar" and became a sensation.

Jimmy Cagney didn't work often on the Broadway stage and never had his name in lights. His last play on Broadway, "Penny Arcade," was a flop. He might have remained a nobody in Hollywood but—

He played a tough guy in "The Public Enemy" and became a sensation.

Now the movie fans are getting ready to love another tough guy.

PAUL MUNI didn't amount to anything in pictures until he made "Scarface." He worked for Fox Films, made several flickers, and then returned to the Main Stem. Hollywood was no dice with him.

Like Robinson and Cagney he had to be a tough guy to click.

Those who have seen "Scarface"—and who hasn't—have raved about his performance and the picture. Certain parts of "Scarface" make other gangster films seem sissy.

Before "Scarface" was released, Warner Bros. signed Muni to make one of those chain-gang pictures, which will be next season's new cycle in talkies.

PAUL MUNI, who has stepped into fame playing the rôle of a gangster, was born directly across the street from a prison.

The date was September 11, 1897, and the place Lemberg—now a part of Poland but then belonging to Austria.

His name was Muni Weisenfreund and he was tagged with the monicker Paul Muni when he worked for Fox Films during that gold rush to the Coast back in 1928. A shorter name was needed because they wanted to give him one that would fit in theater lights.

He comes from a family of actors, strolling players of the Yiddish stage. He didn't wish to become an actor. It was the business of his parents and it became his business.

He went on the stage the same as the son of a storekeeper goes into the store to help his parents.

At the age of eleven, in the city of Cleveland, he made his stage début.

The character he portrayed was the president of a lodge, sixty years old. After the performance was over he wouldn't take off the long trousers. From that day on he wore long pants.

Trouped about the country with his folks, always playing old men with beards. During intermissions and between shows he'd take off his beard, go into the alley and shoot marbles with the kids.

He is five feet, nine, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, brown eyes and a mole on his left cheek.

He has been married since May 8, 1921, to Bella Fink. She was formerly an actress on the Yiddish stage. Their love match was arranged for them by a friend.

After many years in the Jewish theater he made his first appearance on Broadway in the play "We Americans." Strangely enough, he played a bearded old man of sixty. He did it so realistically that the dramatic critics, who didn't know him, really thought an old man was playing the rôle.

The second week of the show, pictures were placed in the lobby showing Paul Muni with make-up and without make-up.

HE graduated from public school—went to kindergarten in London and public school on the lower East side of New York. He didn't make a go of high school. He has educated himself by reading.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Hey! Hey!

Here Comes

Johnny!

I MIGHT as well break down and confess that I think Johnny Weissmuller is swell.

I see no reason for holding back the fact that I've seen "Tarzan, the Ape Man," four times.

You can have your Gables and your George Brents and your Melvyn Douglases. But just give me *Tarzan* and I'll call it square.

At the risk of being bombarded by a ton of personally autographed brickbats, I'll further add that I never quite understood what all the shouting about Clark Gable was for. And that he could slap as many glamorous gals as he chose and just toss off a hundred dimpled smiles in my direction, and I'd ask him if he had read any good books lately.

To tell the truth I'd begun to worry about myself—just a little. Thought maybe my youth and enthusiasm was beginning to wear around the edges—like Marlene Dietrich's eyelashes. Because if I could sit in a theater and say about Clark Gable, "Sure, he's all right, but there are lots of other guys," there must be something wrong with me.

And I'd hear the other girls rave about all these big, handsome he-men and I'd wish I could just go away to some quiet spot and lie down.

And then I sat in a little projection room and watched "Tarzan, the Ape Man." As the first reel unwound I thought, "This is hokum—you can't kid me; it's just a lot of left-over animals from 'Trader Horn,'" when all of a sudden a figure came swinging through the trees and a weird call pierced the microphones and there was Johnny Weissmuller, and I said to myself, "Old girl, you're not as ancient as you thought you were."

And all during the rest of the picture I kept trying to tell myself that it was just a movie and I really shouldn't carry on like that—but it was no use. All Johnny had to do was to yell "Yoo-hoo, yoo-oh-oh-oh" and leap down out of a tree on a tiger's back, and home, mother and the little kiddies waiting for me were forgotten.

NOW, the joke of it was that I thought I was unique. I thought I had discovered somebody and that maybe I was more primitive than I looked—in my new fifteen-dollar spring hat. But when the picture was over—and I found that I really could breathe after all—I began to hear, out of the fog, such ravings as I've never heard before.

Fifteen of New York's most "you gotta show me" newspaper and magazine women, who had seen the preview with me, were besieging one poor M-G-M press-agent with, "Where has this guy been hiding all my life?" and "When does that baby get to town?"

Nor was it any different when the picture was released. The afternoon that "Tarzan" opened at the Capitol Theater, PHOTOPLAY'S office was as womanless as an 1890 barber shop. The girls had all sneaked off to see Johnny and when they came back it didn't make much difference. You couldn't get a nickel's worth of work out of any of them. "Wasn't he swell

"Tarzan" Weissmuller swings into pictures, and do the girls rave? Just listen to PHOTOPLAY'S cynic—

Katherine Albert

when he started cutting through the water," and "Gee, Maureen O'Sullivan is a lucky girl," and "Say, how'd you like to be running around in the tree tops with a guy like that?" That's all you got when you asked would somebody mind taking a wire for you.

It seems I'm not so unique after all. Me and eight million other girls have gone Weissmuller. And I'm even thinking of learning to swim this summer.

So Johnny simply set New York and all points West on its collective ear.

And then I met him. He came into PHOTOPLAY'S office—work absolutely stopped and three girls fainted. With notebook and pencil in hand I tore after him—on the pretext of getting a story. But I had to wait just a minute. When I asked him where he was born he couldn't say anything just then for he was leaping from the file cabinet marked "A to J" to the one marked "Personal—Confidential," just to prove that he really had done that swinging stuff through the trees and hadn't used a double.

And not a bit tired from all this, he strolled nonchalantly

Johnny is a mighty handsome lad even in his street clothes, but the Hollywood girls didn't give him much of a tumble. With no advance publicity he just came swinging along in "Tarzan," and you discovered him

into my office—just slightly bumping his head on my door.

He stretched his legs out in front of him as he sat down, and there was hardly room left for me and my typewriter. And then he looked bewildered.

For Johnny is the most bewildered gent I've seen since the Civil War.

"You see," he said, "I thought I was making a picture for kids. Honest—everything I did, I said to myself, 'I'll bet the kids will like this.' I didn't know that—that—"

"THAT ten thousand girls would fall for you." Johnny blushed underneath his tan. "Well, yes," he said modestly. "You see, when I was a kid I used to like Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and I thought if I jumped around enough, as Doug used to do, and if I did a lot of stunts, that the kids would like me. And that's what I was trying to do—make the kids like me."

And for every kid who sees "Tarzan, the Ape Man"—although it is a great kid picture—there are twenty-five women. The lines in front of the theater are longer than the bread line in Times Square.

"You see," Johnny went on, trying hard to explain things to me, "nobody thought this picture would be so good. Even after the preview, nobody thought it would be so good. Everybody in Hollywood said, 'Sure, it's okay, but it's just another picture. The kids will like it.'"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Yes, girls, Johnny Weissmuller is married. But if it had not been for his wife, Bobbe Arnst, a musical comedy star, he would never have had that rôle in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." They met in Florida over a year ago, were married almost immediately and continue to be much in love. They both like to swim, to play golf and to dance

Genevieve *Goes Torrid*

Longworth

"A chill sister"—that's what they used to call this fascinating ooh, la, la glamour girl. It was a little man with a big cigar, named Ernst Lubitsch, who changed the prim and ladylike Genevieve Tobin into a luscious and alluring siren. How did he do it? That's Ernst's own little secret. You ask him!

Two good little troupers who graduated from the stage and what is happening to them in pictures

By Leonard Hall

THE Glamour Gang of Hollywood—that shimmering sisterhood which used to be called "The Jolly It Girls"—has a new member!

Once more a movie moth has flashed across the screen decked out as a flaming butterfly. Again the folks out front are rubbing their dazzled eyes at the sight of another strange and fascinating picture miracle!

In "One Hour With You," the current Chevalier roguery, we were all primed for alert and charming performances by the star and his perennial sparring-partner, Jeanette MacDonald.

But we were knocked limp and goggling in the old family pew by the absolutely astonishing show given by—of all people—one Genevieve Tobin! How she sparkled and snapped and sizzled!

Here was the cold and colorless Tobin, the refined and reticent Lady Genevieve, turning out as Frenchy and fascinating a farce performance as our time has seen. The very sands of Malibu turned to powdered sugar at the sight. Could this be Tobin?

But behind this amazing spectacle stood a smallish, quiet figure—a little man with a big cigar. It was the magic wag, the old Glamour-Master, the only living man who can turn an ugly duckling into a swell swan. In brief, Ernst Lubitsch was up to his old tricks again!

Once more the little German maestro had played *Pygmalion* to a cold, stony *Galatea*. And at the touch of his wand a new golden girl had appeared, loaded for b'ar and r'arin' to go!

BACK of it all is another of those strange, almost unbelievably romantic stories that now seem to be born only in Hollywood, the modern Never-Never Land!

To understand it at all one must peer, in a genteel way, at *La* Tobin's past.

It seems to me that Lady Genevieve, though now but twenty-eight, has been around the New York stage forever. She and her sister Vivian were always on tap when a producer wanted a young leading girl.

The Tobin sisters, in fact, occupied respectable spots in the managerial pigeon-hole marked, "Leading ladies, ingénue, genteel and refined, competent, if not hot."

That's about all. They were little ladies, the Tobin girls. They had been nicely taught the nicer things. They knew how to walk, and talk, and juggle tea-cups, and play smart conversational ping-pong with the leading man. They had both started in the theater when they were mere kids—and now here they were, always on hand when a manager wanted a nice little lady to pass the cakes and make small-talk with the vicar.

But thrill, glamour, excitement? Not an ounce in a carload of Tobins! They seemed condemned to a dignified, fairly inconspicuous place on the American stage until they married and retired, or were pensioned off for age.

In my meaner moments as a dramatic critic, I was wont, God forgive me, to call them "The Chill Sisters," and was never horsewhipped for it. I'd have no more thought of making goo-goo eyes at a Tobin than I would of trying to date up an electric ice-box.

And little did Miss Gen reck that waiting in the wings was a master human craftsman who [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Claudette *Battles On*

MOST wars come to an end sometime, but there's never an Armistice Day in Hollywood.

In that placid and sun-baked town the continual battle for a hot spot in the movie arcs goes on. Genius, pull, position and all manner of skull-duggery are hurled into the struggle. In pictures today it's a question of root, actor, or die—and the hills above studio city are white with the bleaching bones of the slain.

Out there, at this particular moment, one of the grandest little troupers of them all is gamely fighting to hold her present spot and to surge on to even loftier picture heights.

And her name, for the record book, is Claudette Colbert.

Not long ago she came out of the Hollywood battle-line for a breathing spell—to rest and refit. She was between pictures, and presently would go back into the cinema trenches to start another talkie for Paramount.

I sat opposite her in her apartment in one of those great gilded mausoleums that sneer snootily down on Central Park—the same platinum tenement that shelters the immortal Rudy Valloo when he's in town. Claudette, dainty and pretty as though she had just been unpacked from tissue paper and Paris, was sipping a beaker of hot milk. I was tugging gently at a very superior brand of celery tonic.

My mind was half on the charm of the little French girl, half on the tonic and half on the terrific hurdles she will have to take as she goes on storming the screen citadels.

"Come now," I said. "Wouldn't you like to be back in the theater? Aren't you fed up with all the phenagling of Hollywood?"

She didn't hesitate a split second, and there was a startling snap in those eyes, which are as big as the old-fashioned silver dollar.

"I like pictures, and I mean to stay in pictures. I want at least two years more."

THE French doll had become a purposeful young woman. She certainly meant what she said.

And as this bulletin from the battle front is written, here's the situation on the Paramount lot where *La Belle* Colbert—née Chauchoin—now toils.

Item—the matter of Dietrich the Great, a shapely mass of glamour in human form, and the queen of the lot.

Item—one little Sylvia Sidney, who has been the object of earnest star-building, with a succession of tremendous parts that include the "American Tragedy" plum.

Item—the tremendous onrush of Miriam Hopkins, one of the new candidates for glamour honors, and certainly in line for succulent rôles to come.

Item—the fact that Wynne Gibson is graduating from supporting rôles to leads, and seems set to occupy larger type and brighter lights in days ahead.

That will do for now. Certainly, it would seem a fine chance for a little Gallic girl with big eyes to be lost in the shuffle somewhere. She would seem to be, as we boys around the poolroom say, directly behind the eight-ball.

And yet, as I chatted cheerfully with Claudette between sips of milk and nips of tonic, I became certain sure that she isn't. If Claudette wanted more years in the prancing tintypes, she'd have them!

For she's a young [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Shalitt

Take a look at that slim, perfect figure and those soft, soulful eyes. Never mind the looks—Claudette Colbert is a studio Jack Dempsey. She works for the same company that holds the contracts of Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sidney, Miriam Hopkins and Wynne Gibson. Think Claudette will get lost in the shuffle? Think again. The Colbert girl's got fightin' blood

Give *Yourself* A *Break*

Girls, here are valuable tips for you. Give them thought and, like Miss Murray, see how very interesting and attractive you become

This is a brutally frank photograph taken when Miss Ada Murray was tired. She should not have had her picture taken under these circumstances. Neither should you. Give yourself a break. Have your photograph taken only when your spirits are high, when "all's well." The camera cannot help but record that distrait look.

WHEN it comes to the question of having your picture taken, why not give yourself a break?

Don't be satisfied with anything less than the best. You owe it to yourself, to your friends and all those who are to cherish your likeness.

You have seen the most beautiful reproductions of face and form of hundreds of the stars of the screen and wished that you could sit before the same artist-photographer who produced such entrancing results. You can if you have good sense, are willing to study yourself, give serious thought to the matter. In short, give yourself a break.

Miss Ada Murray, as you will see from one of the above photographs, didn't. It seems almost incredible that the two pictures portrayed are of the same person, taken less than thirty minutes apart. Yet they are, and strikingly bear out what can be done when an artist-photographer summons to his command the new technique of his profession and uses psychology in bringing to the surface the inner spirit, the real person, for the lens to grasp.

When lovely little Ada Murray entered the studio of Hal Phyfe, in New York, a few days ago she would have laughed if anyone had told her she had Hollywood possibilities. She was tired, dejected.

Hal Phyfe who, before he became a professional photographer, drew and chiselled in stone beautiful women of two continents, was immediately struck with the somber beauty which lay in the girl's eyes, the beauty in the delicate hint of a smile which hovered in the corner of her lips, now slightly tense, and the perfection of the full flowing line from the point of the chin along the jaw.

And right there Phyfe had an inspiration. Here, he thought, was an opportunity of registering the transformation which can be accomplished when a subject just "has her picture taken," and then what can be done with the same person under different circumstances, different mood, different posing.

"I saw Miss Murray sitting there looking very discouraged. I said to her—you have two personalities. You ought to be a motion picture actress. Just keep that despondent look while I take a quick photograph of you."

THEN he worked, talking to her, bringing out her personality, because she really is one of the beauties of New York.

Above are the striking results.

In discussing the episode, Mr. Phyfe declared that at least half of the people who have their pictures taken pose on the wrong day.

"Photographs should be something more than just pictures, simple reproductions of the outline of the face," he said. "Photographs should and can catch the subtleties of personality and animation of the spirit, the real self which is forever radiating through the facial features, eyes, nose, chin and mouth."

By

Betty

Longacre

Photographs
by
Hal Phyfe

If you honestly want to have a photograph which will be the real you, here are a few points which should be rigidly followed. They are the formulas of screen stars, and if they are willing to follow these rules why shouldn't you?

Never sit for a photograph if you are in an unhappy mood.

Study yourself in the mirror. Find out what are your best lines, what are your best angles. Study different expressions of the mouth and the eyes. These two more than any other facial characteristics reveal the true you. Study them, be impersonal about it.

What arrangement of the hair is most becoming? One arrangement may soften features too hard, another may shorten or elevate a forehead. In fact, hair properly arranged will enhance any of the adjuncts of beauty at your disposal.

If you read Carolyn Van Wyck's department you will know that she advises you continually to experiment with your eyebrow pencil and lipstick. Next to the arrangement of the hair, lipstick and eyebrow pencil can do more to bring out the beauty of certain lines than anything else.

The movie stars are continually studying this particular phase of facial make-up, ever searching for new cosmetics which will produce just the proper shading to enhance a good feature or lessen some slight irregularity until it is unnoticed. If they realize the necessity of doing this, why shouldn't you?

Why not follow in their proven footsteps and give yourself a break?

MOTION pictures wrote *mene mene tekel upharsin* (you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting—make the best of thyself) on the backdrops of the old-time photographer and his morgue-like studio, and *finis* to his "look at the birdie" mode of photography. While the photograph of today is certainly an improvement over those of a few years ago, the average photograph still falls woefully short of what can be done when a real artist combines his knowledge of line, form and shade with his subject's spiritual and mental reactions and is never satisfied to open the shutter of his camera until the sitter is in perfect position mentally and physically, enhancing good points and deftly softening irregularities.

Women trained to the value of perfect photography refuse absolutely to pose except under the most favorable conditions.

Was It Really Only

This girl held the Charleston winning dancing cup record of Hollywood. She stayed up late, liked fantastic clothes and had more boy friends than Russia has plans. Give up? Then meet Joan Crawford when she first hit Hollywood, and glamour was only a forgotten word in the dictionary. Notice how plump she was, but pretty. Joan had to struggle for her first big rôle, but made good when she got it

Yesterday?

A few years in Hollywood

And look how they change

When this picture was made, studio executives refused to allow Norma Shearer to wear a backless gown before the camera. No sir, Norma just had to be a good girl on the screen. And her mama chaperoned her when she went to a party. Then she became Mrs. Irving Thalberg, pinned up her hair, went smart with a bang and went right into "Strangers May Kiss." Now sophistication is her middle name

Study this picture carefully and then answer truthfully. Would you believe that this girl could become the best light comédienne in Hollywood? Just because she had golden hair, blue eyes and looked beautiful in picture hats, casting directors thought Marion Davies should be an ingénue. She said she'd fool 'em, and she did by suddenly turning actress on the home folks. That sort of thing takes brains

Metropolitan

Cowboy Cooper in a Derby hat! What's more, Gary got off the boat from Africa with a cane. In New York he went to the same night club where Lupe Velez was having fun with another boy friend. Lupe didn't offer to speak to him. "Why should I?" she commented. "It's all over!"

Cal York

Announcing—

Acme

You won't see anything cuter than this if you search the Hollywoods with Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass. Bessie Love, as happy as an extra with a starring contract, and her baby, Patricia. And Bessie won't talk about pictures. "I've got a big rôle for you," a director said. "Listen," answered Mama Bessie, "all I'm interested in now is getting Pat to sleep on time." William Hawks is the baby's father, and just that proud

TEN years ago Betty Compson, traveling over small town vaudeville circuits as a violinist, landed in San Francisco and found no further bookings. Stranded, without funds to return to her home in Utah, Betty found the situation pretty bad.

Finally she secured a job as nurse maid in a wealthy home and earned money to return.

Recently Betty Compson, a wealthy, famous woman, visited San Francisco. And the family who had taken the stranded, frightened little violinist into their home gave a swanky dinner party for the former nurse maid.

And the little girl, who was Betty's charge, sat across the table. She is now a beautiful débutante.

THE Clark Gable sweater is Hollywood's newest fad. It's as popular as the Garbo bob.

Clark wears those turtle necked sweaters of the same color as his suit. And the trick is, he doesn't have to wear a collar or a tie.

JANET GAYNOR has gone sophisticated. And all you folks can gnash your teeth and do the proper amount of weeping and wailing but it won't affect Janet a bit. You'll just have to make up your mind that the sweet and simple stuff is out for Gaynor—for awhile at least.

Janet has been to war again with Fox because she did not want to play the title rôle in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

"Too much sweet stuff," was Janet's ultimatum, "I think I did my share of that in 'Delicious.'"

You don't hear so much of Janet's battles because she looks as if she just isn't the type to quarrel. But don't let that angelic face fool you. When they insisted that she be *Rebecca*, Janet thought she'd go home. (Only she didn't say it with a Swedish accent.) And she went home, to stay there until the smoke had blown away and she could return, triumphant. As she did and as she always does.

BUT the affair had two very strange results. Janet wanted to play in "The First Year" with Charlie Farrell and what Janet wants she gets, in spite of the fact that Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn were slated for "The First Year."

It made Sally just a little mad so, to think it over and cool off a bit, she decided to take a trip to New York.

That made Hoot Gibson a little mad. He didn't want Sally to traipse 'way off there to New York all alone. Sally went anyhow and there's been a lot of talk that the domestic life of Sally and Hoot is not as beatific as it should be.

It's my hunch that it's only a little spat and that Sally was just annoyed because she couldn't play the rôle upon which she had set her heart.

Well, with Janet Gaynor going into "The First Year" that left Sunnybrook Farm without any *Rebecca* until Marian Nixon was handed the part, which is just swell for Marian, and who knows but what she might take Gaynor's place not only in that picture but in the hearts of the fans?

Now, isn't that a strange story—that one

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!

Wide World

When Ina Claire arrived in New York wearing black, folks asked if she were in mourning. "I wear black because I like it," Ina answered. Her hair is several shades lighter and much shorter than it was. Carolyn Van Wyck says the arrangement of those cute curls is brand new, girls

Keystone

Crooner Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb have been married a year, but just look at 'em—still holding hands, right in front of a photographer, too. And Fay has gone Garbo with her hair pinned back. Rumor persists that Rudy is going to make another picture. Anyhow, they bought an enormous house in Hollywood that set him back all of a month's salary. But Rudy isn't worried, even with Buddy Rogers' radio competition

little slip of a girl could be responsible for so many circumstances?

EVERYBODY believes that Janet is the victim of bad advice and that if she were as wise as she is determined she'd stick to the sort of rôle she does best and in which her fans love her best. Last time that Janet declared war on her company, Lydell Peck, her husband, was blamed. But that isn't it now for Lydell has been given a job in the scenario department at Fox and must be loyal.

Incidentally, Garbo is Janet's favorite actress but for winning her studio fights Janet can give Garbo cards and spades and still walk off with the money.

THE Ann Harding-Harry Bannister separation is still the most vital subject in Hollywood. And, if you drop by Henry's for a midnight snack you'll hear the folks talking like this: "It's all a publicity stunt. Ann knew that she was slipping since 'Holiday.' Her stories haven't been so hot and she thought she should get a little glamour to compete with the stars who are front page copy."

"Oh, no, you're wrong, Ann was crazy about Harry but he made her spend all her money on him. Ann has simple tastes but Harry wants a lot of things—like that big house and airplanes.

"Well, Ann bought them all for him until she got darn sick and tired of it."

"That's not it at all, Ann and Harry haven't been happy for months. I've known this was going to happen for a long time."

"NO, no, it was because Harry interfered with Ann's career. Why, he was the one who picked those poor stories for her. But besides that—Ann's gone ritzy and high brow and no man likes that."

And so on far, far into the night. Nobody can tell the real reason but Ann and Harry, and neither will talk. Guards were put around the set where Ann was working—which cost the studio plenty—so that no one could get in, and Ann would not even talk to some of her friends among the press for fear of being trapped into some sort of statement.

All you have to do is look at her face to see how unhappy she is. And a few days after those now famous letters were written she collapsed and had to be taken off the set of "Westward Passage."

As this is written close friends of Ann report that Harry Bannister is no longer in Reno, where he went for the divorce, and that Ann does not know where he is.

IT was after the preview of "The Wet Parade" in which Jimmy Durante turns serious for a moment and does a big dying scene for the camera.

"Now you see," he exclaimed, "they're grooming me for drama, so they can save John Barrymore's salary."

Jimmy is crazy for pictures. When he arrived in New York he said, "Once only Broadway knew my schnozzle. Now it belongs to a nation."

SO what about Garbo? As I write, this is the state of affairs—she has not signed her contract! She has a passport to Sweden!

Now this may mean one of several things, one of them being that she is simply going to take a vacation in Sweden and is just getting the executives—and all her devoted fans—excited.

In Hollywood everybody believes that "As You Desire Me" will be her last American film. But I'm a die-hard and I simply won't harbor a thought like that.

A friend of hers—but don't ask me which one, for Garbo always drops the friends who quote her—reports that Garbo said, "I have $950,000. Why should I make more pictures?"

Oh, Greta, think of your Art!

AND, while we're speaking of money, Garbo did not lose money in the Swedish Krueger's financial debacle. You wouldn't catch Garbo investing her capital 3,000 miles away.

Of course, the question of whether or not Garbo will give up pictures and live that quiet life is the most important one to Hollywood and the rest of the world at present. And all those pros and cons and "will shes" or "will she nots" are darn good publicity. Which leads me to my own private hunch—that that's what it is, Garbo having her little laugh at the expense of the studio executives. Maybe I'm wrong but I have a cozy little sum which says that Garbo will take her vacation in Sweden but will return for more of those American dollars and that American fame.

BIG he-man Clark Gable, who doesn't pull his punches, would like to know who was the dirty so and so who put pencil shavings with his choice tobacco in the tobacco jar. The finger of suspicion points to Buster Keaton—but yoo-hoo Buster, you know me, I never said you really did it. I just said some folks suspect you.

WHEN Clark Gable's wife went to New York, Clark gave up the apartment that they had occupied together and moved into bachelor quarters. But he didn't give anybody the address and when he appeared at the studio his manager was constantly by his side to keep him from being questioned about the divorce, which folks say is imminent. However, in his new neighborhood word sort of got around among the kids that Clark was living in that corner house and dozens of little girls—all under ten, Mrs. Gable—have presented themselves at the front door, welcomed Clark to his new house and asked for an autographed picture.

IN the meantime Mrs. Gable, who is really a lovely looking woman, seems to be doing very nicely in New York. I wish I could tell you that there was a pained tragic look on her face, but at the opening of "Grand Hotel" she was just plainly having a good time.

There is, however, enough smoke to make the divorce rumors fairly authentic. Whether Clark wants to run the risk of losing popularity by going through with it is something that only the Gables know.

THERE'S a grand actress and a grand gal who's running a couple of risks right now out Hollywood way. She's built herself into one of the surest box-office hits in the business. Pulled herself up by her very pretty boot straps, too.

She's married to a young actor in the business. They've been pretty well ballyhooed for honey-doving. And now—just one rumor after another about her turning wide eyes in other than hubby's direction.

Of course, there may be nothing to it. We're not saying. But when there's an awful lot of smoke and the smoke keeps on puffing and puffing, folks sort of expect a fire.

And in Hollywood, when the smoke keeps circling around the heads of young actor-newcomers, they get out microscopes to hunt for the fire.

Probably she's unhappy and doesn't mean anything by it. We hope so. She's such a grand person. But we'd hate to see that smoke curl up until it gets into the newspapers.

Bredell

When Helen Twelvetrees left the cast of "So This Is Hollywood" to take a less important rôle in "Is My Face Red?" folks wondered. Here's the reason—the latter film won't last so long and Helen will be busy picking out baby clothes real soon. Uh-huh, Mrs. Frank Woody has joined Hollywood mothers-to-be

Oh, lookee! Lookee! Garbo's gone platinum. Garbo's cut off her hair. Wurra, wurra, what will that girl do next? But hold on a minute—it's only a white wig that she wears in "As You Desire Me," which just lots and lots of people say will be her finis in American flickers. So you had better take a good long look at her now

TO see him on the screen you'd think that his life was free from any of the troubles that come to us average folks, yet Lionel Barrymore suffers almost constantly from an acute case of rheumatism. Away from the set his body is often tortured but he does not complain before the world. When he is in his greatest pain he locks himself in a tiny little studio and spends hours doing minute and beautiful etchings.

AT the side show the barkers cashed in on Hollywood. Harry and Daisy Earles, the midgets, were billed as "Famous Film Stars." They both played in "Freaks," you recall.

Or maybe you don't recall. Maybe you're one of those who are trying to forget that picture.

No film ever made has caused as much disturbance as that one. In several Southern cities the company was restrained from showing it and several people who did see it threatened to sue the theaters that ran it. M-G-M was on the point of recalling the film from their program, when it suddenly started doing good business and, in Cincinnati, was held over for four days because it was playing to standing room only. But to get back to little Harry Earles.

He is very proud of his picture experience and confided that he often saw Garbo, but that on the day when he was permitted on her set she was not working.

THE studio know-it-alls will tell you that Connie Bennett has her luncheon sent to her dressing room, where she nibbles caviar and *paté de foie gras* from a silver and crystal luncheon service. But don't you believe it. She sneaks around to a shabby little restaurant near the home lot and makes deep inroads on a big plate of Italian spaghetti with mushroom sauce.

That's her favorite dish.

JIMMY DUNN has gone Garbo.

Once so excited when newspaper and magazine writers wanted to interview him he now breaks appointments with the press, dodges interviewers and, when he is cornered, tells everybody the same story.

FUNNY thing—Boris Karloff, your favorite monster, has achieved great fame in talking pictures without speaking a word. He didn't in "Frankenstein" and he'll be mute again in his newest one, "Old Dark House."

HERE'S the state of Hollywood's romances as we go to press.

In spite of the fact that Madge Evans and Tom Gallery—from whom ZaSu Pitts is separated—are seen together, Madge says that her real heart throb is a non-professional boy friend in New York.

Flying by direct route from England to Hollywood is a little bird that whispers Elissa Landi and her barrister husband are not so successful at making love via cablegrams. But English divorces are difficult and Elissa's mother doesn't approve of American ones.

Jimmy Dunn is no longer sighing because June Knight is 'way off in New York. He divides his off screen time between Cecelia Parker and Maureen O'Sullivan. And then there's Lila Lee who denies emphatically that she is still in love with Johnny Farrow and proves it by going to all the places with director George Hill—Frances Marion's ex.

GEORGE RAFT, the bad man of "Scarface," thinks little Peanuts Byron the cutest trick in Hollywood. While George O'Brien is interested in Marguerite Churchill again. And Minna Gombell, who doesn't waste her time on actors, has a banker boy friend in San Diego. They've known each other several years.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, his wife, are so much in love that when Florence had a hospital siege recently Fred wouldn't even go to the studio—spent every waking minute with Flo.

Folks got excited when a radio station announced that Evalyn Knapp was married to Donald Cook.

But 'tain't true. He's just her steady.

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Nope, this is not an old still of Barbara La Marr, nor is it a new European beauty. Guess again! It's little Anita Page gone glamour with a bang. Anita hasn't been getting the breaks lately, so she decided she'd change her personality and right away M-G-M signed her up for another long contract. Good girl, Anita

International

Here's the most tragic news of the month. Woggles is dead. And Joan Crawford, his mistress, is heartbroken. Woggles was the most famous pooch in Hollywood. He had been to New York three times, received tons of fan mail and boxes of dog biscuits at Christmas. This gay little picture was taken in more happy days

She Wants To Be Funny

Sara Hamilton traces Una Merkel back to her Kentucky home

ABOUT two o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon little Una Merkel slid down a cellar door in Covington, Kentucky, and at six o'clock the following Friday, Mrs. Merkel and three neighbor women were still removing splinters from Una's quaint little Southern anatomy.

The event remained fixed in her memory because it was the first and last time Una became familiar with a cellar door. For, outside of reciting "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree" at all the church socials and appearing on all Easter programs as a white rabbit about to scatter dubious looking eggs about promiscuously, Una was a highly respectable child. Even prim and rather sedate.

As a matter of fact, Una was a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl with a spinster complex. A sort of little mother confessor to her daddy and mother who were young enough and wise enough to look upon Una as a third important member of the family. To be consulted on all family matters.

She sat between them at the theater. Her sober, not too pretty little face raised in silent wonder. Drinking it all in.

And pictured herself, a great actress in her bunny suit, bearing glad tidings and two dozen purple eggs to a snow bound, curly-haired hero.

Even when the Merkel family took itself and its Covington, Kentucky, accent to Philadelphia and Una entered High School, she determined to be an actress.

SO wasting no further time, Una entered a dramatic school in New York and went about the business of learning to *Juliet* on some one else's balcony. But not, of course, in a bunny suit. That idea had died a slow and painful death several years before.

Jerome Storm was a great movie director in those days. And Storm saw in Una a sister and a double for Lillian Gish in a picture called "World Shadows." (And there's a title for you.) So Una was started on that long dreamed of career. Here, indeed, was our little cellar door slider going about wringing her lily white hands and fluttering around and around the mulberry bush in a blue sash with Lillian. Only something happened. "World Shadows" never saw the light of day. But no difference. Una was started. It was just a wide step up, in those days, from the movies to the stage. And Una made it.

Una's career from the very first as Lillian Gish's double seemed to be a follow-the-leader idea. She kept following people in and out of parts. She took the leading lady's part in "Pigs" when it went on the road. She stepped into "Two Girls Wanted" when the leading lady stepped out. So when the part of a gawky, lanky Southern girl in "Coquette" came along, Una was almost afraid to take it.

"No one else has evah played it," Una drawled. "What would I be doing with it?"

But nevertheless Una took it. And you know what Helen Hayes did with "Coquette." And what Una Merkel did with that awkward little bean spiller. That voice. Those hands. Those feet. And the audiences, well, they threw up their hands and declared between gasps that if she didn't stop it they couldn't stand it another minute. All that laughing so soon after their operations.

D. W. Griffith of the movies also saw this grand little comédienne and, Griffith-like, immediately seized upon her as a broken-hearted, down-trodden little angel for his movies. Now don't ask me why. The movies are like that. Born in a barn on Vine Street they undoubtedly fell out of a haymow on their heads when very young, for they will do things like that.

SO into the picture "Abraham Lincoln" came Una. As *Ann Rutledge.* And died somewhere between the third reel and the Illinois state line. And went on dying or gasping or just looking ga-ga in various pictures for over a year.

Suddenly it occurred to John Considine over at Fox Studios that the funniest person he had ever seen on any stage at any time was that gawky little Southern girl in "Coquette." Never dreaming, of course, that Una Merkel was the same girl that had been dying and looking ga-ga for over a year on a neighboring lot, he set out to find her. And was he that surprised? And pleased? And were you and you and you and Uncle Casper and Cousin Het, to find this grand little laugh-maker with the Amos 'n' Andy accent! Honey chil', did we find something! Um. Um. Remember "She Wanted a Millionaire," "The Impatient Maiden," and "Private Lives." And now with Novarro in "Huddle."

And Una is just as pleased as a pickaninny with a watermelon. She wants to be funny. A sedate, prim little thing all

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Here is the way Una Merkel looked when she slid down a cellar door in Covington, Kentucky. It was quite an event and all the townspeople turned out for a splinter picking bee. Since then Una's been sliding—but upward to stardom

Lippman

INTRODUCING the newest sworn-in member of the Let Me Lead My Own Life Club. When Kay Francis first came to Hollywood, no formal dinner or informal tea was complete without her. Since her marriage to Kenneth MacKenna, she doesn't go in for that sort of thing and entertains intimately and elegantly at her own home

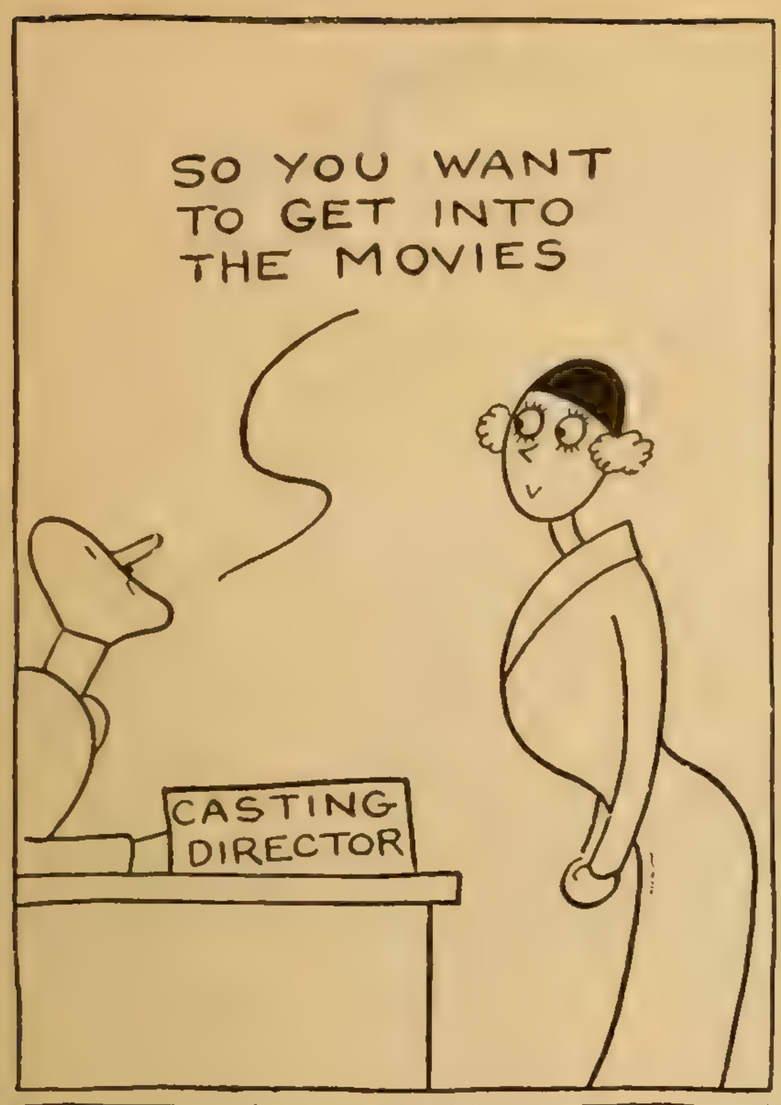
"IT'S great to be a screen hero," says grim-jawed Ralph Bellamy. "I wear good clothes, ride in fine cars and help beautiful ladies like Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck out of difficult situations. I guess I'm a pretty lucky guy." But before you begin envying Ralph hear how Wally Beery feels about it over there on the opposite page

Hurrell

"I WOULDN'T trade jobs with one of those pretty boys for all the beer in Germany," says Wally. "I can get to the studio five minutes before camera time. Don't have to put on make-up. Camera angles mean nothing. One side of this mug is just like the other. I've never said, 'I love you, sweet cookie,' on the screen. And I hope I never do"

Hurrell

IT'S funny about Leila Hyams. The girl can act and she is beautiful. Yet when those big rôles that shoot a girl to stardom are being handed out, Leila is busy just being a capable leading woman for some well-known. It's our private hunch—and we'll take a few small bets—that if Leila were given a real chance, she'd be a top-notcher in almost no time


SO YOU WANT TO GET INTO THE MOVIES
CASTING DIRECTOR

DEPICT THE VARIOUS EMOTIONS
CASTING DIRECTOR

DEVOTION

RAGE

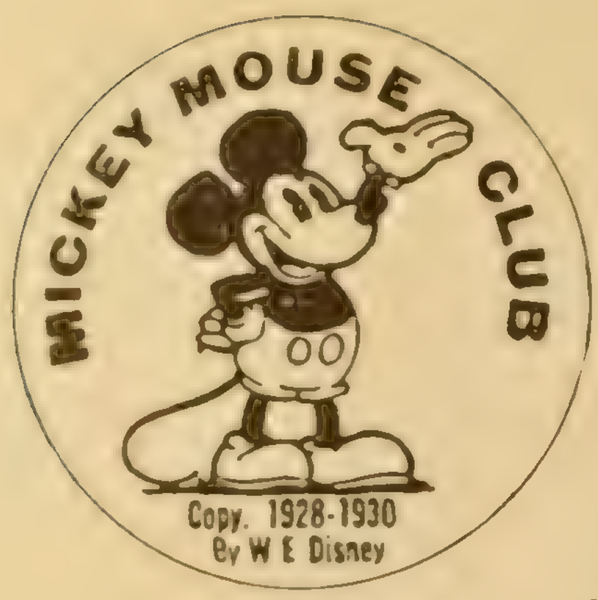
JEALOUSY

JOY

SADNESS

NOW DEPICT TERROR
CASTING DIRECTOR

O. SOGLOW



The Mickey Mouse Club button, worn proudly over thousands of loyal little hearts. It is an emblem of honor

The Star *of* Stars

DON'T pop your eyes out if, any day now, you see a small boy meet a small girl, raise his right hand in the air and yell,

"Hi, Minnie!"

Still don't swoon if the small girl lifts her left fist and screams back,

"Hi, Mickey!"

They aren't juvenile candidates for the booby-hatch. Not at all!

They are just a couple of members of the local Mickey Mouse Club giving each other the lodge's esoteric high-sign.

A million kids are doing it all over America today—brethren and sistren of the greatest kids' lodge ever known, and growing every day. They have as much fun—with their grips and badges and signs—as Pop does when he goes to lodge on Thursday nights, and they never have thick heads after a meeting.

What's happened is that little Mickey Mouse, the most popular film star in the world, including Garbo, has become the founder of a child army.

Mickey Mouse, the star of stars, was born only three years ago, with sound.

He was conceived in the brain of Walt Disney, cartoonist, and born in an inkwell. Legend has it that Disney, broke and discouraged, was sitting on a park bench wondering where the next coffee and cakes were coming from. He laughed at the funny antics of a mouse scurrying about a nearby trash-can.

"If that critter made me laugh," reasoned Walt, "he might do the same for the world."

And he certainly has!

EIGHTEEN times a year a new Mickey Mouse cartoon leaves the Disney studio in Hollywood and covers the earth. No less than three hundred prints are used of each, here and abroad. He's the favorite of rulers and rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves. Doug Fairbanks is getting Mickey Mouse in the South Seas, and Mary Pickford writes him mash notes.

Often, here and abroad, his pictures are billed above features. He has a pet name in most of the countries of the world. Not long ago, Mick the Mighty was voted the most popular film star in Austria, leading no less a genius than *Unser* Emil Jannings by more than 40,000 votes.

But Mickey's greatest achievement to date is the Mickey Mouse Club. The organization is sweeping the country. By 1933 it is expected there will be 2,000,000 members in several thousand towns, and plans are already on foot for a national convention, with delegates from all over the land.

If those kids could vote, they could darned near elect a president on a Mickey Mouse ticket, with free pop and movies, no music lessons, and dancing schools banned!

How did this amazing Mickey Mouse Club business happen?

Of course, the little star's cartoons are psychologically perfect for kids. He's always jolly—he gets into human jams and he always gets out in the last minute of the film. And his act is always clean.

The Disney organization created the idea of the Mickey Mouse Club. It would help them, it would help the theaters—and it would help the children.

It would inculcate Americanism, and it would show the youngsters a swell time.

What does a boy or girl at that awful wiggly age like more than a lot of mystery—badges, pass-words and all that? The answer is nothing but unlimited pink ice cream.

And the Club gives them all that under good auspices, off the streets, and every week. No wonder the small fry leap to it as to a three-ringed circus!

I went to a meeting—concealed at the back of the house, for no grown-ups are allowed. The officers run the whole show.

There are—Chief Mickey Mouse, Chief Minnie Mouse, Master of Ceremonies, Song Leader, Cheer Leader, Color Bearer, Courier, and two Sergeants-at-Arms to keep order among the mad little boys. And is a meeting a panic!

Stars fight for a place in electric lights. Mickey Mouse shines there because he's a national hero. Even Connie Bennett takes second billing when Mickey's in town

His creator

It begins about ten on Saturday morning, at the Club's home theater. The manager has rehearsed the officers in their parts the night before, and never appears. The kids are boss—and how!

A thousand wiggly boys and girls in the theater. On the stage, on nine chairs, sit the nine honorable officers, swelling fit to burst.

The Chief Mickey Mouse pounds the meeting to order with a man's-size gavel, and the riot is on.

He leads the Club in pledging allegiance to the Flag, which is toted by the Royal High Color-Bearer. Then Chief Minnie Mouse gets her spotlight fling. She leads the crowd in reciting the Club Creed, as follows:

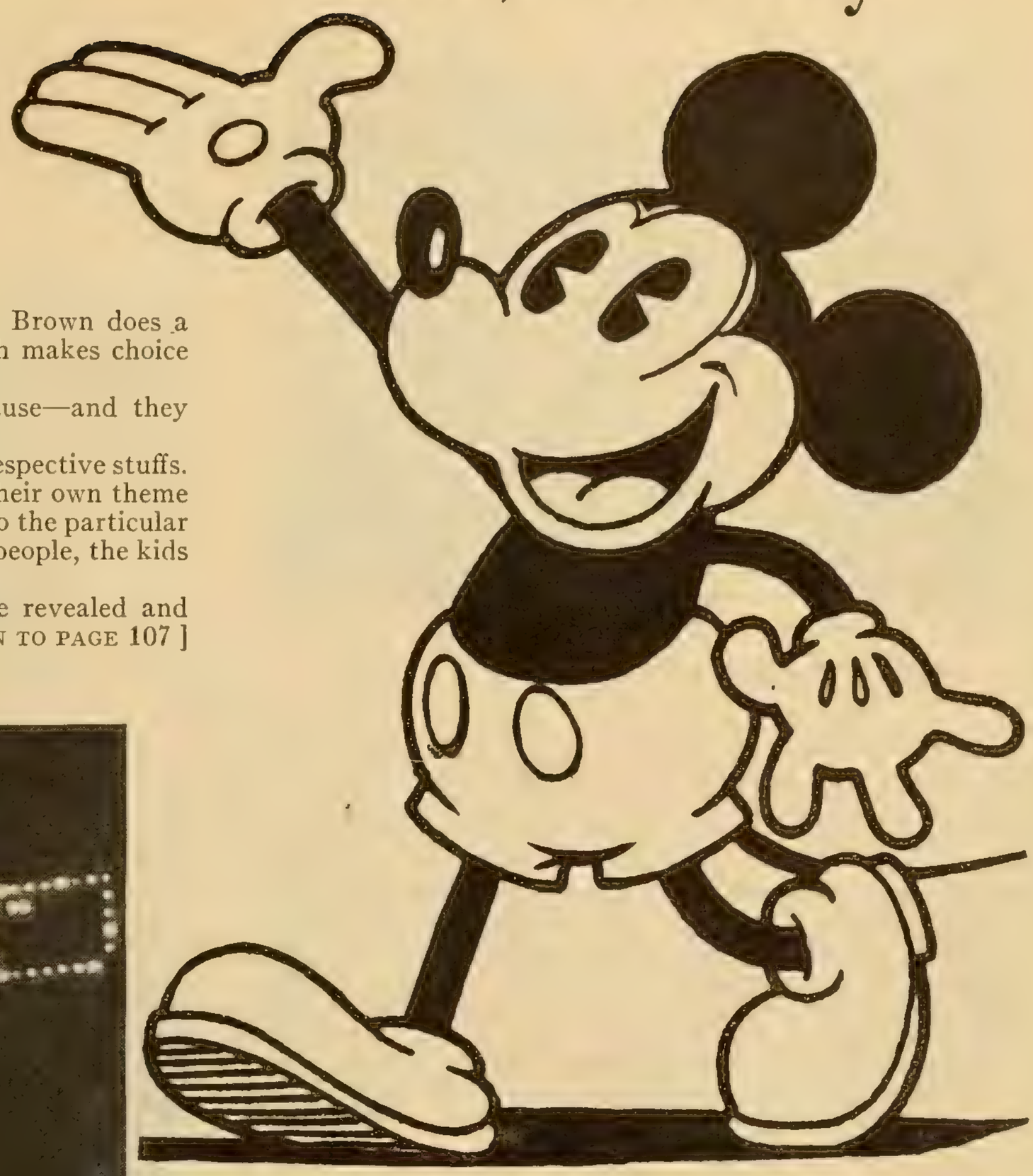
"I will be a square shooter in my home, in school, on the playground and wherever I may be. I will be truthful and honorable, and strive always to make myself a better and more useful little citizen. I will respect my elders, and help the aged and helpless, and children smaller than myself. In short, I will be a good American!"

That, you will agree, is some creed—and the kids are given to shouting the last line fortissimo.

Now it is the Grand High Master of Ceremonies' turn. He is the real big shot. He directs the rest in putting on a show.

All over the country a million kids are giving each other the high-sign of Mickey Mouse Clubs — biggest children's lodge in history

"Hi, Mickey"



Jimmy Dolan plays the mouth-organ, Johnny Brown does a buck and wing, and little freckled Mary Smith makes choice funny faces.

The members choose the winners by applause—and they get prizes.

The Cheer Leader and Song Leader do their respective stuffs.

Oh yes, friends—the Mickey Mousers have their own theme song, with one special verse that belongs alone to the particular club. Unembarrassed by the presence of older people, the kids certainly sing, or something!

The mystic grips and secret pass-words are revealed and practised. New members are told [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

And the answer is "Hi, Minnie!" For that's the official club greeting and do the kids eat it up! Just ask 'em. Besides this there are secret grips, private pass-words, a club creed, sergeants-at-arms, color bearers, couriers and lots of mysterious hokus-pokus that every kid loves. And the chief Mickey Mouse lords it over the others

These children from the Los Angeles orphans' home have adopted Mickey Mouse as their official mascot. And they're all members of the Mickey Mouse Club, from that future Jack Dempsey on the left right down to the little golden haired cherub on the right. Dear little Mickey has taken the place of the teddy bear that another generation loved

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

☆ *THE DOOMED BATTALION—Universal*

ANOTHER breath-taking picture of great, inaccessible, snow-covered mountains, such as you saw in "White Hell of Pitz Palu." A battalion of Austrian troops holds a mountain pass in the Tyrol, against the Italian advance, at the height of winter! The magnificent whiteness of the lofty peaks, the drama of avalanches and blizzards, make this a striking film. And the snow scenes are authentic, having been photographed in the Austrian Tyrol, the locale of the story. The principal actors are Luis Trenker, champion skier; Victor Varconi, and Universal's new foreign star, Tala Birell.

Terrific suspense is built up when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love of his wife and baby and duty to his comrades. Don't miss this.

☆ *THIS IS THE NIGHT—Paramount*

HAD this picture been less good than it is, we would still have had to include it among the best of the month. In the midst of excellent but heavy dramatic films, here is the light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Three clever tunes, "Madame Has Lost Her Dress," "This Is the Night," and "Tonight Is All a Dream," are introduced in an unusual way. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. When they're on the screen it's never dull, and they're on practically all the time. Lily Damita is charming, and Thelma Todd shows those gorgeous legs. In fact, that's an important part of the plot! Sophisticated and highly spiced. Junior and Sister should stay home and get their laughs from Eddie Cantor's new book.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *LETTY LYNTON—M-G-M*

THE gripping, simple manner in which this picture unfolds stands it squarely among the best of the month. Yet there is little that is new and no attempt at ultra-sophistication.

Letty Lynton, in South America to get away from the unresponsiveness of her mother, falls under the spell of a magnetic South American, one *Emile Renaud*. Breaking away, she sails for home, falls deeply in love with a man she meets aboard and becomes engaged to him, only to discover *Renaud* has followed.

At his threat of exposure she plans suicide, but by mistake *Renaud* takes the poison and dies, leaving *Letty* in a tight place and face to face with the district attorney. The scene in his office, where the hitherto unfeeling mother finally comes through in a big way, will linger in the memory.

Joan Crawford, as *Letty*, is at her best. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain. Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance; Louise Closser Hale does excellent comedy work as the maid; and Lewis Stone is fine as the district attorney. The direction, plus a strong cast, make "Letty Lynton" well worth seeing.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LETTY LYNTON — SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION
THE DOOMED BATTALION — THIS IS THE NIGHT
THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE — NIGHT COURT
YOUNG AMERICA — TWO SECONDS
THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN

The Best Performances of the Month

Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton"
Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton"
Nils Asther in "Letty Lynton"
Ricardo Cortez in "Symphony of Six Million"
Roland Young in "This Is the Night"
Charles Ruggles in "This Is the Night"
ZaSu Pitts in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware"
Walter Huston in "Night Court"
Phillips Holmes in "Night Court"
Ann Dvorak in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain"
Lee Tracy in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 128

☆ *THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE—Fox*

WHAT a relief to see a court-room drama crammed full of action, but with comedy relief tucked in every possible corner!

William Howard, the director, uses a new and interesting technique and makes a fast-moving picture.

Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner, accused of murder. Donald Cook, as her attorney, will cause a rise of blood pressure of feminine movie-goers. And he gives a fine performance. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts, as the sob sister who describes over the radio, daily, what the prisoner is wearing; to Skeets Gallagher, who imitates Graham McNamee superbly; and to the valet, Herbert Mundin. A fine balancing of drama and humor makes this grand entertainment.

☆ *SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION—Radio Pictures*

A BEAUTIFULLY told story, for all the family to see. There are tears and laughter, and what the picture lacks in greatness it makes up for in human interest.

Here are the joys and sorrows of a typical ghetto family of three children and "momma" and "papa." As the children grow up, they fulfil the promise of their talents and ambitions of earlier years. Ricardo Cortez, who plays one of the sons, becomes a doctor in the tenement district where he was raised, dedicating his skill to the suffering poor. Through his more worldly-minded brother and the financial needs of their parents, the doctor forsakes his work in the clinic and is established on Park Avenue with a lucrative practice, but with lowered ideals of service. We won't tell you the rest and spoil the climax. There is a pretty love story woven through the picture. There are two surgical operations that will make you grip your hands in suspense.

Irene Dunne plays a crippled girl who devotes her time to helping blind children. These youngsters, recruited from a school for the blind in Los Angeles, are natural-born actors.

Gregory Ratoff and Anna Appel, as the foreign-born parents, give outstanding performances.

☆ *NIGHT COURT—M-G-M*

A CROOKED judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail, because he thinks she has information about him. What a harrowing experience that mother and her young husband endure before her innocence is proved! The story is so logical it is startling.

Walter Huston, as the unscrupulous judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes, as the young husband and father, torn by anguish and doubt, does outstanding work. Anita Page, in the small but important rôle of the young mother, is splendid. Lewis Stone, John Miljan and others have important parts.

It's a sad commentary on conditions existing today, but for that reason you'll find it gripping.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆

YOUNG AMERICA—
Fox

☆

TWO SECONDS—
First National

THIS is about those youngsters who get reputations for being the "worst kids in town," and yet are not really bad. Tommy Conlon is the boy who is continually hauled into juvenile court for his pranks. But his pal, Raymond Borzage (nephew of the director), steals the show with his death scene. Doris Kenyon, as a sympathetic clubwoman, has never been lovelier. Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work.

IF you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. Newspaper men, waiting to witness an electrocution, are told the prisoner has two seconds of consciousness after the first electric shock. The story consists of all that passes through his mind during these two seconds. Edward Robinson's work is memorable. Preston Foster, a newcomer, is excellent and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impresses.

☆

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN—
First National

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND—
M-G-M

SUSPENSE, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Maurine Watkins, who wrote "Chicago," concocted this. But her work, alone, wouldn't have made it so tasty. It took Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy to perfect it. Watch this Dvorak girl! And Tracy gives every rôle just the right twist. As for the plot—it's that unknown quantity which intrigues. We're not going to tip you off and spoil it.

THE fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting that you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Too bad the story doesn't come up to the acting. Jackie is *Limpy*, a crippled boy, made into a weakling by over-cautious, doting parents. *Uncle Jonas* (Chic Sale) counteracts their influences. The scenes between *Limpy* and *Uncle Jonas* are chock-full of humor and pathos.

THE MOUTH-PIECE—
Warners

THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US—
First National

WARREN WILLIAM, who strongly resembles John Barrymore, gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer, determines to break away from his criminal associates. But the gang tries to prevent him from going straight. Sidney Fox is sweet and charming as the stenographer, and Aline MacMahon does a grand bit of character work as a cynical secretary.

LIKE a bright oasis in the desert of recent heavy Chatterton dramas is this frisky and gay story. Ruth plays a wife who, deserted for another woman, remarries, but finds herself still interested in the welfare of her ex-husband. The dialogue is sprightly and the story has a surprise finish. That new leading man, George Brent, is grand. Bette Davis and John Miljan give good performances.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

SHOPWORN —Columbia

BARBARA STANWYCK does good work—but the picture doesn't come up to it. It's just one of those rich boy falls for poor girl stories; rich boy's mama objects. Poor girl becomes a rich, but unhappy, stage star. And, after many violent changes of scene, all ends well. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy, is likable but seems miscast. And that swell Stanwyck girl should have better vehicles.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE— Paramount

A STRONG picture whose obvious similarity to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" detracts from its punch. Another sacrificing mother, innocently caught up in a net of circumstances, is played beautifully and convincingly by Wynne Gibson. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. Splendid and worthwhile entertainment.

THE INFORMATION KID— Universal

ALL the favorite movie ingredients have been mixed together so deftly that you're thrilled every moment. Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old (formerly known as Mickey McGuire) is the real surprise, and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. It's a racing story, with the same old characters—the jockey who throws the race and the slick race-track manipulator. But packed with excitement and fun.

MAN WANTED— Warners

A NEW twist to the "office wife" theme. This time lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary, a willing slave. Married to her career, she loses her playboy husband to a blonde and does the inevitable by turning to the man who is in sympathy with her work. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are immensely funny. And how that Francis gal wears clothes!

THE MISLEADING LADY— Paramount

CLAUDETTE COLBERT certainly knows all about caveman tactics after making this picture. Edmund Lowe gives her some mighty convincing lessons. But just as you are holding your breath, Stuart Erwin, an escaped lunatic who thinks he's Napoleon, produces a sure-fire laugh. Shot guns, revolvers, bear-collars and chain, all figure before the spirited society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. Laugh-loaded.

SCANDAL FOR SALE— Universal

THE newspaper stories go on forever. This one, from the novel "Hot News," concerns a small-town editor who seeks new fields of endeavor that he may have a free hand in printing news. He does. And what complications! Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. Pat O'Brien hasn't much chance, but makes the most of it. Good entertainment. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 123]

Those *the* Good Old DAYS

There were screen musical composers before the days of the microphone. Griffith was the first to score his films. The music was pounded out on a tin pan piano by a girl who chewed gum and missed her cues. Here's Griffith composing his own music—with Carli Elinor

And Griffith was his own costume supervisor. He's looking over a snappy cape of fine velvet, considered chic in those days. How about it, Seymour? Yeah, that's what we thought

Stagg

YOU'VE seen hundreds of modern back scene photographs with the dozens of expert cinematographers, high paid sound men and technicians with fancy titles. Now take a look at the way they did it years ago, when D. W. Griffith ran his one-man show. Here is the old Maestro directing a scene from "Hearts of the World." Besides directing, he did every other odd job around the studio. Note that there are no big spotlights, just the natural sunlight coming through the alley.

Where is the giant camera crane? It's just a stoop that cameraman Billy Bitzer stands on. Where are the yes men? There's only one, behind the camera, and he can't even nod a "Yes," because his hat would fall off and he would cut his throat on his collar. They didn't have such fine equipment, but they turned out grand performances.

There are Lillian and Dorothy Gish and the late Bobby Harron. The child is Ben Alexander, now a grown-up leading man. But Griffith meant more than the actors. He controlled his performers in the manner of a hypnotist and some folks said that it was Griffith acting and not the stars. Griffith was the man who pulled the strings, like the mechanic in a Punch and Judy show.

But, if you remember "Hearts of the World," you will recall that it was a thrilling picture, chock-full of heart throbs, laughs, tears and pathos. Maybe they don't need so much paraphernalia after all—just a little more sincerity and unity of purpose.

Take a look at Lil Gish's hat! And Dorothy's goofy pose. Now Lillian has given up the screen and consorts with intellectuals. While Dorothy is on the New York stage

Before the actors went on their sets Griffith made sure that the make-up was okay. Bobby Harron (left) reports to "Massa D. W." for a final bit of beauty advice. There were no Perc Westmores then

And when the day's work was over and Griffith couldn't find a single thing to do, he dropped around to the cutting room to tell the cutter (they didn't call 'em film editors) just where to snip

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood

All the Beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Florine McKinney, exponent of brushing the hair for beauty, shows you the proper brush to use. The left brush has deep, flexible bristles that will penetrate the hair, cleanse it, polish it. A plain wooden back is more advisable than silver, however. The right brush is too shallow and harsh. Separate the hair into strands; hold upward from scalp, brush upward ten times, wiping the brush to remove dust and oil. For satiny beauty rub two drops of brilliantine on the brush, and smooth your hair into natural lines

A study in personality—Miriam Hopkins, laughing siren of the screen. Contemplative, speculative, mouth too firm, eyes that see through you and beyond, all appeal masked by a curtain of reserve

The tense mood is vanishing. A glow in the eyes, dawn of a smile on the lips. You'd like this girl if she'd just laugh. Laughter in the young brings down the brows, elongates the eyes, lifts the mouth

Now all reticence is swept away. Miriam laughs unreservedly. Her charm is intensified. Perhaps your face would become radiant, vivacious with laughter. Perhaps it would transform you into a new, exciting person. Try laughing

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck

Marian Marsh is exhibiting a new vogue—oiled eyelids. A tiny bit spread evenly over the lids gives that dewy softness of childhood yet makes you appear interestingly languid. Use brilliantine, facial oil or white vaseline with or without eye shadow. If shadow is used, follow the upper lashline, then oil the lid completely. The oil also protects the delicate tissue above the eye

A kindergarten lesson in the use of compacts by Alice White. "Press your compact puff against the skin instead of rubbing it. Your face will look lovelier and you will be doing your skin a kindness." Remember Alice's advice, girls. Alice's new compact is of wood with gold hinges and A. W. engraved on top

These laughing lips belong to Bebe Daniels, in case you haven't guessed. Bebe advises using a creamy lipstick which, in addition to coloring, gives a lush softness to the mouth. If your favorite stick does not do this, apply the tiniest bit of cream after rougeing

Change Your Hairdress Often!

What amazing wonder a change in coiffure will make! Two views of a new headdress Ann Harding will show in "Westward Passage." How do you like Ann with those waves and twin forehead dips? At first glance I did not know her. There is an inspiring note, however, in these transforming pictures. When you are a little weary of yourself, when life is not on tip-toes for you, try a change in coiffure, in make-up, in clothes. And in so doing change your outlook on life. A slight change in eyebrows, a new shade of lipstick, a touch of eye shadow, a fresh permanent! These are the magic wands by which Prince Charming often enters. Change in self is usually refreshing and inspiring

Here is an interesting head to study if you contemplate that summer permanent. Adrienne Ames' lustrous hair has been waved in a charmingly irregular manner so that the full beauty of her hair is brought into high relief and shadow. There is a side part with simple waves, then a decided curve over both cheeks. The sides are shorter than the back, which is about four inches long, just enough to turn upward in that double roll. This is a versatile arrangement. You may have a double roll, single roll or twirl this back hair into separate curls. And with permanents in mind let me tell you that one of the newest methods has eliminated that tied-to-the-machine idea altogether. You sit calmly, unattached to anything, while mysterious little discs and rolls make your curls. This method saves time and is very gentle on the hair, I understand

Two Prize Hollywood Hair Tricks

Here is the two-minute curl in finished form. The back of Marguerite's coiffure is quite as interesting as the front. It clusters close to her head in many small curls. Her two jewel accents, pearl earrings and pale jade ring, are especially pleasing with her auburn hair, golden brown eyes and warm, ivory skin. For make-up she uses a medium lipstick and a brown eye shadow

Marguerite Churchill is showing you how you may have those soft, feathery forehead curls at will and in just about two minutes time. For sports and tailored occasions this soft hair is combed in with her waves and disappears. For gayer moments she combs it out, dampens it with curling lotion or water, twirls it about in the manner illustrated, runs a hairpin through it, leaves it to dry

If you are fair-haired like Lilyan, use black tulle. It is lovely with rose and peach nightrobes. If you are brunette, a pastel tone is suggested. You might even have a bow at the side or top if you wish to look your loveliest, and yet be comfortable and well waved in the morning

A yard and a half of tulle will preserve your wave perfectly while you sleep and add to, rather than detract from, your appearance. Press your wave in place and bind the tulle about your head as Lilyan Tashman does. Tulle permits your scalp to breathe, is comfortable

Brushes For More Beauty

Marguerite Churchill has discovered a new use for sachet powder. Formerly we encased it in satin, lace and ribbon, placed it among our lingerie and accessories for that gentle, elusive fragrance that is the true art of perfuming. But Marguerite achieves a short cut to the same effect by brushing the perfumed powder over her skin. A little sachet sprinkled over absorbent cotton, puffed lightly on the skin, perfumes you surely and subtly. Use below the ears, on the backs of the hands, at the wrists, just inside your frock collar. The warmth and slight moisture of the skin bring out the fragrance, hold it. A particularly pleasing perfume trick for evening!

Do you know the true art of powdering? Do you know that it should be pressed on generously, then most of it removed? A soft baby brush, as used by Florine McKinney, will remove the surplus and leave your skin perfectly powdered

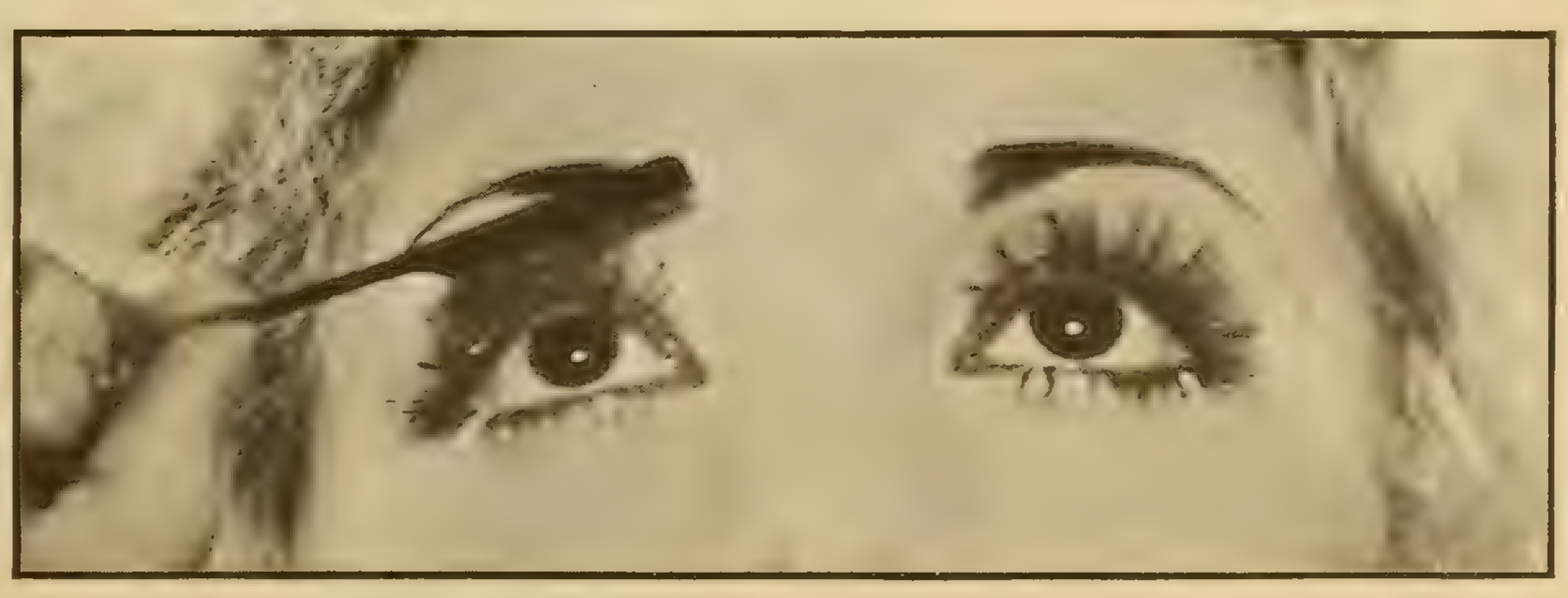
Nothing is more annoying than to have your lovely eye make-up marred by powder. Florine McKinney finds an inch wide camel's hair brush perfect for dusting about the eyes without disturbing one little lash or touch of shadow. Use it on the brows, also

Three Lessons In Loveliness

"Refreshing as a summer shower," remarks Arletta Duncan as she joyously sprays her face with ice water. Use your face lotion, astringent or refreshant in an atomizer. It is far more freshening, easier to use, economical. A quick cream cleansing and a generous spray of your favorite lotion, or soap and water followed by a spray of ice water, should start a happy day. Blot off surplus with tissues and while still damp apply a touch of foundation cream or lotion to nose, chin, cheeks, forehead. Now you are ready for a touch of rouge and powder

[*More Beauty Hints on Page 86*]

Whether you rouge the mouth heavily or lightly, the lips should be clearly defined. Marguerite Churchill finds a paste rouge and tiny brush the first step toward lovely lips. Outline the mouth clearly, then fill in with cream rouge or lipstick. Another stunt is to bring the well rouged upper lip down over the bottom lip



You might guess that these are Alice White's eyes but I'm not sure you could guess what she is doing. This tiny conceit of a comb is used to separate the lashes after mascara is applied. Comb after touching with mascara and before it is dry

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

By Katherine Albert

Lupe Velez is the spirit of Hollywood. Her volatile, noisy personality is the symbol of the film center. Without affectation she says, "They all love Lupe." The funny part is, she's right

I HAVE come to the last chapter of my reminiscences of twelve years in that strange and unbelievable land that lies somewhere east of Malibu where the best is like the worst. I could go on for months and months, but I feel that I've imposed upon your good nature long enough, as the Hollywood after-dinner speakers are wont to say, and it is high time that I stopped stroking my long, white beard and remembering the time when . . . for the benefit of the leetle keedies.

A couple of years ago a newspaper writer in the Northern part of California wanted to interview Billie Dove and an enterprising press-agent doped out the idea of having the star questioned over the long distance telephone. The hour for the call to come through was set for twelve noon. Billie was supposed to take the call in her dressing-room and give the interviewer the benefit of her glistening personality over the wire.

At noon the publicity department phone rang and a harassed operator said, "Here's that call from the interviewer and Miss Dove isn't in her dressing-room." While the toll charges ran up, scouts were sent out to the gate and reported that Miss Dove had not come in. So what to do, and again what to do? The operator reported that something would have to be done quickly, for the long distance interviewer was fuming.

A NEW girl had just been put in the publicity department that morning. She had come from an Eastern town and had secured the job because of her newspaper experience and her truly brilliant personality, but she knew at that time as much about picture people as Jimmy Durante knows about the Einstein theory. However, in an emergency anything can happen at a studio.

The publicity chief rushed into her office.

"You're Billie Dove," he shouted.

"And you're Greta Garbo," she answered. The girl had been to a couple of Hollywood parties and knew all about games.

"No, no," said the boss, "you've gotta be Billie Dove. You've gotta be Billie Dove right now." And before she could find an answer to that one a telephone was thrust in her hands and she heard the up-state interviewer say, "Well, good morning, Miss Dove, I'm glad we got connected at last. Now let me ask you a few questions. What sort of rôle do you play in your next picture?"

Wild-eyed, the girl put her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone and whispered to the chief publicity man and others who had strolled into her office to hear the fun, "What sort of rôle do I play in my next picture?"

"Society girl," they whispered back. "Swell clothes."

"I PLAY the rôle of a society girl, and my clothes are beautiful," the publicity woman faked. "I've never had such lovely gowns and I'm so happy to be wearing them. I'm glad long skirts are coming back, aren't you?"

She sighed, but the interviewer was persistent. "What do you like to eat for breakfast, Miss Dove?"

"What do I like to eat for breakfast?" she asked, hand over mouthpiece.

"Avocados," somebody suggested.

"Avocados," she repeated into the phone and then they heard her going on. "Yes, certainly, I'm joking. Must have my little joke, you know. You see, I'm just an average person. I like swimming and tennis and outdoor life and I love to go to bed early, etc., etc., etc."

IT was over at last and the poor girl hung up the phone and almost collapsed upon her desk, when just at that moment the phone rang again. The publicity chief took the call. "Oh, Lord," he murmured, "that was Billie Dove. She's been on the lot all the time. Thought she was to take the call from the front office. Now I've got to go over and square it with her."

But when the interview appeared in the paper, no squaring had to be done. It was a very nice little story that spoke favorably of Miss Dove's charming telephone voice.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

"Old Ma Brent," is what Evelyn calls herself because Hollywood folks always tell her their troubles

THESE THREE
SMART STARS
SPONSOR—
GAY STRIPES
LIGHT WOOLS
ALL WHITE

— Seymour

YOUTH is in every line of this jaunty beige wool suit which you'll see Anita Louise wearing in "As You Desire Me." The military jacket makes up for its brevity in broad lapels and shiny metal buttons. A silk cravat is bordered in the wool. And that stitched wool sailor is an added smart detail.

FLATTERING all white is Loretta Young's choice for a "Week-End Marriage" costume! The combining of a white wool jacket with a silk frock is new. Black stitching on her handbag is the sole color note.

HORIZONTAL, vertical, chevron—stripes go every which way to make this clever wool frock for Kay Francis. Did you ever see puff sleeves done better? The whole dress is so simple—so wearable. Kay certainly dresses to the part of a costume designer which she plays in "Street of Women."

New Fashion Trends Steal

VARIED SCREEN SETTINGS SHOW YOU WHAT TO WEAR

THE three-quarter sports coat is a new comer. This one worn by Mary Astor in "A Successful Calamity" combines yellow and brown. Her brown wool dress is yellow dotted and her accessories brown. Clever shoes, what?

READ on another page how this dress of Joan Crawford's was made but here you must note the unusual scarf and one-sided cape. Stunning, isn't it?

LOOK at this trim sheer wool frock Carole Lombard wears in "Sinners in the Sun," then note these details —high collar, graduated buttons, cord belt, sleeve epaulets.

These Pictures!

BLUE is a Hollywood favorite this year—and here is Adrienne Dore wearing it to perfection in a soft chiffon dinner dress. A pointed satin girdle ending in a tie at the back is a new touch. In "The Rich Are Always With Us."

ARE you listening? Madge Evans wears this grand sports dress in her new picture by that name. It sponsors the white-with-a-color vogue by trimming wide wale pique with buttons and belt in brown and white. Nice crisp tailoring to pockets and pleats. Madge's accessories are right, too.

HERE'S something to try out on your chiffon evening dress—accordion pleating from top to bottom. Except for graceful shoulder decoration of flowers, that's all there is to this navy blue and gray print worn by Evalyn Knapp in "A Successful Calamity."

TRY THESE TRICK TIES WITH YOUR SCARVES

—Seymour

ONE bow makes a smart scarf tie—but two bows in different colors give you a positive jump on fashion. Maureen O' Sullivan gives this clever twist to green and white scarves which she wears with a white costume, seen at the left above. Maureen's broad brimmed sailor in rough white straw is one of the good hat fashions this season.

DID you ever think how many different ways you can tie one triangular scarf? Maureen shows you two ties with this blue and white star print scarf. Above, "The Cowboy" tie. At right, "The Sore Throat" tie worn tucked into the jacket.

SCARVES braided like pigtails! Have you tried this? You can use two scarves as Maureen O'Sullivan has here—or you can add another color. Maureen wears her red and white pigtail scarf tied under the collar of her white jersey jacket. A triangular polka - dotted scarf tied gypsy fashion makes a becoming sports headgear.

When the demon reporter, Len Hall, was photographed with Chita, who has a principal rôle in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," PHOTOPLAY'S staff laid bets on which was the monk

A Studio Monk Makes His Plea For Fair Play

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, famous swimming star who set the country goggling in "Tarzan, The Ape Man," is a picture stealer!

His beautiful muscles threaten the career—nay, the very life—of the greatest limb-hanger and tree-swinger in all motion picture monkdom.

These and other startling charges were made by Chita, the cheerless chimpanzee, who co-starred in "Tarzan."

The melancholy monk dropped into the PHOTOPLAY office quite by chance, except for prearrangement with the press-agent. Chita arrived in a large traveling case such as might be used by a wholesale bootlegger. I grabbed pencil and paper and began my imitation of a reporter. The chimp squatted sadly on the edge of my desk. Ah, the pity of it! All day he had been doing his stuff at a large department store, poked and harassed by kids, and was jolly well fed up with the so-called human race. He longed for the carefree jungles of the Metro studios.

"I suppose you want the usual hooey," said Chita, wearily. "Well, I think the New York skyline is marvelous, and your American women gorgeous."

"Nix," I said. "I'll just ask you a few questions."

We were quite alone, save for three cameramen, two press-agents and twenty members of the PHOTOPLAY staff, who were laying small wagers as to which was the monk and which was Hall. Captain Phifer, Chita's chaperon, hovered about to see that his pet didn't gibber out of turn.

There was a deadly pause. The monk felt mortified.

"Well," I said, with a flash of inspiration, "how do you like the movies?"

"Swell," said Chita. "It's a living. But I was gypped in 'Tarzan'!"

"How do you mean?"

"This Weissmuller fellow," snarled my whiskered friend. "They gave him all the breaks. Since the girls have seen Johnny practically without any clothes on, they won't even look at their boy friends in a bathing suit! I'm no Garbo, but I think I rate a look now and then. And I understudied that Weissmuller!"

"You sound bitter," I commented.

"Bitter? I'm boiling! Here am I, the best tree-swinger in Hollywood at any weight, and they rave about this bird because he can swim! Why, any big baboon can paddle if you toss him into the water!"

"Speaking of Hollywood," I said, just to get the monk's mammoth mind off his woes, "how do you like the place?"

"Great!" said Chita. "Just a big group of hard-working, home-loving people. Of course, they have their moments. I'll never forget the big peanut-roast Wally Beery threw for me. Hot goober! Was that fun!"

"I'll just bet it was. And who are your favorite actors out there?"

"Let's see. I like Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler, Clark Gable, Wally Beery, Polly Moran, Ramon Novarro and Lionel Barrymore, but I don't think much of this Weissmuller."

"Whoa!" I said. "That whole mob seems to work for Metro. Did you ever hear of a Marlene Dietrich or a Connie Bennett in those parts?"

By Leonard Hall

Chita found [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

We Present *Two Splendid*

Above, Ann Dvorak, the girl who determined that neither love nor marriage should ruin her career and then decided that—but read the story to find out. She inherited much from her mother, Anna Lehr (right) who, when this old still was made in 1914, was one of the most promising emotional actresses of the screen. Below is a different Ann, with Paul Muni in the sensational gangster film "Scarface." Here Ann is the serious dramatic actress and they say her performance is one of those things that you will never forget

Ann Dvorak, who is Hollywood's sensational newcomer, and her mother

By Ruth Biery

"THE other generation"—that's what Ann Dvorak calls her mother and her mother's contemporaries. Ann's mother sacrificed a brilliant career for marriage.

Ann took a solemn oath that she would never do that, no matter how much she loved a man. Then Ann married Leslie Fenton. How could she reconcile this gesture to her earlier vow? The times—along with modes and manners—had changed. Ann knows that marriage and a career can march along hand in hand now. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Anna Lehr, Ann's mother, was one of the most promising emotional actresses of the early films. When the editor of PHOTOPLAY visited Hollywood in 1914, he met her and the one-year-old baby. It was his first trip to the motion picture colony. But he predicted that this beautiful young mother would carve out a place for herself in celluloid. Anna was making the first version of "Ramona" at the time.

Miss Lehr returned to the stage soon after the editor's visit, but came back to Hollywood, when baby Ann was six, to fulfill her earlier promise. "Parentage," "Child for Sale" and other dramatic pictures gave her a place in the front starring lines.

But to the women of that day—those whom Ann Dvorak calls "the other generation"—romance meant more than anything else. Careers were secondary. As for combining the two—well, that was a difficult task then.

Besides, Anna Lehr had tried that. She had married Edward McKim. Ann was born when the mother was just sixteen. The effort to have both career and marriage failed and a divorce was the result.

SO when Anna Lehr fell in love again with a handsome young Californian named Arthur Pearson, she chucked ambition, fame and success for romance and marriage, and devoted herself to making a home for her husband.

Baby Ann was in boarding school, where she remained until she was graduated from high school and went out "on her own." In fact, she was "on her own"—independent of her stepfather—before graduation. She worked her way through high school by teaching French, washing dishes and waiting on tables.

You'll see Ann in "Scarface," Howard Hughes' spectacular gangster picture, which the censors of New York made famous before its release by refusing to okay it. You'll also find her giving James Cagney a race for [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

New *Screen* Personalities

George Brent, another Clark Gable? Don't you dare to say such a thing

We leave it to you. When folks say that George Brent is a second Clark Gable, executives jump up and down on their hats and cry, "Not that!" But there is a resemblance, and many of the events in their lives have been parallel. (Left) his big break with Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us." How do you like the lad?

THE frantic search for more Clark Gables is on! If there is *one* who can so inspire shekels into the box-office—there must be others. That is, according to the minds of Hollywood producers.

Every studio has its high-hope of the moment. Warner Bros. has theirs. They gave George Brent, *as his first rôle*, the lead opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us"; he played the lead with Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big," and now one with Constance Bennett—if they find a suitable story.

When they think enough of a young actor—a complete newcomer, to start him up the ladder from such a sure footing as these names warrant—Chatterton, Stanwyck and Bennett—you can mark my words they think he is good.

Of course, they won't admit that he's one bit like the Metro sky-rocket. Oh, dear no. Their hair actually stands on end and their eyes pop from their sockets if you even suggest it. "Don't compare him to Clark. It will ruin him. He's *George Brent;* he's not Clark Gable."

Naturally, he's George Brent, but just the same Mrs. Brent's little boy got his break because he does resemble Clark Gable. Not only in *type* but in background. In fact, it's rather a weird story. Even his only wife was years older than the young stock actor. But, we'll come to those details later.

George was the chauffeur with Alice Brady in her stage play, "Love, Honor and Betray." Clark was the husband. The husband died along with three other men, including Robert Williams and Mark Smith, for love of the woman. But the chauffeur lived and ran away with the daughter. And the one who lived was really the most important, according to all the laws of drama. Which would make George top Clark in New York.

CLARK and George were a bit discouraged when the show closed. George landed first. With the Fox Film Company. Left for Hollywood almost immediately—where he was carelessly buried along with other youthful New Yorkers signed because they might "prove to have something."

Oh, he played a part with Lois Moran in "Under Suspicion," but eventually he was lost in the none-too-friendly shuffle. Then Eric Von Stroheim saw him and made a grab. He was signed on a ten-weeks' contract with Universal to play the old Von Stroheim lead in "Blind Husbands." That was a long time for one picture—but, of course, Von Stroheim was to direct! It was never made, and George did his bit to help "Homicide Squad" and "Ex-Bad Boy" to a safe conclusion.

In the meantime, about a month after George decamped from New York, Clark flew out for a fling at "The Last Mile" in stock—and to hunt for a break in pictures. They used to talk over conditions together. Clark was discouraged. Couldn't get a nibble. Told George he was going back to New York. But George had decided to stick it. Incidentally, they both sported around in the Packards which their first Broadway incomes had provided.

Then Clark got a chance at Westerns. And the next thing George heard was: Clark Gable was Hollywood's new sensation.

George plugged along. If Clark Gable could do it, so could he. A natural, human conclusion. He got an agent and waited. After all, George had had much the same training as Clark. True, he'd begun by shepherding on the green hills of old Ireland. Barefooted; bareheaded; dogs trailing behind or romping before him. The sheep belonged to his one hundred per cent Irish parents.

George had come to America at fifteen and got in some good, American public schooling for four years, with relatives who had left the Emerald Isle. When he returned he went into the Intelligence Corps of the rebel army.

These boys attached to Ireland's rebel army, which was fighting for national independence from [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

To Reduce Double Chins

Hands covered with cold cream, rub down from tip of chin to base of neck with right hand. Rub up from base of neck, up under chin and along under jaw line with left hand. Keep neck and chin relaxed but be sure to dig well back under chin. Down with one hand, up with the other and repeat on the other side. Be firm, but not rough. When you've done this for ten or fifteen minutes, slap on a generous amount of cold water with your hand. Slap hard for a long time. Never do any unnecessary stretching of the neck

To Mould Lines Of Nose

Think of your face as a sculptor thinks of his clay. You can mould your face to proper lines and proportions with time and patience. Here is the way to make a large, flat nose smaller. With hands in this position, and generously smeared with cold cream, press firmly on either side of the nose and then, with a slightly less firm pressure, rub outwards along the nose and then slightly upwards. Do not pull the skin too hard, but be firm. Laughing wrinkles and lines under eyes can be taken away with gentle massage

Please! Please! Use Your Common Sense

Says Sylvia

HOORAY and a couple of first class whoops! Hundreds more of you lazy girls have come into Sylvia's fold, and those who wouldn't string along with me at first have seen the error of their ways and are taking off those pounds where they are not necessary and putting them on where they are. It's great—isn't it? And I love every one of you for being brave enough and smart enough and sensible enough to do it.

But I've got a bawling out—one of the kind that Sylvia gives best—for about half of you. The rest can listen in, too. It won't hurt you a bit.

Last month I begged you just to use common sense. This time I've stopped begging you. Either get some brains or stop reading my stories. I'm sick and tired of the silly questions a lot of you ask. Now, mind you, I'm delighted to hear from you and it gives me a thrill to know that those old pounds are melting off like the butter you mustn't eat, but I do get out of patience when you keep on asking me things that your own common sense should tell you.

So I'm going to try to explain to you just a few things about the work I'm trying to teach you how to do, and I want you to listen carefully. Think of your body as so much sculptor's clay to be moulded. When a great sculptor starts to work, all he has is a bunch of wet clay and he makes something lovely out of it. You have your bodies to work with. You can make them beautiful.

I've remoulded the figures of hundreds of screen stars. I can do it with my hands. But you can do it with your brains, if you'll only stop whining and use those brains.

I'm not talking to you at long distance because I'm afraid of you. I talk to the stars like this face to face and more than one I have refused to treat at any price, because they couldn't stand the gaff.

You see, I can't take up each individual case. Remember, I want to tell you the things that will help the most people, so you've got to study yourselves. Stand in front of your mirror. Discover the places where you're too lumpy or where you need building up and then concentrate on these places. Use a little imagination about it. Exercise and massage builds up or takes down. You can exercise any muscle in your body if you try. Concentrate. Then do it yourself. Don't be like those stars who had to have me do it for them. And don't ask me for advice on every move you make.

Remember that I've given a general routine for the average person. I know there are individual cases. For instance, I've had letters from girls who work at the telephone or telegraph companies at night. These girls beg me to tell them how they can adjust their reducing routine to suit their hours. Oh, for heaven's sake. Isn't that too silly? They have already adjusted themselves to sleeping different hours from other people, haven't they? They eat at different times. Well, then, why can't they take my reducing system and fit that into their schedule? You see what a little common sense will do!

And then I've gotten letters from girls who are traveling in stock companies or for merchandise houses. They say they can only get boarding house food, and ask me what to do. Wouldn't you think they'd have enough common sense to know? Take my diet and suit it to your individual circumstances (but this doesn't apply to you who *can* take the diet).

For instance, coffee and plain toast, with no butter for breakfast. Then for lunch and dinner, cut fat off the meat and don't eat the gravy. Don't put butter on vegetables, or if there is a thickened sauce, don't eat that sauce. Don't eat bread. If there's a salad take off the mayonnaise. If you have a stew pick out the meat and vegetables and let [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Sylvia's Exercise For Making The Bust Firm

Here's the way to have a firm bust. There is a muscle on either side that runs from the top of the bust to either shoulder. Concentrate on these muscles and, with arms above head, turn and stretch the arms in such a way that you can feel that muscle grow tense. Do this in front of a mirror, so you can see what you're doing. It is extremely difficult at first, but any muscle can be moved if you concentrate upon it. When the muscle moves you will feel your bust pulling upwards. Then you know you're doing the exercise correctly. This will enlarge those muscles slightly, but don't mind so long as it makes the bust firm. In this month's article I also tell you how to reduce the bust

To Reduce The Back

Make your back as round as possible and pull your shoulders together, as if you were trying to make them touch in front. Keep arms relaxed. Roll slowly back and forth from the waist without straightening. Do not relax the back or shoulders. Do this fifteen minutes a day to take lumps off back and shoulders

Harold is "*Movie Crazy*"

It won't be long now until you'll be snickering yourself silly over Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy." And all your friends, too. Here is PHOTOPLAY'S special preview in pictures, just to prepare you for the fun that's coming. That lovely blonde is Constance Cummings, who is Harold's new leading woman. What a break for her!

Who is this beautiful senorita working those naughty Latin wiles on our handsome Harold? Sh, sh, that's a big secret. Professor Gentleman Lloyd just won't reveal the lady's name. You'll have to see the picture to find out her identity. And who won't?

Harold plays one of those dumb guys who thinks he's got a great moment to give the talkies—a sort of *Merton of the Movies* brought up to date. And there will be plenty of behind-the-camera atmosphere with Lloyd pulling gags right out of the microphone and doing nip-ups with the Klieg lights. Lots of fun for everybody

YOU CAN HAVE THE CELEBRATED *English Complexion*

LADY MARY PAKENHAM *says: "I've found the Pond's Method better than all the complicated beauty treatments. It keeps one's skin in marvelous condition."*

Use the Two Creams which are the greatest favorites in England

IT'S part of the English code of gracious living—the English complexion, cool, fresh and fragrant as roses washed in dew.

No wonder the famous Two Creams are "best sellers" in England, for they supply three of the four essentials of skin beauty . . . Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream shows you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the pores and float out dust and grime. Pond's *softer* Cleansing Tissues are the best way to remove cold cream . . . These two together assure your skin the first essential of loveliness—immaculate cleansing.

For lubricating, more Cold Cream! Pat in each night, after the bedtime cleansing. Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic, so that wrinkles will not form or telltale "bagginess" appear . . . To stimulate the skin is the mission of Pond's Skin Freshener, which tightens pores and tones by quickening circulation, firms contours and keeps them fresh and young.

For protection and powder base Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal—made on a formula that *cannot* dry your skin.

"Pond's is a simple way to achieve soft, supple skin," says LADY ALINGTON.

These preparations are all you need

LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX *says: "Pond's Two Creams are the surest protection I have ever found for my skin."*

FOLLOW the Pond's Method to gain the celebrated "English complexion":

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent, white or peach . . . half again as many in the big new 25¢ box!

2. Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and hold the powder. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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Tune in on Pond's Fridays 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEAF and N.B.C. Network

Joyce Compton

This alluring young screen star, who is 19, says: "It's a comfort to know Billie Burke's secret of complexion care! Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth."

Billie Burke

"I'm 39," says this radiantly youthful star. Who would guess it from this recent photograph! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. I use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

Which star is 19.. which is 39?...

Screen Stars know the secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19 — the other radiantly beautiful at 39! Who could tell which is which? Years do not rob the stars of beauty. They have learned the secret of *keeping* youthful charm.

"I don't see why *any* woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I really am 39 years old. Youth always has irresistible attraction, so one must be wise enough to *keep* its charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty."

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But no matter what my age, I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. What a comfort to know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*—and have for years." And Joyce Compton follows her example! She, too, uses this luxurious white soap regularly to guard the precious peach-bloom freshness of her skin. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps one's skin so youthfully smooth and clear," she says.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this safeguard for complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard complexion beauty with Lux Toilet Soap. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the *official* soap in all the great film studios. The Broadway stars, too, have an overwhelming preference for it.

Gentle and so beautifully *white* that no other soap can rival it . . . Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for every type of skin. If you are not utterly satisfied with yours, why don't you try this fragrant white soap?

Toilet Soap–10¢

Stagg

WHEN "The Bird of Paradise" company returned from location in Honolulu, they brought a little chunk of Hawaii with them and put it in Hollywood. Would you believe that that wild hulu dancer, gone as native as a grass skirt, is smart Dolores Del Rio, one of the most sedate and ladylike social leaders of the film colony?

"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."

The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

How They Save Crawford's Time

Imagine having a stunning frock finished to the last twist of the scarf without the tedium of endless fittings! That's what happens with all of Joan Crawford's costumes; the studio designers save her wasted motions. Below Joan is wearing the completed gown of silver cloth which Adrian designed for her new picture, "Letty Lynton." Isn't it a perfect fit?

And here you see the skilled workers who save Joan's time. Adrian's sketch is first copied in muslin so that the precious silver cloth is saved a possible miscutting. Then the muslin is fitted to a dummy figure which is of Joan's exact proportions. This done, the muslin gown is next taken apart and laid on the silver cloth. The last step shows the silver cloth gown being given its final fitting to the dummy before Joan herself tries it on

Why not BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?

Here are powder, rouge and lipstick . . . to bring Youth's own subtle color tints to your complexion . . . . . .

WANT to try a bit of magic? Want to learn an amazing truth?—that you need *not* give up youthful loveliness, though years may slip between your complexion of seventeen and your complexion of today.

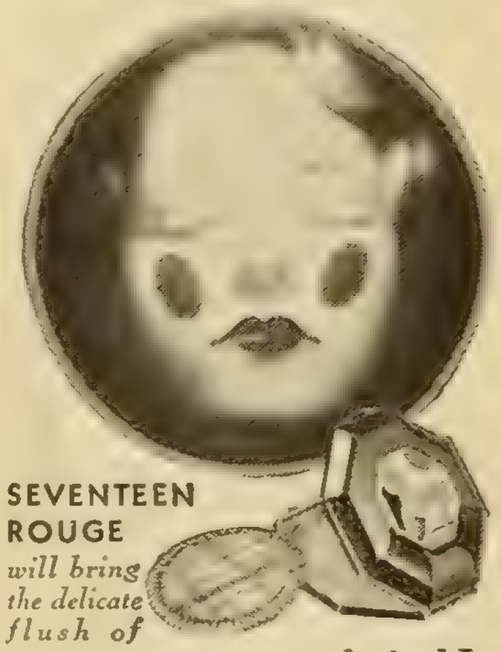
The new Seventeen make-up preparations hold this thrilling secret. These remarkable, *different* cosmetics skilfully reproduce the color tones of youthful skin!

And, most wonderful of all, Seventeen Two-Tone Powder has actually reproduced—not *only* the color tints—but the exquisite *transparency* of 'teen-age skin!

Seventeen Powder proves that powder need not be dull and masking! ...proves that powder may be radiant, alive, like youthful skin.

Try Seventeen, and learn that you may, indeed, look seventeen tonight! Use Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick together for perfect results. Seventeen Creams and Beauty Preparations will keep your complexion in perfect condition for make-up. Prices will delight you if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

SEVENTEEN LIPSTICK
will quickly show you the difference between soft, youthful coloring and the harsh effect of ordinary lipsticks. Seventeen spreads smoothly, naturally ...and becomes indelible when the lips are moistened before applying. Three shades.



SEVENTEEN ROUGE
will bring the delicate flush of seventeen to your complexion! Its Youth-Tone shades match those of Seventeen Lipstick. The jewel-like case matches Seventeen Lipstick, creating a smart, modern purse ensemble.

SEVENTEEN POWDER
is made on the marvelous Two-Tone principle, to simulate youthful transparency! Two weights are blended—the heavier clinging closely—the lighter, on the surface, creating a subtle overtone!

Seventeen

Won't You Try *Seventeen?*

MAISON JEURELLE, Dept. 167, 247 Park Ave., New York

I enclose 25c. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.

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ASK THE ANSWER MAN

Hundreds of movie-goers are asking "all about this chap *Tarzan*." *Tarzan*, of course, is Johnny Weissmuller, champion swimmer. Here he is with Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

JUNGLE NOISES! And *Tarzan* pops out of the mail bag and leaps to the top of this month's list. Sports followers are acquainted with this big fellow who is known as the champion swimmer of the world, but those who do not follow sports events write in to ask "Where had this lad been hiding?"

Johnny Weissmuller (*Tarzan*), who made his first screen appearance in Grantland Rice sports short subjects demonstrating his swimming form, appears for the first time as an actor in "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Johnny was born in Chicago, Ill., of Austrian parents. He was educated in public schools and the University of Chicago. Took up swimming, at the advice of a doctor, to fight off ill health. He now stands 6 feet, 3 inches in his stocking feet and weighs 190 pounds. Has brown hair and brown eyes.

He was the American hero of the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924 and in Amsterdam in 1928. Altogether, he has captured seventy-five world speed records for swimming. He went over so big in his first picture that M-G-M has planned a sequel to "Tarzan," with Johnny once more a hero.

Johnny is married to Bobbe Arnst, former star of New York musical comedies. His hobby is snapping kodak pictures at every opportunity. Read more about him in Katherine Albert's fine interview on another page of this issue.

NANCY LEE FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Joe E. Brown was born July 28, 1892, and is 5 feet, 9½ inches tall. He has blue eyes and his hair is the same as his name. The "E" stands for Evans. Joe's next picture will be "The Tenderfoot."

HELEN HENDERSON, NILES, MICH.—Tully Marshall is one of the real old timers, having been in pictures since 1916. Tully was born in Nevada City, Calif., back in April, 1864. He is 5 feet, 9½ inches tall and has graying brown hair and brown eyes. Some of his latest pictures are "The Hatchet Man," "Broken Lullaby," "Arsene Lupin," "The Beast of the City," "Scarface" and "Grand Hotel." I wonder when he sleeps!

SAM BANHAM, JEFFERSONVILLE, PENNA.—Sam, that long drink of—ahem—Charlotte Greenwood—was born in Philadelphia. She entered pictures in 1927. Some of her recent pictures are "Palmy Days," "Flying High," "The Man in Possession," "The Passionate Plumber" and "Cheaters at Play." She is married to Martin Broones.

PAULA, MONTREAL, CAN.—Here are the measurements you wanted. Lupe Velez, Marian Nixon and Raquel Torres are each 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Marian tips the Toledoes at 100 pounds; Lupe at 106 and Raquel at 110. Dolores Del Rio is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall and weighs 120. Eddie Quillan is 5 feet, 6 and weighs 140.

PUDGE, WHEELING, W. VA.—Imagine being born in China on St. Patrick's Day. That's what happened to Sari Maritza. Sari comes from Tientsin, China, where she was born March 17, 1910. She is the daughter of Major Walter Nathan and her real name is Patricia. Her father is English and her mother Austrian. Sari was educated in London, Berlin, Paris and Switzerland. She has never been on the stage. Appeared in British films before coming to the U. S. A. last December. Has won many medals for swimming and diving, and holds a championship for skating at St. Moritz. Sari is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall; weighs 103 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first American picture will be "Cloudy With Showers," for Paramount.

M. PARKER, CHEVY CHASE, MD.—Mary, you can get 8 x 10 photos of Greta Garbo and Clark Gable by sending to PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The photographs are 25c each. PHOTOPLAY also has photos of Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, James Dunn, Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer. Send your order in early as the supply is limited.

BEATRICE GUSTAFSON, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Bea, all of the girls you mentioned are quite short. Barbara Kent, Armida, and Dorothy Janis are each 4 feet, 11 inches. Janet Gaynor, Alice White, Dorothy Lee and Sidney Fox beat them by one inch. These heights are in their little stocking footsies.

LOTTIE KEYSER, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Sorry, but I have no record of the baroness you mention. Director William Wellman was married to Marjorie Crawford last December. She is his second wife. He was formerly married to Marjorie Chapin and they had one daughter, Gloria.

MARCIA AKERMAN, W. MANSFIELD, O.—Since appearing in "Five Star Final," Aline MacMahon has been in "Heart of New York," and "The Mouthpiece." Her next will be "Week-End Marriage."

JAMES HODGE, TORONTO, CAN.—Laurence Olivier comes from Dorking, Surrey, England. He is 25 years old, 5 feet, 10½ inches tall; weighs 150 and has dark brown hair and dark green eyes. Appeared on the stage in "Journey's End," "Private Lives" and "Paris Bound." His next picture will be with Ann Harding in "Westward Passage." Laurence is married to Jill Esmond, English stage and screen actress.

JANET WINSTON, COVINGTON, KY.—Janet, after Colin Clive finished in "Frankenstein," he deserted our shores for merrie ol' England. He recently finished making "Lily Christine," a British picture with Corinne Griffith. I believe he is appearing on the stage in England at the present time. Here's his history. Colin was born in St. Malo, France, January 9, 1900. He is 6 feet tall and has dark hair and gray eyes. Attended British schools and graduated from the Sandhurst Military Academy. Has been on the stage since he was 19. Is married to Jean de Casailis, well-known actress of European and New York stages.

LOIS, FLORENCE, ALA.—The great Garbo was born September 18, 1905. Anita Louise first saw light on January 9, 1917, in New York City.

DOT AND GEORGIE.—The girls who appeared in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" were Nancy Welford, Winnie Lightner, Ann Pennington, Lilyan Tashman, Helen Foster and Gertrude Short. Ina Claire was not in it. Here's the lowdown on Charles Starrett. He was born in Athol, Mass., March 28, 1904. Is 6 feet tall, weighs 185, and has dark hair and brown eyes. Attended Dartmouth College. Charles has been married since 1927 and has two sons.

JEAN GRAHAM, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jean, the lad you are trying to identify is Eddie Nugent. Eddie was born in New York City, February 7, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall; weighs 155, and has dark brown hair and green eyes. Attended New York schools and appeared on the stage before going into pictures.

ROCKNE SIX

SPONSORED AND GUARANTEED BY STUDEBAKER

Everywhere... everyone likes the *Rockne!*

This long, low, aerodynamic Rockne Six has something better, something different to offer . . . and all America seems to know it.

All America seems to have been waiting for this speed, this style, this size, this smoothness in a low-priced car.

All America seems to be finding out, all at once, that nobody else is giving so much in advancements and equipment for so small an amount of money. And Rockne sales certainly are showing it.

When are *you* going to get in a Rockne and experience the thrill of driving this automobile that does so much more—that looks so much smarter—than any low-priced car you've ever known?

Everybody who tries out the Rockne says it's wonderful—a new sensation. You'll say so, too.

In fact, if you like your cars a little different—more dashing in appearance and more brilliant in performance—one demonstration drive in a Rockne is going to convince you that nothing else will do for you!

FREE WHEELING IN ALL FORWARD SPEEDS... FULL SYNCHRONIZED SHIFT...SILENT SECOND SPEED . . . AUTOMATIC SWITCH-KEY STARTING . . . 4-POINT CUSHIONED POWER

$585 *and up at the factory*

ROCKNE MOTORS CORPORATION
(A Studebaker subsidiary company)
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Models and Bodies	Model "65"	Model "75"
Coupe, 2 passenger	$585	$685
Coach, 5 passenger	595	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	620	720
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	635	735
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	675	775
Convertible Sedan, 5 passenger	695	795

All prices f. o. b. factory

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

POPULAR DEE—that's what they're calling Frances. She has more beaux than any girl in Hollywood.

Among the lads who make dates with her are Charles Boyer, Randy Scott and Russell Gleason

Constance Cummings and Junior Laemmle are holding hands under tables.

But Sidney Fox is not going to marry that artist she's been going with.

She saves three nights a week for dates with him—that's all.

AND if you don't believe they are sentimental listen to this. Ginger Rogers gave director Mervyn LeRoy a tiny gold book for his watchfob.

When he opened it there was a picture of Ginger engraved on the inside.

Beneath it was inscribed, "May this picture never be released!"

And there is a budding romance between Robert Young, of "The Wet Parade" and Virginia Bruce.

Even Norma Shearer's father has felt the call of spring and has married again.

Lola Lane positively denies all those rumors that she is expecting the stork.

But Sue Carol, Helen Twelvetrees and Mary Astor admit that they are on the mothers-to-be list.

FOR a long time now Mary Astor has been saying that she wanted a baby. But lots and lots of the glamour girls have said that. Mary really meant it. And sometime in August the baby will be born.

The birthplace will be Honolulu for Mary has always wanted to travel in the South Seas but couldn't find time. And the swell part is that her physician will go right along with her. He's Dr. Franklyn Thorpe who is, incidentally, Mary's husband.

"If it is a boy I want him to be a doctor," says Mary. "If it's a girl I don't care—just so long as she stays out of pictures."

But Mary will come back to the screen as soon as the child is born.

JACKIE COOPER stood looking up at the billboard advertising Bela Lugosi in "Murdered Alive."

"Huh," he remarked, "there's no sense to that. He couldn't be murdered dead, could he? He'd have to be alive to be murdered."

Which is pretty good logic.

THEY had just finished the last scene for "When a Feller Needs a Friend" in which Jackie Cooper and another little boy have a terrific fight with Jackie winning in a blaze of glory.

As they strolled away from the set the other kid began to tease Jackie. Jackie stood it for several minutes and then wheeled upon the boy, "If you say one more word," he shouted, "there's going to be a re-take on that last scene right now!"

TO thousands of fans Jackie Cooper is "that sweet little boy with so much talent." But to Jackie's nineteen year old uncle, who lives with the Coopers, he's "that meddlesome brat." For when Uncle Jack's girl friends call up Jackie answers the phone, imitates his uncle's voice, kids the girls along and sometimes makes dates in Uncle Jack's name.

"I HAD the swellest dream last night," Jackie Cooper told his mother one morning at breakfast, "I dreamed that Garbo was playing the part of my mother in 'When a Feller Needs a Friend.'"

So does that make Garbo Jackie's night mére, as the French have it?

I REALLY hate to tell all my charming young lady readers who rave about Gene Raymond's platinum hair, about this, but it's true that Gene is going to touch up those locks a bit, making them just a trifle darker. When he works with brunette leading women he looks like a tow-head by contrast.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

Years ago—we promised we wouldn't say when—this picture won for its subject a beauty contest. She's a mighty good looking girl, measured by the standards of the time. You'd never guess. Give up then and we'll give in. It's Polly Moran! Cross our heart and hope to die. The picture is Polly's most prized possession and it has never before been printed in a magazine. Yes, the woman who makes you laugh and kids about her funny face is proud of the beauty that once was hers. "I look like a gopher now," says Polly, "but I wasn't so bad then, was I?" But we think it's better to make people laugh than to look beautiful, don't you?

The 1932 B·V·D —with Surf Suits

EVENING GOWN BACKS

LE TOUQUET

DEAUVILLE

MONTAUK

SAN TROPEZ

MALIBU

SAN REMO

Copr. 1932
TheB.V.D.Company, Inc.

FROM Palm Beach to Bar Harbor spread the news of a great revolution in bathing suits.

B.V.D. did it. B.V.D., with famous New York stylists and artists, had designed the smartest bathing suits that ever appeared on a beach or buffeted a breaker.

. . . bathing suits with low-cut backs! . . . bathing suits as smart, and as flattering, as the new evening gowns!

These new 1932 models are a triumph superimposed upon a triumph. They have the look of the hand-knitting of France. In this year of grace, 1932, you simply have to wear perl-knit or ripple-knit! Wear your old evening gown if you must. But don't step out into the brilliant sunshine of the beach in anything except this new kind of bathing suit!

High waist-lines are in these suits —grand lines around the thighs—a *coup* that your best dressmaker, even if she lives in Paris, couldn't excel. These new B.V.D. Surf Suits are a success —the Florida season proved it.

Old style suits are out—definitely out. You might as well wear bloomers and mutton-leg sleeves! But if you want to look over the grandest bathing suits you have ever seen, send in your name and we will have a shop in your vicinity smart enough to have ordered them. We will be happy to send you the name and address of the shop. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

B·V·D

At the command of the smart hostess

COMMUNITY CUT CRYSTAL

DESIGNED TO MATCH THE SILVERWARE

© 1932 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

*

June 1st to 30th

*

A GIFT OF
COMMUNITY CUT CRYSTAL
with each purchase of
COMMUNITY PLATE *in the* NEW
PARK LANE (*Anti-Tarnish*) CHEST

Silverware Service for Six (6 Water Goblets free, value $6.00)	$28.75
Silverware Service for Eight (8 Water Goblets free, value $8.00)	$36.50
Silverware Service for Twelve (12 Water Goblets free, value $12.00)	$54.00

DE LUXE STAINLESS KNIVES
are included in the above.

An additional charge is made for Hollow Handles

(Above prices subject to tax if in effect at date of sale)

TO INTRODUCE COMMUNITY CUT CRYSTAL, Silverware dealers everywhere, during June, will give a set of matching Water Goblets with each PARK LANE Silverware Service in the *Lady Hamilton*, *Noblesse*, *Deauville* or *Grosvenor* design of Community Plate. Lovely Silverware, a full modern service, in the latest designs. A luxurious new anti-tarnish chest. And goblets of gracious distinction, cut to match the Silverware designs. An extraordinary value! Community Crystal Water Goblets sell for $12.00 the dozen. These Water Goblets will be given only with services in the new PARK LANE CHEST—and only during June.

THE PARK LANE CHEST

COMMUNITY PLATE

Leadership in Design Authority

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

WHEN "Grand Hotel" opened in New York hardened Broadwayites muttered that nothing like it had ever been seen on the Street of Broken Hearts since Tony Pastor was a boy.

New York doesn't take its openings as seriously as Hollywood does but on this night lights pierced the sky, ermine coats were gotten out of moth balls and every celebrity in town attended.

It was the picture, itself, that drew the crowds for not a single actor in the "Grand Hotel" cast was there in person. So that left all the attention for the celebs who attended —Ina Claire, Larry Tibbett, Dorothy Mackaill, Grace Moore, Jimmy Cagney, Cliff Edwards and just lots more.

AND New York did a stunt that is peculiar to Hollywood. When the members of that tremendous cast appeared on the screen they were greeted by applause. And there was hand clapping after some of the big emotional scenes. Jimmy Cagney did not miss a single screen move Lionel Barrymore made. Of course, the critics raved about it the next day and said that this was the first time so many stars had been gathered together for one picture.

Now maybe I shouldn't, at this time when everybody is so happy about that picture, blaze a trail. Garbo, Joan Crawford, The Barrymores and Wally Beery were in "Grand Hotel." But years and years ago C. B. De Mille did a little trail blazing with "The Affairs of Anatole" in which Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wally Reid, Elliott Dexter and other stars as great in their day as the "Grand Hotel" cast is now; played together. Do you remember? Or, rather, will you admit that you remember?

EDDIE GOULDING says that when he was directing "Grand Hotel" the favorite remarks of part of his cast were these.

Lionel Barrymore, "I'll be back in a minute."

Jack Barrymore, "Was that all right?"

And

Greta Garbo, "Oh, what now?"

WHEN "Grand Hotel" was finished just one added scene was necessary—a shot of Garbo walking through the lobby.

But in the meantime Garbo had started work on "As You Desire Me" and had to be dismissed from that set to make the scene for "Grand Hotel." In order to save delay they rehearsed with a double.

The girl did the walk again and again but the timing wasn't right. She simply couldn't walk as Garbo does.

Finally director Eddie Goulding dismissed her, "I'll do it myself."

And, what's more, he did it so perfectly with that Garbo swing that actors gathered for miles around to watch the imitation. While he was doing it Greta came on the set. Was she mad? No, siree. She laughed louder than anybody.

INCIDENTALLY Garbo has confessed to one of her most intimate friends that Eddie Goulding is her favorite director.

HERE'S the sort of thing that makes Marie Dressler the most beloved woman in Hollywood. Robert Young, the kid you liked in "The Wet Parade," was being interviewed the other day when Marie passed by his table. She stopped and said.

"Well, young man, I'm glad to see you're getting along so well. I always like the young ones to get ahead."

Robert was dizzy:

"Can you imagine that—why, I've never even met Miss Dressler and yet she takes time to speak to me and even knows who I am. Why I'd rather have those few words than a thousand dollars."

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

TALLULAH BANKHEAD has met Garbo at last. But Tallulah isn't mentioning it.

Seems that Talloo was already at a party when Garbo arrived. Someone introduced them.

Garbo acknowledged the introduction with a nod and walked away. Very shortly she left the party.

And Tallulah once said that the only reason she wanted to come to Hollywood was to meet the Divine One.

SOMEHOW you always think of Tallulah Bankhead as being very tall and statuesque. As a matter of fact she is only five feet two, but it is her secret wish to be as tall as she looks on the stage and screen.

And when a critic refers to her as "the very tall Miss Bankhead" she is much more pleased than if he had called her a second Duse.

And while I am thinking about Tallulah Bankhead—which is a very pleasant way to spend a couple of hours—I wonder if others have noticed that the lady's legs are really quite as beautiful as those of Marlene Dietrich. Or is that sacrilege?

MARLENE DIETRICH got accused of pulling another Garbo not long ago when she moved out of her house and didn't even tell the studio where she had gone.

But Marlene had a reason. In order to protect little Maria from kidnappers, she had had the windows of the house barred. Newspaper photographers took pictures of it and gave the address. From then on the Dietrich yard was a picnic ground for tourists and there were hundreds of folks, wanting to catch a glimpse of the star, ringing the door bell.

Besides, Marlene was afraid that so much publicity might endanger Maria's safety. So she just packed her things and moved out. And she's not telling where.

SPEAKING for myself, I've been pretty bored by that prolonged squabble between Marlene Dietrich and Mrs. Josef Von Sternberg, the director's divorced wife, so I'm glad that it's been dropped, after everybody wrote letters to everybody else and the blame was laid on a European journalist who seems to have stirred up the whole mess by making some misstatements.

So that's that, but nothing alters the fact that Josef Von Sternberg needs a hair cut, no matter who sues who for what.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., who looks very slim upon the screen is, in reality, quite as husky and as athletic as his father. What's more he has a physical trainer who is with him constantly.

At first the trainer started to pull his punches when they were boxing but Doug insisted that he give him everything.

That is one of the reasons why Doug is a hero over at the University of Southern California among the football team.

When Doug was making "Forward Pass" the U. S. C. team was used in the picture and the boys had a lot of contempt for actors, so when rehearsals began they let the stars have it.

Big Boy Williams, who was also in the picture, didn't like the punishment and said so.

But Doug Jr., took it and asked for more and that's why his name inspires a cheer every time it is mentioned at U. S. C.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

CATALINA SWIM SUITS

THE CHOICE OF HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS STARS

Dip into this, too!

Your round of summer fun will not be complete unless your screen-fare includes such Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer successes as: "*Grand Hotel*" with Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, etc; "*Strange Interlude*" with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, "*As You Desire Me*" with Garbo, "*Prosperity*" with Marie Dressler, Polly Moran and others.

WHY NOT RIDE THE WAVES THIS YEAR IN THE SUITS THAT SCREEN STARS SAY ARE SMART—CATALINAS! HERE ARE SUITS THAT WILL MAKE FATHER NEPTUNE BLINK HIS EYES IN FRANK SURPRISE... SUITS INTO WHICH HAS BEEN WOVEN THE STYLE-MAGIC OF HOLLYWOOD! NEW FRONTS! NEW BACKS! NEW COLORS! AND... NEW FREEDOM! SEE THEM AT YOUR DEALER'S NOW AND WRITE FOR OUR NEW SURPRISE-FOLDER, "THE SWIM SUIT I LIKE BEST," SHOWING THE TEN LEADING MODELS SELECTED FOR 1932 BY SCREENLAND'S FAMOUS STARS. ADDRESS PACIFIC KNITTING MILLS, 443 SOUTH SAN PEDRO STREET, LOS ANGELES

Helpful Summer Make-Up Hints

By Carolyn Van Wyck

With a becoming bathing cap that simulates the hair, a touch of waterproof rouge, lipstick, mascara, the beach is only another excuse for looking our loveliest. Leila Hyams shows you how waterproof beauty may be

"Off with the old, then on with the new," insists Madge Evans, *re* lipstick. Applying new over old is fatal to attractive lips. Remove the old with cotton or tissue, by light, vertical strokes toward the inside

I REPEAT—what a difference a change in headdress can make! Before me is a picture of Anna May Wong in blonde wig, her make-up somewhat Anglicized, I suspect. I asked the girls in this office who it was. Most of them didn't know.

Then there is Colleen Moore, *sans* bangs, just when bangs hold the fashion limelight more than they have in many years.

And while I'm mentioning bangs, at the spring convention of the National Beauty Shop Owners in New York, Hollywood stylists were present because the owners did not wish to predict fall styles without consulting Hollywood authorities. And Hollywood came forth with the astounding prediction that at least sixty per cent. of its actresses will wear bangs in pictures to be released this autumn.

That should help you in deciding a summer coiffure. And let me say again, if you wish to revive Jim's or Jerry's interest in yourself, change your hair. It makes things happen.

THE other night we were discussing eyebrow styles in Hollywood. "The first narrow, skylarking brows came to us from Lil Dagover in 'The Woman from Monte Carlo,'" said an ex-director from the film colony. "Then Garbo adopted them, and most of Hollywood followed." Early pictures of Garbo show her with full, rather dark brows.

JEAN HARLOW hasn't any obvious brows at all. She has them, of course, but keeps them plucked so that make-up is easy. When you consider that Jean has been making personal appearances, averaging three or four a day for sixteen weeks straight, as this goes to press, you can understand the advisability of being able to draw a little line with a dark pencil and suddenly be "browed."

Jean has very beautiful deep blue eyes, and lashes absolutely her own, almost an inch long. She tells me that white vaseline not only keeps them soft and in a healthy condition, but has added considerably to their growth. Everyone's lashes would be better off with a touch of vaseline or lash-grower before retiring each night.

Jean is far prettier actually than the screen reveals her, I think, and her figure seems different somehow, too. She is about five feet five inches tall, and weighs 109 pounds. Her bones are small but she is well covered.

Summer may mean sunburn, freckles, too much tan, loss of hair and skin beauty if you don't know how to protect and care for yourself. I have some timely tips in our June letter, yours for the asking, along with a sensible booklet on normal reducing and a helpful complexion leaflet. And, of course, I'm glad to help with your other beauty problems, too. Remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to Carolyn Van Wyck, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

WHAT has happened to Bette Davis? A very short while ago her pictures showed her a distinctive, frail, soft English type. Now her hair is very light, her lashes and brows very black, a prototype of a hundred and one Hollywood girls. Bette has probably gone black-and-white at request, but it is too bad that more of the true values of human coloring are not preserved on the screen. Joan Crawford, for instance, in "Grand Hotel" defies the average eye to pick out make-up. There is a symphony of grays, a harmonious relation between hair, skin, eyes, mouth, altogether pleasing and convincing. I think the public likes her this way, too.

IN "Grand Hotel" you will hear Joan refer several times to her figure, "Do I need to reduce?" etc. No, Joan, you do not—not with that slim, willowy body, smart in that tailored garb of the little stenographer, Flaemmchen. Every girl not satisfied with herself should take a long look at Joan, then see old pictures of her in our files. What she has done with her figure alone should earn her lasting laurels. You, with too much hip, you with too little bust, should remember Joan, follow Sylvia's advice and make of yourself just about what you'd like to be.

NOW that snapshot time is here again, let me pass on to you a trick that Alice White passed on to me as having been passed on by Mary Pickford, if you can understand that. If you have unattractive lines or shadows in your face, pose with the light at your back or over either shoulder, and in front hold a sheet of white paper close to your body below the range of the camera. Thus the light will be reflected up and onto your face, so that it will smooth out lines, eliminate shadows, make values definite and clear cut. Try this.

MAKE-UP *that creates alluring* BEAUTY

Hollywood's Secret! . . . Now You May Share it with the Screen Stars!

Discover your own beauty possibilities with make-up in color harmony for your type. Accept from Max Factor . . . Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, your personal complexion analysis and Society Make-Up chart. Mail the coupon.

A new and different kind of make-up originated and perfected by Max Factor, Filmland's wizard of make-up, for the stars of the screen, brings amazing new beauty to you.

It is based on Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color harmony which revolutionized make-up in pictures.

Whatever your type in blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, you may now be sure of correct color harmony make-up to blend perfectly with your complexion colorings.

Face Powder, for example, will reveal to you the remarkable difference. Each shade is a color harmony tone, created by chromatic colors in scientific balance...not just a flat color. No danger of off-color, spotty or powdery effects even under strongest artificial or day light...because Max Factor's face powder has been proved perfect under blazing motion picture lights.

The texture is so perfect that even the motion picture camera cannot find the tiniest flaw. And it clings for hours, too...for stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

JOAN BLONDELL, *Warner Bros., and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using a color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder for her type.*

So here is the face powder that really creates that even, satin-smooth make-up that you've so admired in pictures. Now you may enjoy this luxury... Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the screen stars...at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Based on the same color harmony principle are Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow...fifty cents each. At all drug and department stores.

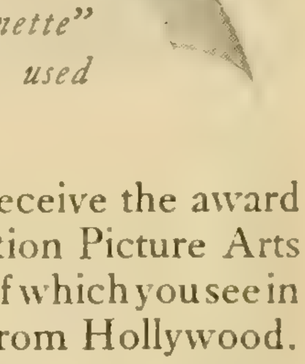
Remember, too, its absolute purity is attested by a guarantee in each box carrying the Seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine...and that Max Factor's make-up is of such

KAY FRANCIS
in Warner Bros.-First National feature "A Dangerous Brunette" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.

quality and value as to receive the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, evidence of which you see in every picture released from Hollywood.

Send for Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart for Your Type

Max Factor will create for you, your own color harmony in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and make-up essentials for your type of skin, in Society Make-Up for street wear...a make-up designed to bring out every bit of natural beauty, to magnify the attraction of your personality. Accept this priceless gift...mail the coupon now.



Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

Max Factor—*Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.* 1-6-54

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"* . . . also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Complexion	*EYES*	*HAIR*	*SKIN*
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*LIPS*
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Moist ☐
		Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	*LASHES*	REDHEAD	*AGE*
	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐		

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © *1932 Max Factor*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

INSTEAD of shopping at sports shops to buy new fishing tackle Wally Beery is a frequent visitor at infants' wear stores. And the reason is that little lump of sugar, his adopted daughter, Caroline.

The other day he brought Caroline, in peach taffeta, white shoes and an organdie bonnet, on the lot for all to admire. But more people looked at Wally than at Caroline for he was all spruced up like the best man at a wedding. No baggy trousers, no old suspenders. And he even had on a tie!

AND while you're trying to stretch your salary like the rubber man in the circus be consoled by the fact that Richard Barthelmess, who makes $8,000 a week, is economizing, too.

Dick has two big homes, one in Beverly Hills and one at Malibu, but he has taken an apartment and rented his two houses for a very tidy little sum.

HELEN HAYES has had a charge account at one of the smarter New York stores for eight years. She has shopped there all that time without being recognized, although her name was in electric lights on Broadway during most of that period.

When she came back to New York after the release of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" she went in the shop, ordered something and gave the girl her name.

The saleswoman gushed, "Oh, yes, Miss Hayes. You are from Hollywood, aren't you? You are the motion picture actress!"

BUSTER KEATON and wife Natalie Talmadge had a little family argument about taking the boys for an airplane ride. Buster said they should go and Mrs. Keaton said they shouldn't, so Buster said, "Who wears the pants in this house?" or something like that and piled both the kids in a plane and departed for the Keaton ranch in Mexico.

Scared silly, Natalie rushed down to the district attorney's office and demanded that he make Buster bring the children right straight back this minute, so the D. A. set off in hot pursuit in a plane after Dead-Pan Keaton and the kids. For all the world like a movie.

They all came back very meek, mild and humble of heart, only to discover that Mrs. Keaton was mad now and had gone home to sister Connie. So Buster sent her a phonograph record of "I'm Sorry Dear."

Stony silence from Natalie's camp. Buster sent another and another. No response. And then suddenly he had an idea. He put a light in the window for his prodigal wife. Natalie saw it and laughed.

She's home now. So is Buster. So are the kids. And all is forgiven.

MIRIAM HOPKINS went to Palm Springs to rest.

Jack Oakie went to Palm Springs to play.

Miriam stayed in her room. Jack sat at the

telephone in his room and called her every five minutes begging, "Come on out and take a swim, Miriam. Oh, come on out and play."

She stood it as long as she could. Then she told the manager that his hotel wasn't big enough to hold her and Jack Oakie at the same time. The manager told Jack. So Jack went away mad.

CREIGHTON CHANEY, stalwart son of the famous Lon, owns a watch that the riches of the world could not buy from him. On the back the word "Son" is outlined in diamonds. It previously had the word "Lon" on it, but Mrs. Chaney had the L changed to an S for the boy.

MAURICE CHEVALIER usually looks rather sad and a bit stern when he isn't working before the camera. The smile is for the flickers. And that straw hat he wears with a tuxedo—well, he never wears a straw hat with a dinner jacket in private life. Maurice is an early riser and a heavy coffee drinker.

He has been called "stingy" by Hollywood but the fact is that he supports a great number of charities and he's just a little careful of his money for Maurice has known great poverty and he wants to have financial security soon.

Cosmo

"Yassar, Mr. Cagney, yassar, they is sho a lot of folks down to this ole station to say you 'Howdy.'" That's what the porter said when he looked out over the Broadway boys and girls who gathered round when Jimmy Cagney returned from Hollywood to New York on his second trip this year. He came to the big city to take a look at the stage play, "Blessed Event," the one he was going to do on the screen. But at the moment he and Warners are having their annual argument about salary

Will YOU be the Judge of this Tooth Paste?

You'll never regret it

Cleaner, whiter teeth . . sweeter breath . . at a $3 saving

Teeth so clean they gleam and flash . . . So white they charm others . . . A mouth that feels fresh and wholesome . . . A breath that is sweet and agreeable.

Is it any wonder that critical men and women by millions have discarded old favorites costing 50¢ or more for the modern Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢?

Results, not the price, were the deciding factor. The swift improvement in the appearance of the teeth, the general well-being of the mouth, proved to them that this dentifrice was in every way worthy of the good Listerine name. That at the same time it saved $3.00 a year was welcome but incidental news.

Try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste yourself. Compare it with any paste at any price for its quality. Compare it with any for its results. You alone be the judge.

Note how it protects and beautifies your teeth over the years. How thoroughly it cleans. How it removes discoloration and brings out the natural luster. How it refreshes your mouth. Hardens gums to resist infection and sweetens the breath.

How can we offer such a dentifrice at such a price, you may ask? The answer is not new. It is the Ford idea applied to tooth paste. As buyers of material in vast quantities we buy at a lower price. Modern methods of production effect another economy. Shrewd methods of distribution are responsible for still another. All these economies are represented in the price of 25¢. The saving we have made, we pass on to you.

We do not ask you to take our word about Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube at your druggist's today. Give it a fair trial. We rest our case on the product itself and what it will do. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. 25¢

DON'T LET THE SUN *Dry Up* YOUR BEAUTY!

Keep your skin smooth and supple with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

A HOT summer sun may be fine for your health, but what it does to your *skin!* The scorching rays bake out its natural oils... leave your complexion dry, dull and lifeless.

Soon, wrinkles appear. Parched tissues shrink and shrivel. Your skin, deprived of its essential moisture, grows brown, taut and "leathery."

Here's the safe way to protect your complexion. Every day, before you go out, use OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder. Its luxurious *Olive Oil* base (found in no other powder) acts as a "softener" of sun-dried skin... soothing it, restoring its normal suppleness. OUTDOOR GIRL *clings* for hours, yet it never cakes or becomes "patchy."

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover why millions of women will use no other. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and $1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the *Olive Oil* and Lightex face powders and the new *Liquefying* Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

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Kindly send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

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ONCE a very haughty lady on a boat met him and said, "One hears you act in films."

"One does," replied Maurice.

"Well, well, I must go to see you. What are some of your pictures?"

" 'City Lights' was my last. Ah, madam, I was grand in that one. I help a little blind girl. And 'The Gold Rush'—you should see me rushing around in 'The Gold Rush.' "

He went right down the list naming all of Chaplin's films and had the best time he's had since last Bastile Day.

HERE is the strange story of Elmer and the greatest star of them all. Never heard of Elmer? Shh, don't let Buster Keaton hear you say it. Elmer isn't much of a dog, as far as pedigrees are concerned, but Buster adores him and the pooch has made the entire M-G-M studios his home.

One day Garbo's car stood outside the sound stage door waiting to take Greta to her dressing room for lunch.

The chauffeur, sitting erect in the front seat, felt someone settle on the back seat and, thinking it was his regal mistress, drove off for Garbo's dressing room.

With a grand flourish the chauffeur opened the door and stood at attention. Elmer, head and tail held high, walked majestically out of the car. And was the driver's face crimson when he hurriedly drove back and found Greta pacing up and down looking for her car!

But what a yarn Elmer told the other mongrels that night!

KAREN MORLEY is defying all the laws of Hollywood laid down for newcomers. She joins in no social activities and her friends are those she had before she went in pictures—mostly her university pals. She refuses to attend Hollywood premières, only went once when her studio insisted, and will not be seen at the places where embryonic film stars are supposed to be seen. In talking of Karen somebody said, "She can't hope to get anywhere pulling stunts like that."

Which reminds me that not so many years ago a bunch of people were sitting around discussing a new girl called Garbo and somebody said, "She can't hope to get anywhere pulling stunts like that."

LIONEL BARRYMORE is an excellent pianist and has composed several numbers—very high brow ones. His pal, musically, is Ernest Torrence, also a composer.

THAT story about Lya de Putti is almost unbelievable and yet it does seem to be a fitting climax to the life of one of the strangest women who ever lived. Her death is just as strange.

She was married to Zolton von Szepessy in Austria and was the mother of two children, one of whom is now fourteen and the other eleven. Lya left her husband to go on the stage and Von Szepessy bought a plot of ground in a cemetery where he sunk a slab and had it marked "Lya de Putti—died 1920." The children thought their mother had actually died.

All during those years when Lya was rising to fame (and, incidentally, that was her maiden name and not a stage one) Von Szepessy hoped that she would come back to him. But when she did not and when she, herself, died at last, he committed suicide, leaving a request that his body be placed beside the empty grave of the wife who had left him.

Rin Tin Tin buries a bone

Wide World

When Sally Eilers went to New York for a three-weeks holiday, all the gossip hounds got their heads together and muttered, "Things can't be so good between Sally and hubby, Hoot Gibson." Well, the truth is that Hoot was mad when Sally said she had to have a vacation, but there was another reason for Sally's trip that Cal York tells you all about on another page. First thing Sally asked for in New York was—no, not to see the Empire State Building—a lollipop. Anyway, that's what her press-agent says

DON'T let Hollywood kid you. Neither tennis nor polo is the favorite sport. It's nice, lazy old sun bathing.

Joan Crawford gets herself burned to a nice toasty color by lying in her own front yard. Never mind, there's a high wall around it. Evelyn Brent lolls on the beach in front of her house and Elissa Landi has a spot on top of her garage for tanning purposes.

Palm Springs, set right out in the middle of the desert, is the favorite broiling place, however.

WHEN Ernst Lubitsch saw what a good picture "One Hour With You" had turned out to be he wanted his name on the title sheet as director.

As a matter of fact, he had supervised the picture and George Cukor had done the actual directing. However, Lubitsch had been on the set all the time.

So everybody quarreled and at last credit was divided like this. "Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, assisted by George Cukor."

All of which seems ridiculously childish to folks who don't give a gosh darn who does the directing just so long as the picture is good.

• It wasn't her fault she was Slow!

[except internally]

She is a human tortoise! Traffic signals change again before she gets started across the street. Everyone says she's a nuisance. But scolding won't help her.

Her dilatory ways, mental slowness, and dull skin and eyes, all are symptoms of one internal fault. They show that her system is being poisoned steadily, for sheer lack of internal cleanliness.

What a handicap! And how unnecessary! For a little care—and the saline way to internal cleanliness with Sal Hepatica—would quickly get at the cause of all these ills.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Aix they go, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of these salines, offers you similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today!

Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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The New Bon Ton *Tu-Way* Foundations are available for every figure type. The *Semi-Step-Ins* retail from $3.50 to $5. The lovely *All-in-One* Dualiste pictured sells for $7.50. It hugs your figure, yet gives freedom.

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WORCESTER NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

A WRITER swears the story is true, but you can judge for yourself.

It seems, according to the writer, that Walter Catlett was offered the rôle of a major in a picture for Howard Hughes.

"Nup," said Catlett. "Never."

"Why not?" asked the casting director. "It's a good part."

"I've played generals," said Catlett. "I've played colonels. I've played admirals. You can't ask me to come down in the world and play a major."

The casting director thought the matter was serious. He took it up with everyone in sight. And, since it made no difference to the story, the major was solemnly promoted to the rank of colonel. The casting director rushed back to Catlett with the news.

"Okay," said the actor. "If I am good enough to play a colonel, I am good enough to get fifty bucks more a week." He got it.

AND after the smoke cleared away from the Ernst Lubitsch-Paramount fracas, there is Ernst right back on the Paramount lot again with $125,000 for his next picture and $130,000 for the second.

The famous Lubitsch touch!

IT was five o'clock. Sylvia Sidney wanted to quit work and Sylvia is the sort of girl who does as she pleases.

"Oh, I'm so tired," she murmured, putting her hand to her face and rubbing it wearily across her forehead, eyes and cheeks.

"Look what you're doing, Sylvia," the director shouted. "You'll ruin your make-up."

Sylvia knew exactly what she was doing. The mascara was all rubbed off those eyelashes and made dark spots upon her cheeks. "Oh, I'm so sorry," Sylvia exclaimed, "It will take me an hour to put on a new make-up."

The director dismissed the company.

Now what are you going to do with a girl like that?

FOLKS who knew Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, those old close harmonizers who hobnobbed with royalty, are amazed at the change that has come over Vivian.

The girls made millions and lost them. They were stage favorites for years and years. And the sisters were never separated. Not so long ago they had an offer for a vaudeville tour at $5,000 a week. Rosetta was thrilled at the chance to get back behind the footlights. But Vivian said "No," probably the first time she has ever said "No," to Rosetta.

Keystone

Some day, maybe, they'll be pointing to this house and saying, "So that's where the famous star was born." It was here—the Manor House in London—that Michele Bridget Farmer was born, not so many weeks ago. You don't know Michele Bridget Farmer? For shame—she's Gloria Swanson's and Michael Farmer's baby girl. The house, incidentally, used to be a row of garages, but it was built over and is now very smart

Ufa

Take a look at this girl. Hollywood producers have offered her large sums of American money to come to the United States and make pictures, but she says, "No, no, my friends. I'd rather be the queen of the European screen than just another actress in Hollywood." And that makes Lilian Harvey unique. But if those large sums are doubled and re-doubled? Oh now, Lil, think it over! Lilian plays in "Congress Dances," one of the better European films. She was reared in England, although her father was German, and she is the wife of Willy Fritsch

The reason is that Viv has gone absolutely domestic. Her husband Nils Asther and her baby are all that matter to her now.

AND Hollywood has never seen a father more devoted than Nils. When he is not working the baby never leaves his side. And here's the reason, which is something you didn't know before.

Nils was the father of a child, by his first wife, in Sweden. The baby died and for months Nils was inconsolable. Now he's giving the new baby all the love—and more, too—that he gave the one who died.

THE other day a bunch of the home folks were feeling pretty depressed about what people like to call Conditions and somebody said, "Look at those high paid movie stars—they don't have to worry."

"Oh, don't they?" said Somebody Who Should Know.

So everyone got out stubby pencils and old envelopes and did a little higher mathematics.

Suppose you were a movie star and making $1,000 a week. Twenty per cent, or $200, of that goes to the government. And ten per cent goes to your agent. For you couldn't get jobs without an agent. You'd have to live in a smart neighborhood and there goes $500 a month for rent, which is letting you off pretty cheap. Food and drink for yourself and the Important People you have to entertain takes another 500 berries.

Then there are clothes, expensive cars, servants (the studio would be as mortified as Jimmy Durante if it caught you hanging out your own wash in the back yard) insurance, personal publicity and a dozen or so other odd items.

So by the time we were through there was about $500 on the minus side of your income. And we all got so doggone depressed that we cried on each other's shoulders far into the night.

And the next day we went to the movie just to help those poor stars struggle along.

TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN

A most perplexing problem this summer! Millions of exquisite young heads are pondering its pros and cons. Shall we go coppery tan . . . and be carefree as young gypsies this summer . . . or shall we be fair and fascinating—unweathered—tan-free and freckle-free?

Helena Rubinstein, world-famous beauty authority, who summers on the Riviera and the Lido, and who guides every fashion in faces among the smartest set, says it is entirely an individual matter this season. If you look well with a coat of tan . . . she provides a sunburn oil that protects you from blotching and burning—assuring you of an even, all-over tan. But if you are the type that freckles excessively or turns dark, swarthy... daily cleansing with her Pasteurized Bleaching Cream—and a protective film of her Sunproof Cream or Sunproof Beauty Foundation will safeguard your skin from freckles, tan, blotches and burns—and keep you fair as the angels all summer long.

With your tan "problem" settled, you can consider your facial beauty itself. Frequent daily cleansing with Pasteurized Bleaching Cream is a summer delight that you will not wish to forego. This cooling, penetrating, molding cream clears your skin and cleanses it as it has never been cleansed before. A pore-deep, antiseptic purifier, it molds deep into hot, tired tissues—smooths out lines of fatigue—revitalizes important skin glands—purifies the millions of dust-laden ducts—and leaves your skin gloriously refreshed—exquisitely young. The same cream may be had without bleaching properties in Pasteurized Face Cream. Wherever you go this summer—Pasteurized Bleaching Cream, or Pasteurized Face Cream either for the oily or the dry skin—should go with you! A generous jar of either of these creams may be procured at one dollar—a practical tube at seventy-five cents.

Summer Make-up should include Sunproof Beauty Powder, a protective summer powder in a ravishing new shade, that is most becoming to all complexions. 1.50. Waterproof Cream Rouge in a special summer shade—very gay, flattering, youthful. 1.00. Automatic Indelible Lipstick to harmonize—and to nourish the lips. 1.00. Persian Eyeblack (mascara) that stays on . . . in black, brown, blue or blue-green. 1.00. Eyelash Grower and Darkener. 1.00. For sublime self-confidence, Water Lily (Deodorant) Talc. 1.00.

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TEXTURE OF SKIN: ☐ DRY ☐ MEDIUM ☐ OILY

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☐ DROOPING CHIN ☐ OILY NOSE ☐ PIMPLES, ACNE ☐ ROUGH ELBOWS ☐ THIN LASHES

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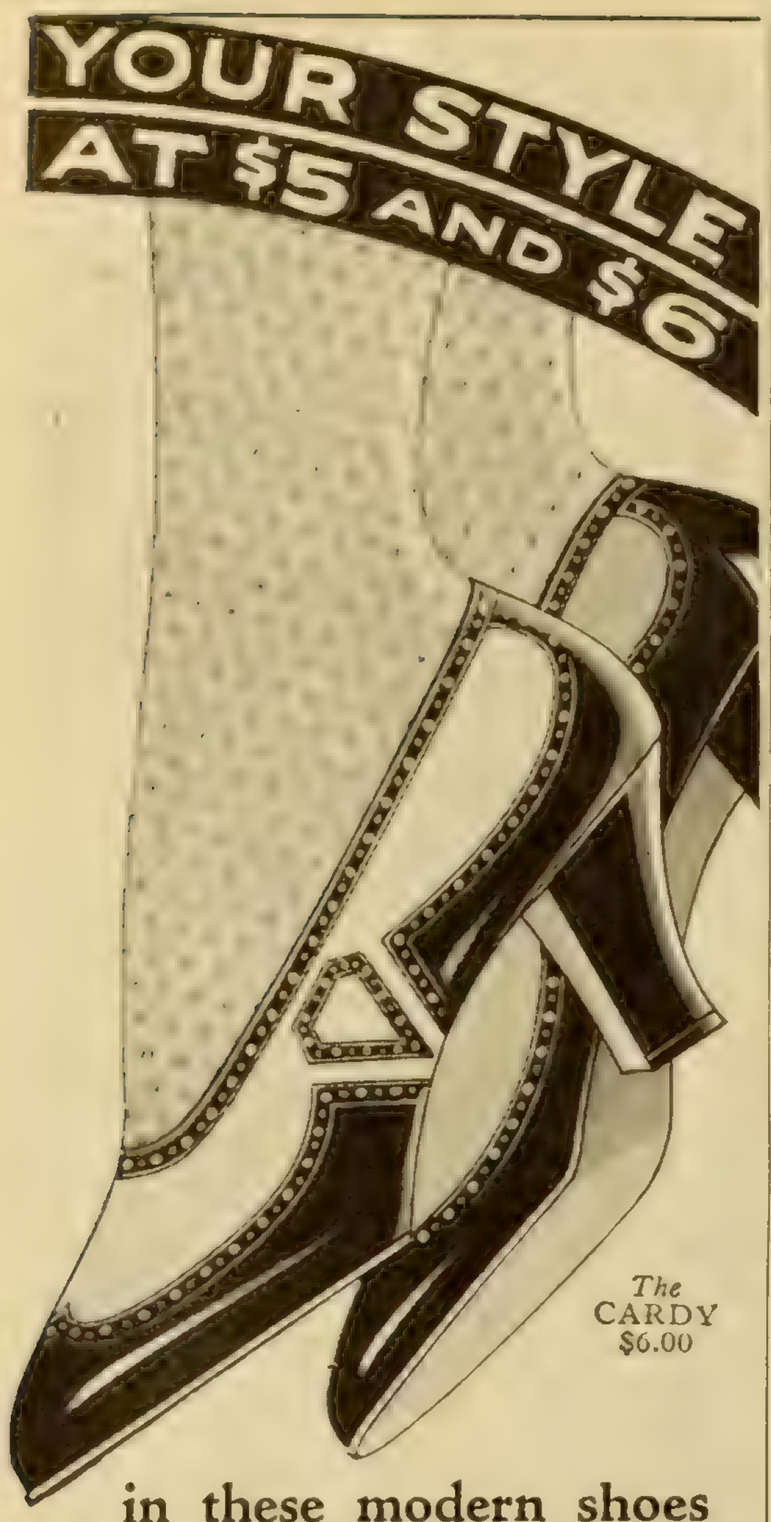


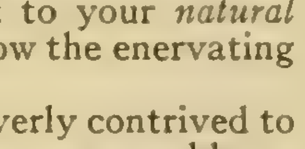
The CARDY
$6.00

in these modern shoes that put you AT EASE standing, sitting, walking!

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOES are made in a wide variety of styles and full range of sizes for girls and women who don't want to sit down and watch the world go by. Take things in a stride on the natural arch bridge that gives *normal* support to your *natural* arch. You'll never know the enervating drain of arch strain.

These shoes are cleverly contrived to fit your foot in action as superbly as they do when the salesman tries them on your foot. They mould suavely to the arch and instep—cling comfortably to the narrowest heel.

Let your Natural Bridge dealer start you smiling today in Natural Bridge Shoes. Supple leathers — interesting combinations—light and airy, slenderizing styles to delight the girl and woman of fashion. Every one with the natural arch bridge and natural combination last to train the growing foot correctly; to keep the adult foot youthful and strong. Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.



The LONGWOOD
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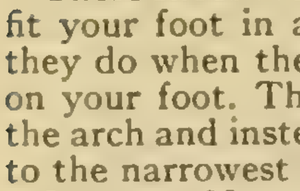


Natural
Good to the FOOT..Good to the EYE
Bridge Shoes
Good to the POCKETBOOK
$5 and $6

AAAA to EEE
Combination Lasts
Assuring Perfect Fit

THERE was loud rejoicing and clanging of cymbals when word reached Hollywood that little Renee Adoree, who has been battling for her health for over a year in an Arizona sanitarium, is quite well again. She must remain away from pictures for a few months, to get her sea legs, as it were, but when she returns there will be a royal welcome for the little *Melisande* of "The Big Parade."

POOR One-Eyed Connelly, the gate crasher, says things are so tough that theater managers are actually giving him free tickets to world premières instead of letting him crash the gate.

REMEMBER that pudgy little Lina Basquette who got too much publicity and a swelled head simultaneously? Well, Lina is back in Hollywood—minus the excess weight and carrying a load of humility. In fact, the Basquette has a brand new personality that makes her a charming young woman. She arrived in Hollywood one Friday night and began working in a picture Monday morning.

NORMAN KRASNA, the former press agent who wrote the play "Louder Please," received an offer of $2,500 from one of the smaller studios for the screen rights.

"Won't accept offer," Norman wired back, "but I'll make you an offer. I'll give you $80 for your studio."

Quite burnt up the company answered, "We withdraw our offer."

And Norman wired back, "Very well, I'll withdraw mine, too."

FOR that scene in "The Man Who Plays God" where the explosion occurs and George Arliss is seated at the piano, real dynamite was used to produce the right effect.

An expert with TNT was there to see that no accidents occurred. Arliss took his place at the piano. The technician called, "Is everybody clear?" When suddenly an electrician, who had just come to work that morning shouted from the rafters, "Everybody Okay but that little guy at the piano. Get him out of danger!"

And even George Arliss thought it was funny.

ALL the folks with top hats and ermine wraps felt pretty badly when Billy Haines announced that when Tallulah Bankhead stopped renting his big house and moved to the beach he would rent his house again and remain at his small apartment.

Bill saves money living at the apartment because there is not room enough for him to give those lavish affairs with paid entertainers and a corsage of orchids for each lady guest.

But they do say that Bill has become a better actor on the screen since he stopped acting at his own parties.

MAE CLARKE'S hospital assignment will probably just be over by the time you read this. Mae made eight pictures in one year, one right after the other, and finished it off with a complete nervous breakdown.

THE circus is going to have to struggle along this summer without Tom Mix. Tom and Tony are mighty satisfied with being back in the films, I reckon, and even if Universal doesn't exercise its option after Mix has finished the six for which he was signed, he's going to produce his own Westerns and string along in the Hollywood round-up.

PAUL LUKAS has a mania for stray dogs and picks up every one he sees. One night one of these pups got in an argument with his pedigreed police dog and when Paul jumped in to save the mongrel, Paul almost lost his right hand. But the next night he brought home another stray.

Marie Dressler has never had a dog. But not long ago Maimie, Marie's faithful maid, picked up a little pooch and fed it. Maimie, knowing that Marie didn't care much for dogs, kept it in the kitchen, until one evening when it escaped and got into Marie's bedroom.

Just to prove that he really owns a dinner coat and doesn't always go around in a collarless shirt and suspenders, Wally Beery got all dressed up, and he and the missus stepped out to the opening of "The Wet Parade." But they had to hurry away in case baby Caroline, their adopted daughter, cried during the night. Mrs. Beery is almost a platinum blonde

Dressler looked at the poor animal. The dog wagged its tail briskly and came forward slowly.

Suddenly it leaped upon the bed and began licking Marie's face.

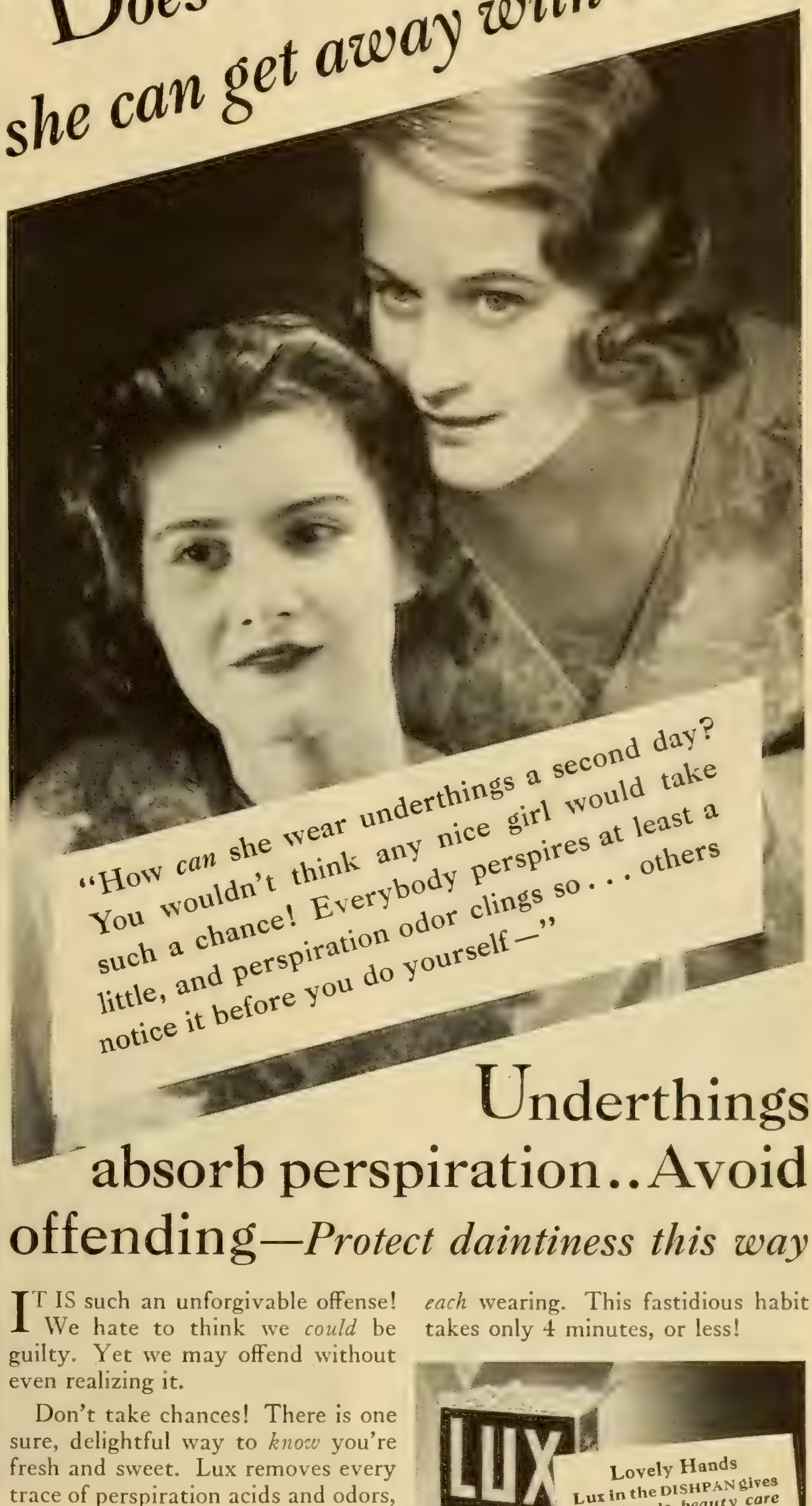
So now it's Marie's pup—and Maimie had better not claim it—and it sleeps in Marie's room every night.

HARRISON CARROLL tells the latest producer gag. The exec was enraged at some claims of one of his actors.

"What's that?" he boiled. "The fellow claims a verbal contract? Why, it ain't worth the paper it's written on."

Here's the neatest fashion trick of the year! A scarf of silver sequins, folded over cravat fashion, forms the bodice of Carole Lombard's white satin evening gown. A girdle of the satin is twisted in front and worn high at the back. Don't you like it?

"Does she think she can get away with that?"



"How *can* she wear underthings a second day? You wouldn't think any nice girl would take such a chance! Everybody perspires at least a little, and perspiration odor clings so . . . others notice it before you do yourself—"

Underthings absorb perspiration..Avoid offending—*Protect daintiness this way*

IT IS such an unforgivable offense! We hate to think we *could* be guilty. Yet we may offend without even realizing it.

Don't take chances! There is one sure, delightful way to *know* you're fresh and sweet. Lux removes every trace of perspiration acids and odors, yet its gentle suds save colors and fabrics, too. Protect your daintiness . . . Lux lingerie and stockings after *each* wearing. This fastidious habit takes only 4 minutes, or less!

LUX *for underthings—saves fabrics*

Here's pleasant overnight relief for constipation

An Ex-Lax tablet is a little thing to look at—but it's a *big* thing in the lives of millions.

These millions know enough not to trifle with their health. They do not believe that "any old laxative will do." When in need of a laxative, they find pleasant overnight relief in the delicious chocolated Ex-Lax tablet which contains the laxative ingredient doctors approve.

What would the Doctor tell you about Laxatives?

The doctor will tell you that

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Ex-Lax is a scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. Its only medicinal ingredient is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

And the special Ex-Lax formula combines a delicious chocolated base with this scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose. That accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Try Ex-Lax tonight!

If you are taking the wrong kind of laxative now, you owe it to yourself to try the right kind—Ex-Lax. Your druggist sells Ex-Lax. 10c, 25c, 50c. Or mail coupon for free sample.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name .....

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MAYBE you saw a very amusing little animated cartoon called "Peg Leg Pete," in which cats, dogs and mice banded together on board ship and sang together in the most highly acceptable Gilbert and Sullivan light operatic manner.

Of course, even I knew that it wasn't those drawings doing that high class warbling. And I got out my pet pack of bloodhounds to investigate.

I discovered a very earnest, very perspiring group of musicians who put the sound in the Terry-Toon Cartoons. There is a quartette of very serious gentlemen, all slightly bald and all wearing glasses, and a young lady with a high soprano. But they are splendid singers and the music, written by Philip Scheib, is really very lovely, high class stuff.

But when you hear it upon the screen that little man, the one with the least hair of all, will be the leader of the mice throng who will bear down upon the cat king. The maddened cat king is a sweet looking little man in a dark blue suit and pince-nez. And they all work so hard.

OVER in a corner sits a gentleman with a heavy black moustache who does nothing but flash a light on and off in time with the music. He, it seems, is called a "beater" and in some mysterious way that flashing light makes it possible for the cartoonist to fit action to the synchronization. The music is recorded first.

The short they were making the day I watched will be called "The Mad King" and I bet it will be swell. But I wonder what those singers think when they hear their voices—such nice voices, too—coming out of the mouths of pen and ink cats and mice.

THOSE make-up experts in Hollywood just lie awake nights thinking up new ways to torture the poor actors.

Jimmy Cagney was handed the rôle of a prize fighter in "Winner Take All." The cauliflower ears were easy. Just a lot of putty, that's all. But sinking Jimmy's nose into his face and making it look as if it had been broken seven or eight times was something else.

But these make-up boys won't yell "uncle" for a hard job. So a large wad of cotton wadding was placed beneath Jimmy's upper lip, next to the gum. That made his lip almost touch his nose. A few carefully drawn lines and shadows did up the broken looking effect in a nifty style. And Jimmy is afraid of himself when he's on a dark street.

IT could only happen in Hollywood.

Two extras, strangers to each other, sauntered into the M-G-M commissary and found seats at the same table. One was dressed as a count with a red ribbon strung across his breast. The other was dressed shabbily, for he was playing a steerage passenger in a picture.

They got to talking and presently discovered that the man playing the count had recently arrived in America as a steerage passenger and the extra playing the steerage passenger was a real count with papers and credentials to prove it.

WHEN Chic Sale attended the opening of "It's Tough to Be Famous" and was introduced by name the crowd jeered, "They can't get enough stars, so they're pulling fakes on us." For without the Uncle Joe Cannon beard Chic is a good looking man in his thirties with black hair and twinkling eyes.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S pet extravagance is shoes. They are all made to order by Gen's favorite boot maker and never cost less than $100 a pair. But when you see those tiny feet in those cute shoes you can't blame the Tobin for her vanity.

REMEMBER one of the screen's heartbreakers, Pat Somerset?

He's now an extra at Paramount.

RANDOLPH SCOTT, billed as the second Gary Cooper, is the Hollywood lad all the Hollywood girls are crazy for. Even Mrs. Vincent Astor, when she visited Hollywood, pronounced him the handsomest man she has seen. Pola Negri and Lupe Velez thought he was pretty fine, too. At the moment little Martha Sleeper is his steady girl friend.

International

It's just one big happy family, now, and Natalie Talmadge says, as far as she's concerned, she's forgiven hubby Buster Keaton for running away to Mexico with the two children. But she was pretty mad at the time and, after getting the district attorney after Buster, ran right home to sisters Norma and Constance Talmadge. So where was Buster when this picture was snapped? He was home putting a light in the window for Natalie. Honest. Natalie saw it, thought it was a funny gag, and returned

Now who would have thought that little Janet Gaynor would go native? But this is the way she dresses when she's in Honolulu. She owns a beach house there, you know, and commutes a couple of times a year. We'll accept Janet in Hawaiian costume, but if anybody tells us she does the hula in off moments, we'll break out in our loudest and most incredulous yell!

But there's a funny thing about Randy. His photographs were great and every producer who saw them thought he was a find but when he had tests made before the motion picture camera he wasn't the same lad—just didn't click.

THEY tried over and over again and everybody, including Randy, was baffled. But Paramount was determined to get before the camera the same thing he had in real life—you know the word—and put him through a sort of impromptu screen training school, to make him more at ease.

Now he's doing fine and you'll be seeing him soon in high class Westerns.

But Randy has a lot to learn non-professionally.

He is one of those suave Southerners who spend most of their lives being gallant to the ladies. Hollywood girls aren't used to so much silver tongued flattery and every woman upon whom Randy smiles thinks she is the chosen one.

DETESTABLE

those dirty handkerchiefs

Stop

disagreeable washing . . . use

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

SUPPOSE someone asked you to dip your hands into a solution containing thousands of dangerous germs. You'd be horrified. You wouldn't dream of it.

Yet that is exactly what you do, every time you wash handkerchiefs, particularly those that have been used during colds.

Perhaps you've thought there was no escape from this repulsive job. That is no longer true—since the discovery of Kleenex.

A disposable handkerchief

Kleenex is truly a *health* handkerchief. It is *disposable* . . . therefore there is no washing. You need not handle loathsome germs.

But—even more important to your health—you need use each tissue only once. Kleenex costs so little. Each tissue costs but the merest fraction of a cent. So you can destroy each tissue, germs and all, as soon as it is used. You don't endanger yourself from self-infection. You don't hide germs away in laundry bags, to spread through other clothing.

Valuable for children

Children especially need Kleenex. They need protection from self-infection because they catch cold so easily, and so often develop complications. And every mother knows how children lose handkerchiefs.

The cost of Kleenex is now so low that everyone can use it liberally. Buy several packages.

Try some of the other uses for Kleenex! Use a tissue to smooth in rouge and lipstick, and wipe off surplus powder. Use a tissue to apply ointments; as a simple bandage for minor wounds.

You'll find Kleenex at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX COMPANY
Lake Michigan Building
Chicago, Illinois

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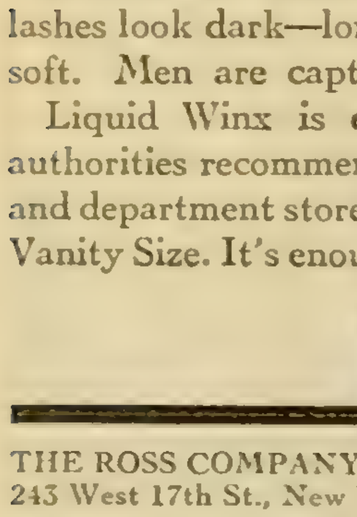

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IF Charlie Chaplin hasn't been doing a lot of thinking about his future in the past six months of inactivity here's something that should make him sit down for a long conference with himself. That is, if he really cares.

The circus opened in New York. There were dozens and dozens of clowns to make the kids—and grown-ups, too—laugh. But there was not a single clown dressed up in derby hat, cane, shoes and moustache like Charlie's. And a few years ago no circus was complete without at least one Charlie Chaplin clown.

And that's not all. There were three fun makers in Mickey Mouse costume. And the kids all loved them. Mickey has certainly grabbed off Charlie's crown and if you want further proof read about the Mickey Mouse club on another page of this magazine.

THAT swell character actress Louise Closser Hale ("Devotion" and "Man Who Played God") remembers a lot of folks when . . .

She remembers when Connie Bennett was a kid and used to play in McDougal's Alley down in Washington Square. "Even then," Miss Hale says, "Connie had good taste. Whenever she went to her father's theater she took a cab instead of the elevated, Dick Bennett insisted she use the "L."

Miss Hale once toured on the stage with Ruth Chatterton. Ruth, it seems, would always settle down with a book the minute they got on a train and never look up until the trip was over. One day Louise said, "Ruth, why don't you look out of the window at the scenery?" To which Ruth replied, "Why should I? It's all in the book."

IT seems to me that Hollywood has discovered the last word in juvenile torture. And when you kids all over the country are complaining about having to go to school just think of the poor little movie youngsters who have a school house that follows them around. Honest!

At least you others can loiter on the way to school, but the Fox boys and girls have to learn reading and other things like that, in a house that is on wheels and is pulled around so it is just outside the set on which the kids are working.

LEWIS STONE has brought his sixteen year old daughter to his San Francisco ranch to live with him and his young wife.

Barbara has always been in Eastern schools before, but the new Mrs. Stone and Babs have become great pals. After all, there are not so very many years difference in their ages.

Lew is a funny duck—he keeps his personal affairs pretty private and to date Barbara has not been inside the studio. I suspect that Lew would do a big mad scene if she suggested becoming an actress.

THERE'S a nice, juicy little rivalry in Hollywood that few seem to know about. It's between Janet Gaynor and Sally Eilers.

Oh well, girls will be girls, even in pictures. And *especially* in pictures when they are working on the same lot.

THE screen test—dreaded by every picture newcomer—is also dreaded by some of the producers. For it costs Hollywood almost $1,000,000 a year to test embryonic actors. One test alone averages about $300.

Here's how it's done. A test usually lasts about four minutes and during that time the director watches the eyes and the mouth of the applicant. Another person makes mental notes of the hands and feet and how they are managed.

If the test shows any promise he is asked to do a scene from a play or to do bits in various costumes, to test ability to wear clothes. Both sides of the face are photographed to see which one looks best. And the boys up in the monitor room turn mysterious little dials to catch the quality of the voice.

And for all this money and trouble only about one out of a thousand young actors and

Yvonne Vallee (Mrs. Maurice Chevalier to you) and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford to you) caught by the cameraman as Mary was seeing her pal off on the French liner *Ile de France.* Having successfully protected her Maurice from the gossip about his fondness for Frau Dietrich, she's off for that dear France and home, with a smile

actresses, who even get to the point of being tested, ever make the grade on the screen. But it's worth it to the producers, for if one potential star is discovered the producers are rewarded.

DO you remember Dorothy Phillips who once shone so brightly in her husband Alan Hollubar's pictures? Funnily enough, Dorothy looks just about as young and lovely now as she did then, even if she is the mother of a seventeen year old girl.

Dorothy is different from lots of screen mamas. Soon as Gwendolyn is graduated from school she wants the girl to have a try at pictures. And Dorothy can give her lots of good advice.

Constance Cummings believes in a nip of Scotch to add chic to a blue satin frock. Plaid is used for an interestingly draped scarf and as pleat linings for the skirt. A short Eton jacket shows sleeves and front of a tan silk blouse. Satin is being boomed for general daytime wear

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IMAGINE cowboy Buck Jones' amazement to see himself advertised in front of the theater where he was making a personal appearance: "After Tomorrow" Buck Jones in Person.

And he was working there that very night.

But Buck didn't mind so much for "After Tomorrow" was the picture in which Marian Nixon got such a good break. Buck is sort of proud of Marian. She got her start being his leading woman in horse operas.

PHILLIPS HOLMES lives in the smallest house in Beverly Hills. It is just three and a half rooms, but beautifully furnished.

WHEN Chester Morris' little son, Brooks, had to have his tonsils out papa Chester told the kid that he was going to a masquerade party where everyone was to dress in white and that they were even going to a hospital to ask the doctors to come.

This delighted Brooks who went down the corridors, brave as a lion tamer, until an interne stopped them in the hall to say, "Well, little man, so you're going to have your tonsils out?"

But before Brooks had time to realize what it was all about Chester was chasing the frightened interne down the corridor, while Brooks looked on, in great glee, at his daddy running after a funny man all over the place.

HEDDA HOPPER wonders why it is that she is never hungry when it comes time for her to order her lunch at the M-G-M commissary.

Well, I haven't any physician's license and my name isn't Arrowsmith, but I can diagnose Hedda's case. She is one of those popular girls who go from table to table greeting friends and snitching an olive here and a potato chip there. Every meal is just a buffet supper to Hedda.

SOMEBODY—maybe it was old Cal himself in a weak moment—printed the story that European women sold their hair to the wig makers of Hollywood. It was perfectly true, but immediately after the little item got into print hundreds of women in the United States wrote to the studio offering their hair for sale. And the studio had to write back begging them to keep their golden locks. It's against the Federal law to sell domestic hair.

BILL POWELL'S favorite leading woman is Kay Francis. She has made five pictures with him and Bill says she can go right on as far as he is concerned. Powell had one other leading woman he liked as well as Kay but he married her. That was, of course, Carole Lombard.

WELL, I wish you could see ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville between scenes of the comedy they're making, with their heads together discussing diets for babies. Slim and his Missus have just adopted a baby boy and ZaSu is one of the best mothers in the business.

WHEN a young actor named Lylse Talbot had a test made at Warners' studio he did a scene from "Louder Please," one of the plays burlesqueing Hollywood. Lylse is a serious young man. He had been playing in the piece down in Texas and he thought it would show what he was able to do, histrionically.

He chose the scene where the publicity director and the producer are having a heated quarrel and did not know, until a couple of weeks later, that the character of the producer was a satirical replica of the man in whose studio Lylse wanted a job. Jack Warner was the man. But Jack saw the test. Thought it was a great gag. And signed the boy at once.

AMONG the many lovely things Janet Gaynor brought back from Europe is a gorgeous shade of red hair for herself. And you should see the new Janet Gaynor bob. Very short and full of twirls and curleygigs.

And with those brown eyes and those cute freckles, maybe Janet isn't a honey with that red hair!

HARDIE ALBRIGHT had to order a new hat a couple of sizes larger than the old one. For while he was making a scene in "Successful Calamity," George Arliss' new flicker, the star stood by and watched.

When the director had called, "Cut," Arliss went over to Hardie and said, "My boy, that is the loveliest scene I have ever seen done in pictures."

International

Here is that sweet little love cottage Rudy Vallee bought for wifey Fay Webb. You can tell at a glance that there is plenty of room for Rudy's saxophones and for Fay to have the girls in her sewing circle over some afternoon. And not so long ago Fay was just a little extra girl, begging for a bit in any old picture

You had better brush up on your marine signals, boys, if you want to catch the message Adrienne Dore is flashing. There's nothing retiring about Adrienne, her white sweater carries in red, white and blue some such message as "Yoo hoo, come on over!"

BROTHER against brother sounds like the plot for a movie but big Vic McLaglen didn't think so much of the idea when his brother sued him in the Los Angeles courts for $90,000 damages, claiming Vic spread false rumors about him.

But the jury voted for Vic and another little family squabble is ended. That's a strange family—a very intense sort of family. Upon occasion those brothers seem to love and admire each other but they have had some terrific verbal battles—and some that weren't verbal.

BARBARA KENT decided to bob her hair and did. The next day she got a good part in "The Killer," provided she had long hair. So she simply took the locks she had cut off, curled them and pinned them back on her head.

YOU'D better remember the name—Michele Bridget Farmer—for she might be a big star some day.

Anyhow, that's what Gloria Swanson's baby girl was christened. The Michele is for the baby's father, Michael, and the Bridget is simply because it's the most Irish name in the book and Farmer is Irish.

Hollywood won't have a look at the baby for some months, for Gloria is going to remain in England for quite a spell and maybe, like Corinne Griffith, do a picture there.

THEY CALL IT "ATHLETE'S FOOT" BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER

"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

[DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses —even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles

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Treat . . . your Eyes to Beauty

safely, simply and smoothly with the NEW *non-smarting, tear-proof Maybelline Eyelash Darkener*

You wouldn't dream of appearing with a shiny, red nose or pale lips—then why allow light, scanty eyelashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? A few brush strokes of the *New* Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms colorless lashes into the appearance of long, dark, glossy, curling fringe.

The *New* Maybelline embodies every desirable feature of the perfect eyelash beautifier—it is absolutely harmless, practically waterproof—its beneficial oils preserving the lashes against brittleness. And best of all, the *New* Maybelline is positively non-smarting, and applies quickly and easily. Treat your eyes to beauty with the *New* Maybelline. Black or brown. Moderately priced at 75c—at all toilet goods counters.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

ART OR CASH

I think some of the screen players take a very bad attitude with their supercilious, "Of course, it isn't art and I'd rather be doing something more intellectual, but I'm just in the movies until I make my million," and "It's a great racket and I'm in it for all the coin I can grab." When I hear that one of the stars has said this I lose interest.

If they despise their work and everything connected with it except the salary, they might at least have the good taste to keep that fact to themselves.

R. E. CLARK, Ontario, Canada

SELF CONSCIOUSNESS GONE

The movies make one determined to get down to the business of exercising and taking facials. They also help me to overcome my particular bug-a-boo, self consciousness.

Merely coming in contact with sales people or having to stand up for my own rights makes me tongue tied and red in the face, but just observing how an actress gets herself out of a tight place bucks up my poise.

When I begin to feel the effects of a deflated ego, I treat myself to a movie starring an actress with poise. It works invariably.

JULIE HERMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

A SECOND CHANEY

We all agreed with Mary Pickford's statement, "There will never be another Lon Chaney," until we saw a picture of Creighton Chaney in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY. Go to it, Creighton, you certainly have your father's eyes. Best of luck.

MRS. GEORGE THALHAMER, Dubuque, Iowa

APPLAUSE FOR LUBITSCH

I want to add my bit of praise for a thing of beauty. I refer to the Ernst Lubitsch production, "Broken Lullaby." It is as though the canvas of a great master were endowed with life and depicted with colors both sombre and glowing a great and poignant theme.

While such as Lubitsch direct the movements of a cast it is ridiculous for any person to rise up and call the movies "entertainment for morons."

E. JANE GIBSON, Rochester, N. Y.

SO WHAT, NORMA?

Why, oh why, doesn't Norma Shearer allow a picture of her baby to be published? We all would like to see him. Is it such a crime to be a mother? All fans admire her, but don't like the attitude she takes about her baby. Norma's popularity is waning for many reasons.

MRS. J. LAMANNA, New York City

HOW ABOUT HER LEGS?

The way Marlene Dietrich rolls her eyes in that ridiculous manner is both unnatural and unbecoming. Many other stars have eyes just as lovely as hers and yet they do not flaunt them before their audiences. Perhaps if Miss Dietrich would concentrate more time on acting and less on her orbs her audience would be more appreciative.

LILLIAN NORWICH, Buffalo, N. Y.

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT

Perhaps you won't believe it but some of us fans are fed up on Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford.

EVE LOURIN, New York City

DON'T DANCE, GARBO

Why was Garbo cast as a dancer in "Grand Hotel"? We shall see Garbo's ungraceful form struggling through the motions of a dancer while the experienced dancer, Joan Crawford, will be cast as a stenographer wasting her grace-

Keystone

That earnest young man peeping into the camera is not a studio photographer. He is Prince Lennart, grandson of the King of Sweden, another of the royal visitors on Corinne Griffith's set in London. Corinne, in black, is posing for the prince. Directly behind her is Karin Nissvandt, wife of the prince. You'll be seeing Corinne in "Lily Christine"

Hollywood has gone so intellectual that you wouldn't know the old place. It was a great day for the highbrows when Elissa Landi came to town and word sort of leaked out that she was the author of a couple of books, published in England. And then, before you could put on a make-up, bookstores started advertising "House For Sale" written by Elissa Landi. Here she is autographing one of the first copies for director Henry King

ful form and beauty on the typewriter keys. Why wasn't the casting of this picture reversed?

HANNAH CAREY, Scottsville, N. Y.

GOOD WORK, DR. LEW!

A close friend of mine had been in a serious condition because of her refusal to undergo an operation. Recently in "The Impatient Maiden" she saw Lew Ayres, as a doctor, perform an operation and noticing the ease and systematic methods employed by both the doctor and nurses she overcame some of the prejudices against operations and submitted to her own operation.

IRENE OLAH, Cleveland, Ohio

NOT SO GOOD, LEW!

Why doesn't Universal give Lew Ayres something worthwhile to do? We don't expect an "All Quiet on the Western Front" every time but why must he be wasted on such trifling things as his recent pictures? "Heaven on Earth" was pretty bad, but this latest atrocity "Impatient Maiden" is an insult to an intelligent audience.

SYLVESTER GARRITY, South Bend, Ind.

AROUND THE GLOBE

Why don't we see more of Ricardo Cortez? I haven't seen many of his pictures but certainly would go to any theater where his films were being shown. His acting is absolutely perfect.

B. AHEE, Suva, Fiji Islands

I love Joan Crawford's smile. I wish she would play dramatic rôles with a laughing face. Joan is my favorite actress, but I wish she would laugh a little more.

NON MITZSCHE, The Hague, Holland

YOU GIRLS WHO HAVE OILY HAIR have an entirely different shampoo problem from anyone else. The thousands of oil glands in your scalp (900 to each square inch, you know) have become *flabby*. They let the oil spill over. They *flood* the hair and keep it in that stringy, greasy condition that makes it impossible to arrange in an attractive frame for the face.

Packer has developed a shampoo for you *especially to meet this condition of over-oily hair.* Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo, containing the ingredients which make Packer's Tar Soap so beneficial to the scalp, is also *mildly astringent.* It helps restore the oil glands to *normal* activity.

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Use Sem-Pray just 3 minutes in place of an hour's treatment with cleansing, nourishing and foundation creams, tissue tonics, muscle oils, pore pastes, etc. The rare Eastern beautifying and youthifying oils in Sem-Pray represent a *complete treatment*. They are so compressed and concentrated that you get the full benefit of all these ingredients in your 3-minute treatment.

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Sem-Pray takes the place of a half-dozen different creams which comprise the average complete beauty-youth treatment. It saves you their entire cost. Therefore you'd no doubt gladly pay a high price for Sem-Pray, but to make it available to *everyone* it is now being offered through drug stores in large economical-sized containers for only 60c. Get Sem-Pray today. Look prettier tonight. See still further improvement by morning. You'll be delighted to look years younger.

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Many a Star of Stage and Screen credits her new youth and beauty to Sem-Pray Creme. Pauline Starke looks younger today than 10 years ago. She says: "Sem-Pray erases lines, maintains appearance of unfading youth, gives delicate texture and color. Takes the place of a dozen creams, lotions and astringents." "Keeps the skin young and erases lines," says Marie Prevost. Dorothy Mackaill, Agnes Ayres, Betty Compson, Viola Dana, Barbara Kent and others, all praise Sem-Pray.

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Name.....

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Remember that cute little trick, Baby Peggy, who was once more famous than Jackie Cooper or Bobbie Coogan? Ever wonder what's become of her? At the left is Peggy Montgomery as she is today, a personable miss of thirteen. She lives with her father and mother on their dude ranch near Laramie, Wyoming, and is in the eighth grade in school and smart as a whip. She really hasn't changed a lot from the Baby Peggy (right) you used to see. She sometimes re-visits Hollywood to see her old friends

There must have been a great sorrow in Clark Gable's life. He vibrates sympathy. Handsome is a commonplace way to describe his type. As the man who grins and bears it Clark Gable will travel far but we, who admire him, hope that wealth will not spoil him.

CHRISTINA NADARASA, Colombo, Ceylon

I live in a rather small town not far from Zurich. The films we see and hear are German. Isn't it possible for some American films to be shown over here? Fortunately I read about the American film industry in PHOTOPLAY but that is not sufficient. I want to hear the real people speaking.

We saw Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie." Of course, she talked German. Marvelous! Isn't it possible the others can talk German, too, or French?

JETTY PEIKERT, Zug, Switzerland

Surely any actor who is to take Valentino's place must bear some resemblance to him. The resemblance that Clark Gable bears to Valentino is negligible.

Producers in Hollywood claim to have discovered various second Valentinos, such as Ivan Lebedeff, but I am convinced that the only man who could possibly take Rudolph Valentino's place is Ricardo Cortez.

Good looking, a fine actor and a great lover, Cortez has been wasted on gangster parts and petty villains.

B. DEANE, London, England

A bouquet for Sally O'Neill. "The Brat" was wonderful—such a relief from the practiced and heavy acting of Chatterton; quite as sweet as Gaynor and with more vivacity and humor than both.

BETTY WRIGHT, Seacliff, Australia

I thought it interesting that when the great actor, Charlie Chaplin, visited Egypt and was asked which of his pictures he liked best, he answered, " 'The Gold Rush.' This is the picture I want to be remembered by."

BASIL FRANGOULIS, Cairo, Egypt

Don't any of the audience who write about "Mata Hari" happen to have noticed that Ramon Novarro is in the picture? "Mata Hari" has not been shown in this country yet, but I'm dying to see it. Not because of Greta Garbo but because Ramon Novarro, who is the most fascinating and lovable personality on the screen, is in it.

C. BARTHELMAN, London, England

We are glad to see the best American pictures, but the production leaders ought to realize that one good actor or star doesn't make a picture.

Pictures like "Trader Horn" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" are a credit to their creators. Maurice Chevalier is a great favorite. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have many friends in Sweden. So have Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin. Our general opinion is that the stories for Greta Garbo are, for the most part, not good enough.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine is most appreciated, especially among the young people who want to live in contact with American film production.

KURT PALSSON, Nassjo, Sweden

It is difficult to understand why Americans should rave over foreign actresses like Garbo, Dietrich, or Landi when they have so many of their own who are better. Here in this country, thousands of miles from Hollywood, Garbo cuts little ice. It may interest you to know that among the women stars Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Joan Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck and Marie Dressler are most popular.

C. H. FORTUNE, Dunedin, New Zealand

The recent onslaught upon Jean Harlow leaves me bewildered. We in quiet England think that Jean is worth all your Bennetts, Garbos, Dietrichs, Crawfords etc., whom I, for one, would not walk or ride two hundred yards to see and Oh! to hear.

Over here Jean's popularity will soon reach that of Mary Pickford's in her heyday. If America doesn't want Jean, I wish she'd jolly well pack up and come over here.

G. ROGERS, Caldmore, England

The case of Nils Asther is one of the strangest in all Hollywood. Before talkies he was almost as much a rave as Gable is today. Then came the microphone era, Nils had a Swedish accent and—pttt—his career sputtered like a Klieg light. Now he has learned English and made a comeback. What a comeback—a lead with Crawford in "Letty Lynton." Incidentally, Nils' wife, Vivian Duncan, gave up a $5,000 a week vaudeville tour to be with Nils and baby

NEVER LET AN EVENING.. OR A DRESS..BE RUINED BY PERSPIRATION

Many times a woman has gone to great trouble to make an impression of dainty loveliness and, when the party was over, come to the bitter realization that perspiration had ruined her appearance and permanently stained her gown.

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When you dress, remember this *instant* non-perspirant and deodorant. DEW is applied quickly with the improved sanitary applicator. It dries quickly. It takes effect *immediately*. You and your clothes are completely protected from perspiration moisture and stains. • DEW has been the one choice of thousands of women for years because they know *it will not irritate a tender skin or injure fragile fabrics* when the simple directions are followed. DEW comes to you in a beautiful, new flask for your dressing table. At all drug and department stores.

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-226, FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. CITY

Use Common Sense, Says Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

the thickened gravy go. No thickened soups, no rich desserts. Just have baked apples and stewed fruits and—if you don't get enough that way—buy apples and eat one or two at night.

There—now that's just common sense, isn't it?

And you could have doped it out yourselves as easily as I could tell you.

But never mind, don't feel badly. I know that when you're fat and want to reduce you clutch at anything, but I wish that you'd only ask me really vital and important things in your letters and spend the time that you spend in writing in taking exercises and improving yourselves.

NOW, there's your bawling out! You wouldn't feel right if your Aunt Sylvia didn't do that at least once in an article, would you? So now to answer the question I know you all want to hear.

The most persistent pleas this month are, "How can I reduce my bust?" and "How can I make my bust firm?"

Here is the absolute, sure way of reducing the bust, but wait until warm weather comes to do it. You'll feel much better if you do. Three days in succession do this. When you get up in the morning drink a glass of hot or cold water. Two hours later drink six ounces of buttermilk and two hours later drink another six ounces. Do this every two hours until bedtime. Do this for three days in the week, in succession. On the other four days keep up my diet, *but* eat very little meat, plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits. Eat no starches and avoid soups or water with meals. This never fails.

Take your chest measure before you start and keep this up—three days on the buttermilk diet and four days on the regular diet, with the changes I've just given you, until your measure is what you want it to be.

Now when you've reduced, your bust will be inclined to be flabby. Remember that the muscles have been so stretched that they can't snap back at once. But don't mind if the bust is a little flabby, so long as it is thin. Get good brassieres and foundation garments that hold you up. And carry yourself well.

And now, when the bust is thin enough, begin to make the effort to make it firm. This requires unlimited patience. But a saggy bust can be built up, and you'll find an exercise on these pages to show you how to do it. It requires unlimited patience and persistence and lots of concentration on that muscle. The bust is most stubborn, but persistence will show great improvement on a flabby bust.

I've also given you this month an exercise for taking off weight from the shoulders and back. Do this carefully.

THE exercise to reduce the thighs is the same one I've given for hips. If you want your legs fatter do a little tap dancing. Ride a bicycle—a real one—or lie on the floor and use your legs as if you were riding one. Climbing stairs is another excellent way to develop the legs. And that exercise that you all know—hands at right angles, raise heels, take a squatting position, stand upright, lower heels and repeat. You know that one. That's excellent for building up legs and thighs.

But don't ever for one minute get discouraged. I want you to make yourselves as beautiful as you can, but there are handicaps that can't be overcome. Then look at the stars and take a lesson from them. There's Garbo. She has a big frame. She is unwise to undress before the camera and many of her greatest admirers (of whom I am one) have mentioned this to me. Garbo has a big, masculine looking frame and yet she is adored by millions. Watch how she dresses, how she carries herself. If you are handicapped with a big frame, do everything you can to be attractive, but don't ever get discouraged. Garbo's figure is not perfect by a long shot and yet there are thousands who would love to have Garbo's fame and fortune.

Garbo uses her brains. Nobody tells her what to wear. She figures that out herself, knowing her defects. And see how lovely she looks. That should give you encouragement.

A COUPLE of months ago I gave you some exercises to make your face firm and lovely. You can mould your face, you know, exactly as you can mould your body. Here's a brief review of what I gave you.

With plenty of cold cream and using the tips of the fingers in a rotary motion and with very, very gentle pressing, go over the whole face concentrating on laughing wrinkles, crows feet and lines under the eyes (but be very gentle when you work under the eyes). Then, working upwards, press as hard as you can, making your fingers throb like an electric vibrator, at the temples, just under the jaw bone and right between the brows. This will stimulate the face and get the blood circulating. Work on the spot between your breasts and also loosen the neck muscles by digging in with your fingers on the back of your neck and at the back of your shoulders. This is excellent for the nerves.

That is the basis of everything and should begin every facial. You'll find this month a picture and a description of how to shape your nose. And also there's a picture and a massage for that bane of woman's existence—the flabby double chin. A double chin can absolutely be taken off if you follow my instructions. The flabby chin is a bit more difficult and requires more persistence. But it can be done. You can do it yourself.

But here are some things to remember while you're working to make your face firm and beautiful. Comedians have funny faces because they "mugg" all the time. So avoid making faces when you talk. Keep your face in repose as much as you can without losing your vivacity. Don't take any facial exercises. Your ten fingers and your common sense are all you need to mould your face as you want it moulded, to keep your skin lovely and young and the muscles under your face smooth. But be as calm as possible.

If your hands are wrinkled massage them with plenty of feeding cream every night. Massage each finger with the other hand as if you were pulling on a tight glove. Then sleep in loose chamois gloves. Don't wash the hands in hot water—use warm instead—and dry them thoroughly, using a good hand lotion after every washing.

NOW, a word to those who are under a doctor's care. If you have a disease of any sort, you must be patient and you must be thoroughly well before you start reducing. My methods are perfectly harmless. In fact one woman wrote in to tell me that her doctor, who had opposed the eighteen day diet vigorously, said that mine is the best reducing diet he has ever seen, and has all the necessary foods that a system demands. Another woman told me that one of my exercises had absolutely cured a sore spot in her breast that she had had for years. But you must obey the doctor first, and if you are getting well of a serious illness you must have a little patience.

Also remember that if you are very much out of proportion and my diet has not reduced you in proportion, you probably have gland trouble and should see a doctor.

So girls, there you are for this month. Next

month watch out for my article, for I have some things to tell you that I've been saving up for a long time. Hop to it, now, and more power to you!

Previous Articles By Sylvia In PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber up the body and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

The Star of Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

of the "Hi, Mickey!" greeting which is the high-sign of every true-blue Mouser.

That concludes the rites and ceremonies of the lodge. Then the movies begin. All have been passed on by responsible elders of the neighborhood. There's a cartoon, or a serial chapter, or a two-reel comedy. Then comes a specially selected feature.

One more ringing cheer for good old mighty Mickey Mouse and Club's out till next Saturday.

What a boon to youngsters and parents alike.

The kids have had two hours of good, clean, variegated fun—Mamma knows that Jane and Junior haven't been falling under trucks. And the cost is a dime a member—a mere pittance when you think of the big badges!

The clubs are spreading like leaping measles. In August this year the Texas clubs will hold a state convention, attended by the honorable governor of the state.

But pooh! He won't have as big a badge as the Royal Grand Chief Mickey Mouse! You can bet on that, kids!

Gives your hair an alluring loveliness—

unobtainable by ordinary washing.

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Lost Her Boy Friends Because of FAT

Depicting the physical charm and attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast makes reducing a delight—it's so SAFE and CONVENIENT. It leaves no ugly wrinkles, no dark circles under the eyes or ill after effects.

Rather it's a splendid health-builder—a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly. You lose ugly, unhealthy fat at the same time gain strength and energy. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Ethel Smith, a nurse in Norwich, Conn. lost 16 lbs. with the first bottle of Kruschen and reports a marvelous gain in health.

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores thruout the world. Start to-day and reduce—stay younger longer!

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GRAY HAIR GONE

[TEST BOTTLE FREE]

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it FREE~ We send *Free* complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2411 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Color of your hair?_____

And all this began with a comic little cartoon figure, brain-baby of Walt Disney. In a couple of years 2,000,000 American kids will be running their own shows, and seeing good movies, every week, under the banner of Mickey the Great. It's almost unbelievable.

Yet there it is. And Walt's probably doing all right, too.

We can only stand amazed at Mickey's sway. He's all over the world, in the hearts of children—and amusing the oldsters, too. All ages and conditions surrender to his quaint appeal.

Mickey Mouse, in short, is king of the movies.

Who is this Garbo or Gorbu, that people talk about?

She Wants to Be Funny

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

her life, with the memory of one hilarious good time all stuck full of splinters, she suddenly finds herself having a grand time being funny.

When she left Fox for M-G-M, the part of a colored maid in a Fox picture suddenly popped up too late to take. And because she couldn't black all over and wear pigtails, she cried for days.

Can you picture any other blue-eyed blonde in Hollywood weeping for a black face and pigtails?

Her methodical little ways of other days still cling, however. You can't shake off the habits of a lifetime even if you do go comical in the movies.

Here, for instance, are her account books. One is marked MONEY EARNED. Another is MONEY SPENT.

From her first nickel earned by telling Mrs. Jordon that she was wanted on the Merkel telephone, she has kept track of every cent. Here we have a page from her early New York days.

Mon.	1. Posed for True Stories. Betrayed Girl with Child	$25.00
Tues.	2. Played extra in a picture	5.00
Wed.	3. Posed for True Stories. Betrayed Girl without Child	15.00
Thurs.	4. Posed hands	5.00
Fri.	5. Posed for True Stories. Country Girl. Still betrayed	15.00
Sat.	6. Posed hands	5.00

At the end of those dangling arms are perhaps the most beautiful hands in Hollywood. And time after time in that account book is the item,

Hands posed.....$5.00

Then come the stage entries. And then the movies. And the little red book grows fatter and fatter.

In the MONEY SPENT book we find:

Mon.	Dog clipped	$5.00
	Chewing gum (3 packages)	.10
Tues.	Telephone	.05
	Gas	1.05
Wed.	2 Chewing Gum (can get same at other drug store 3 for 10)	.10
	Car washed	1.00
	Candy	.25

But Una declares the funniest thing that happened to her was the fact she ups and marries Ronald Burla, a young aviation engineer, the day after she completed "The Impatient Maiden."

"They say it's a sure sign you'll be married soon if you wear a wedding veil in a picture and I did, but that or the name of the picture had nothing to do with it. I swear it.. You see it was dad and mother's anniversary and they wanted it to be mine, too. So right out of a clear sky I was married.

"Remember in 'The Impatient Maiden,' Andy Devine and I are married at the last, and I say to Andy that I jus' can't marry him as I have no trousseau and Andy swears he'll buy me a pair on the way to the church? Well, my wedding was just like that. No trousseau. And we didn't even stop to buy a pair on the way to the church. And I haven't bought any yet. Here I am. A bride. And I'm wearing the same three nighties I always had. No romance about me, I guess," she sighs.

Her mother stood looking her over the other day. "Una," she finally said, "you jus' naturally have no glamour. You're too practical for a movie actress. Why don't you go out and get yourself a little glamour, child?"

"Aw," Una grinned, clutching that little book marked MONEY EARNED, "I don't care anything about being glamorous." (How I wish I could write that Merkel accent!)

The grin widened.

"I jus' want to be funny."

Hoo-hoo, Mr. Postman, what would you do if you found a letter addressed like this some morning? Honest to Betsy, a letter from Montreal, Canada, bearing only these characters and the words, "Hollywood, California," was duly delivered to the Hal Roach Studio to Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel. But don't you try it. The Post-Office has put a ban on this sort of thing

"Scarface" Paul Muni

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

The dictionary is his favorite book. He collects dictionaries.

Has four hundred and fifty volumes, all sizes and many languages.

He speaks and writes Yiddish and reads German.

Stopping to talk to cops is one of his hobbies. Another of his cute tricks is to tie up traffic on Broadway. He likes to pretend that he's a hick just in town. He stands in the middle of the avenue, staring at the buildings and the electric signs until a cop arrives to find out what the trouble is.

CAN'T pass a stationery store. Will stop to look into the window the same as a woman stops to look at a dress shop.

Always enters to buy something, even if it's only rubber-bands.

He has a novel way of rehearsing his part for a play or picture. He reclines on a sofa and reads his rôle into a dictaphone.

Then he plays the record and listens to the inflections of his voice and his diction.

After studying the record he stands and enacts the part into the dictaphone. Thus he is able to hear Paul Muni playing a rôle and know how he sounds. He's his own critic.

You ought to get him to play some of the records he made when he rehearsed "Scarface." Many of them are not in the cut version which is now being shown. But there is enough good stuff in the picture to make Paul Muni the screen's latest tough guy, who should be paying commissions to Al Capone.

Here's a fresh-from-Hollywood fad that thousands of girls will copy. Mary Carlisle is wearing a nifty little belt—nice for sports or more dressy clothes—made entirely of cellophane wrappers from cigarettes. And, what's more, Marty did it herself, by folding the cellophane into squares and then making them into a rick-rack design. She collected the wrappers from the cigarette packages of Clark Gable, Jack Gilbert, Wally Beery and lots of other famous stars

GUILTY—AND DIDN'T KNOW IT.....by ALBERT DORNE

LATER SHE FOUND OUT WHY

"B.O." (BODY ODOR) ENDED—HAPPILY ENGAGED

Many thousands offend—unknowingly!

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*) because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Yet *others* notice instantly. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy protects.

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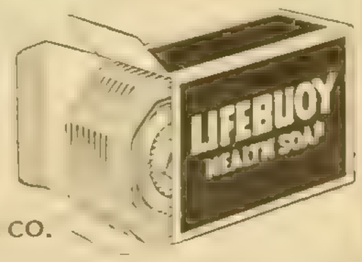

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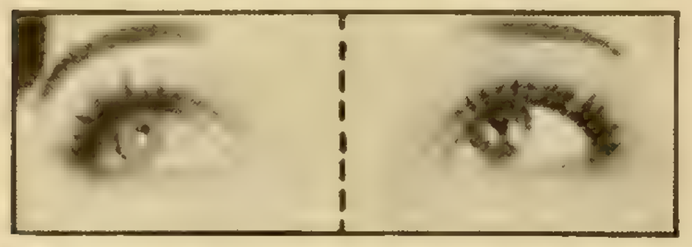
Remember, too, that Murine is the favorite eye clearer and brightener of famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!



MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!*

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Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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Close-Ups on the Hollywood Fashion Picture

by Seymour

OUR friend Lil Tashman certainly must tap fashion wires to be as far in advance of trends as she always is. Over a year ago, before short evening wraps became the rage they are now, Lilyan caused teacup gossip with a short velvet cape which she wore casually draped about her shoulders. That cape, a season later, was seen everywhere about town—and is still going strong.

Then Lilyan appeared at a Hollywood première in the cape of capes. It was elbow length and made entirely of silver fox skins. Decidedly a luxury item—but the fans must have been saving up soda money or something because that very cape is a current wow in evening fashions.

And speaking of Lilyan—the impassioned pen of a society editor who saw her recently at the Mayfair Club in New York, described her as looking like a Grecian maid. The dress she was wearing struck a new note in color. The satin fabric was colored a peculiar shade that is best described as a *mud* tone. You can imagine the effect with Lil's startling hair and skin coloring.

ELISSA LANDI is sporting an interesting variation of the classic mink coat these evenings. She wears an old fashioned mink stole, five skins wide and finished with mink tails at the ends. It is especially striking when worn with a white crepe frock the neckline and décolletage of which is edged with a mink band.

Feet are the latest recruits to the "wrapped in cellophane" vogue. Cellophane shoes are being shown in all manner of styles for summer. Needless to say they are the lightest footwear imaginable. The cellophane is woven firmly and reinforced with kid.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S fad for wearing crisp white piqué accents has extended to gloves now. Smart Hollywood hands are wearing mesh gloves that have flaring cuffs of white piqué. They are a knockout with the summery looking clothes everyone is wearing out here these days.

Turn back the pages and take a good look at the hat Madge Evans is sporting on our cover this month. Now here's the story about it. Doris Kenyon saw this hat in Paris and wasn't happy until she had it. When she wore it in New York, heads turned on the street and envious feminine eyes coveted it. Then Doris let May Allison copy it because her lovely blonde hair showed through the clever crown slit as strikingly as Doris's did. Now the hat has caused such a smart furor that it deserved the special showing which Madge Evans is giving it here.

HERE'S something that I'll bet you didn't know about Mr. George Arliss. He acts as fashion arbiter on every costume that the fair feminine leads of his pictures wear! He personally passes on every garment before it ever appears before the camera. Who says that men never notice what women wear?

How would you like to wear thirty-five pounds of clothing at one time? Miriam Hopkins does this neat trick in her new picture. She plays a Russian refugee who tries to save as many of her belongings as possible. Miriam being practically pint size anyway you can imagine how she looks wearing thirteen or more pieces of clothing at one time.

Orange and black was the unusual and startling color scheme which Barbara Stanwyck recently elected to wear at a Mayfair Club gathering. An orange taffeta bodice of brief proportions topped a black crepe gown. Three bows at one side and wide shoulder straps trimmed the bodice. Deeply cutout sandals in orange completed Barbara's ensemble.

At the same party, Norma Talmadge wore a printed silk that had the built up décolletage that is fast becoming an outstanding note in evening gowns. A chinchilla capelet topped this as a wrap.

WORD came from Paris, where Ina Claire did her shopping, that she picked out one of those tiny short blouses which are the rage, in a pale orange linen. She plans to wear it with a deeper red wool suit. She also ordered a black town dress, the chest of which is completely covered by white gardenias.

Marlene Dietrich is promoting the all-white vogue by wearing a tailored white flannel suit with a topcoat of the same material. Don't overlook flannel in your summer fashion plans.

Constance Bennett went to tea in a casual costume the other day. She wore yellow pajamas topped by a white coat. Connie likes pajamas for all sorts of formal and informal uses.

A Studio Monk Makes a Plea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

strength to tip me a wink. "Don't be an ape!" he murmured. "I know my bananas, pal. Who paid Cap and me off on Saturday nights?" He treated himself to a gentle scratch.

"Do you aim to work in this sequel to 'Tarzan'?"

"It's cinched. But on one condition. They've got to give me a few scenes. I'm fed to the fangs with having my best scenes stolen by Weissmuller's physique. I want them to let me swing from a two hundred foot tree to a turtle's back. And then it will just be my luck to have Johnny strangling a couple of tigers a couple of feet away!"

The monk was falling asleep. I nudged him with my pencil.

"By the way," I said, "just for the record, what is your real name, exactly? I've heard them call you 'Tarzan' and 'Chita' and 'Hey you.'"

"DON'T tell a soul," said the monk, dropping his eyes under the desk, "but it's Mary Lou. You can call me 'Baby.' Cap does."

"A little girl!" I said, blushing.

"Yes, and that's what burns me up. No S. A.—that's my trouble. Do you blame me for feeling low? It hurts a girl's pride!"

"Cheer up, Baby," I said. "Better luck in the sequel. Personally, I think you gave a much better show than Weissmuller."

"No kidding?" said the chimp, flopping wearily into her oversized suitcase. "Well, I'll be seeing you on the lot. Don't take any burned peanuts."

"So long, Mary Lou. No scratching at the dinner table."

CAP Phifer and Company, bearing the sad simian, went out into the New York afternoon. I was left alone with our audience.

"Well," said Carolyn Van Wyck, "there's only one left. It must be Hall."

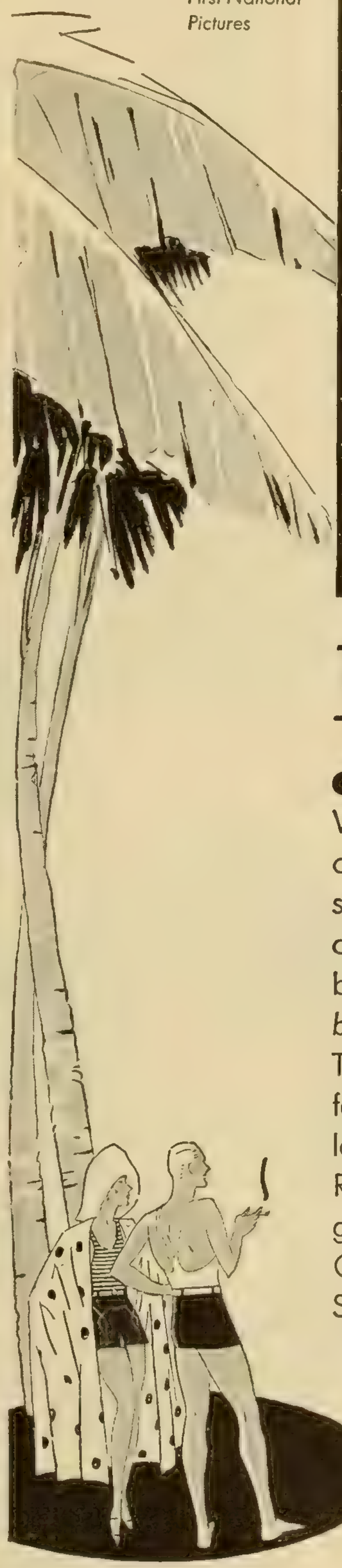
"You're mad," said Seymour, the PHOTOPLAY style hound, "I'm positive it's the monk."

I did not comment. I was too sad. My soul ached for Mary Lou, the Melancholy Monk—who had a picture stolen from her by a mere swimmer's manly charms—who had found that she lacked Sex Appeal!

Leila Hyams isn't worried about getting a seat at the Olympics this summer—she carries hers right along with her! Incidentally Leila is wearing what is known as smart spectator sports togs. Her striped jacket is brown and white, her skirt brown wool and her comfortable ghillie oxfords are in brown shades, also

FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT-FITTING JANTZEN

☆ *Worn by Joan Blondell - Warner Bros.-First National Pictures*



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415 Greenwich St. . . New York

The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

I had planned this month to tell you something about the charm of Ann Harding and her love for Harry Bannister, but that fantastic announcement of their divorce knocked that yarn into a cocked hat. Their separation hit me, along with the rest of Hollywood, right in my best illusion, for I thought that if ever two people were happily married it was Harry and Ann.

And, as I think of them no longer together, I recall the first time that Ann vividly impressed herself upon me. She had invited me and the current boy friend to dinner. She and Harry were living in a rented place then, but before we were allowed a meal we were to meet them at the site of the new house, that magnificent place that they were building together and—truly—almost with their own hands.

AS our car made the difficult climb we saw them standing against the wind, Ann's skirts blowing about her, that strange straw-colored hair flying in her face. And Harry, tanned and strong, beside her with her hand in his. I hated to intrude upon them—their absorption in each other seemed such a perfect thing. But Ann saw us and waved and ran down to meet us.

She and Harry conducted us over every inch of the ground and pointed out the fine features of the foundation of what was later to become a palace.

"Here will be our room, and here Jane's nursery—she'll have as good a view as we have. Isn't it all too lovely?" Ann asked.

"IT'S what Ann and I have wanted ever since we've been married. A place in which we can be perfectly happy, a place on a hill where we can be high up above everyone else and not have people intrude upon our lives."

"Oh, yes," Ann went on, "that's what we've always wanted. I hate the stage with its constant moving about. Only in Hollywood could we have this . . . all this."

She flung her hands out toward San Fernando Valley with its clean white roads lying like ribbons across the landscape. But Ann has found that in Hollywood she could not have "all this" and Harry has found that other people did "intrude upon their lives."

It's incredible to think that they are really getting a divorce. I had sort of counted on Ann, counted on her to be different.

There's another girl in Hollywood who, I somehow feel, will keep on being different. That's Evelyn Brent—known to her friends as Betty, an amazing and intense girl.

Acme

For months every other person you met in Hollywood would take you aside and tell you the confidential news that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, one of those big, husky film heroes, were going to be married secretly. By the time they got around to it, it wasn't such a secret, but they ran away to Mexico just to make it more romantic. So, after all no one was disappointed. Greta is Norwegian. Heyburn is American, and once a football star

Betty is the sort of person in whom everyone confides. "Old Ma Brent," she calls herself, and that's strange because Betty doesn't look the type. You always imagine that a mother confessor is a person who has a sweet, soft face and a gentle smile, but that sullen mouth of Betty's is a mask for one of the most understanding hearts in all filmdom.

I remember once watching Betty manage a difficult situation with the skill of a master. A girl, in a terrific emotional crisis, came to her and accused her of saying something about her. "Did you say that about me, Betty?" she asked.

"Yes," said Betty, "I did. I said every word of it, and I'm not ashamed or afraid to tell you to your face. I said you'd been acting like a fool. You have. But there's no reason for your being a fool. You're a good kid and you shouldn't go around making people unhappy because of your selfishness. Now, let's see how you got that way."

STEP by step Betty pried into the cause of the girl's misery and carefully and logically she explained why there was no necessity for her actions.

When she had finished the child was in tears—but she had seen her mistake.

I had listened to all this and when the girl had gone I said, "You did a great thing for that kid, Betty, she'll thank you for that some day."

"No," said Betty, "she won't. And besides it won't do any good. People are what they are and I can't change them, but I can't stand by and see a bright youngster make a mess of her life. And that shows I'm a fool because I should know better."

Which shows you why, at times, Betty's mouth is hard and cynical. She knows people, but what is more important, she knows herself. Her loyalty to her friends is something very beautiful. And, withal, she has an amazing sense of humor.

Humor, I'm afraid, is one of the things that doesn't flourish much in Hollywood—except that very broad, purely professional humor, and a brand of practical jokes that could not be understood by an outsider. Grandeur is the word now—and just good plain humor doesn't amount to much.

Hollywood has changed during these twelve years. Lilyan Tashman's "Simply divine, my dear," has replaced little Viola Dana's "O. K." Yet there are still all kinds of people in Hollywood. But Lupe Velez harks back to the old school when picture stars were lusty gals of fire and emotion. Hollywood misses Lupe badly, since she joined the Ziegfeld show. It was fun having Lupe around for she is (and this is heresy to those who insist that Hollywood is a town of quiet dignity and charm) the symbol of Hollywood to me—bold, noisy, volatile, utterly frank, but with a crude charm. Lupe is as mad as that mad town. Lupe is a product and a portrait of Hollywood.

And I think it fitting to end these screen memories on Lupe.

For Lupe has said it all; she summed up the Hollywood attitude when I saw her recently in New York, just after she had opened in the Ziegfeld show.

"HOW are you getting on, Lupe?" I asked.

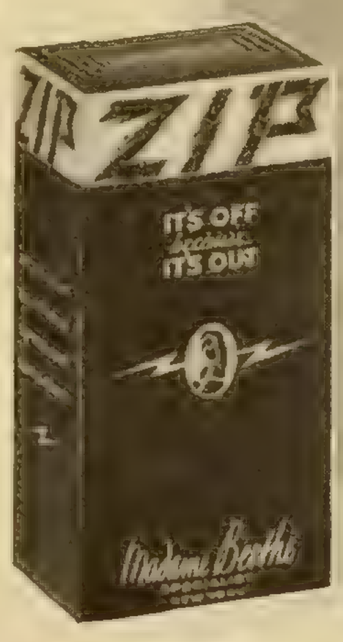
"I am fine. I am great. I stop the show every night. I maybe do not sing so good, but I sing loud; I maybe do not dance so good, but I move a lot. And I don't let the other actors take anything away from me, when I am on the stage. I can stop the show. I am Lupe Velez. And they all love Lupe."

And that—my friends—is Hollywood. And that is what ninety per cent of the citizens of Hollywood would say about themselves if they were as frank as Lupe. Hollywood doesn't sing so good, but it sings loud. And Hollywood doesn't dance so good, but it moves around a lot. And Hollywood can, and does, stop the show.

I think Hollywood—and Lupe—are swell!

THE END

SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD BEEN SO CAREFUL-



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Color of my hair _____

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No electricity, discomfort or need to pay for a costly permanent. ARANAR Hair Waver gives you beautifully waved hair in any style. Simple to use, absolutely harmless. Sent postpaid $1.00 or C.O.D., postage extra. As a special introductory offer we will also send FREE $1.00 package of ARANAR Hair Set which should keep your hair waved indefinitely

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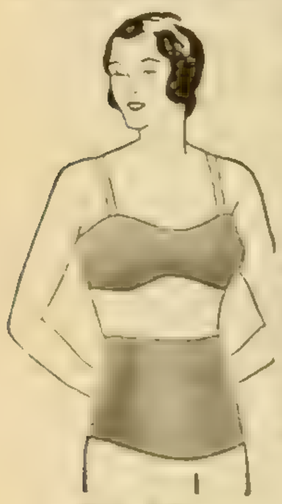

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Two New Screen Personalities

[CONTINUED FROM PAGES 66-67]

Ann Dvorak

first honors in "The Crowd Roars." She refused to accept star billing in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." With just one day between pictures she commenced work on "Love Is a Racket" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Ann is one of two people under contract to Howard Hughes. Jean Harlow is the other. First National made frantic efforts to buy Ann's contract. When they failed, they rented her for six months, and are rushing her from one picture to another to get the most of her talent possible for their money.

SO much for Ann's career. It's quite an amazing one for a girl who was unknown just a few months ago. But Ann believes that the reason she was able to accomplish what she has is because she is an individualist and did not change her theories to suit "the other generation."

Ann cherishes the thought that her straight backbone, her determined chin, her ambition to live her life as she wills, are not inherited.

But she's wrong. Anna Lehr was feminine enough to give up a career for marriage, in a day when one had to make the choice, but her will was as strong and her chin as determined as Ann's.

Anna Lehr was one of eight children. Her father was a tailor, an Austrian who could hardly speak English. He worked at a tailoring shop until he was seventy, fighting for bread and butter, shoes and mittens for his family. As soon as the children were able to earn as much as a penny, they had to help out.

Anna Lehr danced in music halls at an age when Ann was in a convent. She fought for fame and success and money with the same spirit that Ann is fighting now. Her back was just as straight, her will just as firm, and when she married and left the screen she passed on her gifts to Ann with a heart that cried, "Take them; go on and complete what I have started."

"I will," said Ann. "But I won't give up my success and marry. I've fought too hard for that success."

Her mother smiled.

Ann did fight.

She got a job with a small stock company in a suburb of Los Angeles when she was fifteen. The company folded in a week.

She then answered an ad for dancing girls at the Pom Pom Café.

"Can you dance?" the manager asked.

"Yes," said Ann.

"Show me." He nodded to the orchestra and Ann suddenly found herself dancing to some fast jazz tune. She had never done a solo dance before.

"Okay," said the manager. "Do you object to wearing scanty costumes?"

Ann's chin went a little higher. "No."

"And as for my salary—I pay the girls $25 a week."

"I got $80 for my last engagement," Ann lied.

AND the girl who never danced before, but who was the daughter of a mother who had supported seven little brothers and sisters when she, herself, was only a child, walked out of the place with a $65 a week contract.

But it was after that job ended and Ann went to apply for a place in M-G-M's musical, "The Hollywood Revue," that she showed what she had inherited.

A long line of dancing girls, of which Ann was one, were being put through test routines. The director told those he didn't want to step out of line. Ann was the first one out.

She walked up to the director. "Are you running this show?"

He nodded.

"Well, I'm as good as the ones you chose. Why didn't you pick me? I'm going to get somewhere. I'm sincere. I work. I have ambition."

When supervisor Harry Rapf came out to look over the two dozen chosen ones he asked what Ann was doing among them.

"She's a substitute," he was told. "If somebody sprains an ankle. . . ."

Somebody did, the first day. Ann took the girl's place and practiced routines all night long at home and during her noon hours on the set, and in six months dance director Sammy Lee persuaded the studio to sign her up as his assistant. She worked with Joan Crawford on Joan's routines for "Dance Fools, Dance." She, with another girl, originated "The Hoosier Hop" for the Duncan Sisters. What she did for M-G-M's stars along the dancing line would make another story.

She also wrote music, poked her nose into the story department and made suggestions—until they told her to go back to her high kicking.

AND then Karen Morley, her friend, took her to Howard Hughes.

Hughes had a hunch, made a test, and gave her her chance.

Ann was now well established.

All during this time her mother was with her, dividing her time between her husband and her child. And Anna Lehr revelled in the success her daughter had earned.

She is still young and beautiful, is Anna, and she looked at her daughter with eyes that said, "What one generation started, the other finishes."

So that's how it was, and everybody in Hollywood said, "That Dvorak girl is one who won't be getting silly ideas about love and romance. That kid is all for a career."

Then she met Leslie Fenton, a suave man of the world over whom women raved, but who kept himself aloof from them all. Almost before Hollywood knew what was happening, the papers announced their marriage.

Anna Lehr talked to her daughter. "You said, Ann, that there was no place for marriage in your life. I thought it was only success you were after—and independence." The mother smiled.

"It is success I'm after—but it's different now. I'm after two kinds of success. The other generation couldn't manage it. My generation can. I can make a go of my work and my marriage, too. You had to give up one for the other, mother. I don't. You just watch and see if I can't have both!"

Anna Lehr believes Ann Dvorak can!

George Brent

England, carried dispatches "on the run." Six or eight weeks were as long as they usually lasted.

That is, until they were caught by the watchful eye of the English.

But George was lucky. He carried secret mail from Dublin to Belfast and Glasgow. When he discovered his trail was so hot it began blazing, he slipped from Scotland down to Land's End, England. There was an empty freighter off the Cornish coast. He hired a man with a motor boat that had an ailing engine to circle by the rope ladder hanging from the barge.

The little boat couldn't stop because the owner could never get it started again.

George never will do a stunt equal to that one from real life in any picture. He admits he wouldn't dare.

He'd be too frightened. But he made it—and started back for America.

Neither could Clark cling to a swinging freight train as he did in Montana. Not even for a picture.

NOW, what could George do over here that would always be exciting? He hated routine. He detested discipline. He tried working in a bank, but just couldn't stick it. The stage! Stock! A place where romance always beckoned.

At least, if he didn't find it in real life—there'd always be the make-believe. He got a job in a stock company in the Bronx, New York, and because he *looked* Irish and could be secured cheap—he was chosen.

He played more than 300 leads in stock and owned six stock companies himself. There was a woman in one of these early stock companies who was much older than George. She lent an encouraging hand; told him he would be a great actor.

He married her. A month later they separated. A divorce followed. He hasn't married again.

He hit New York at about the same time as Clark.

He didn't make the grade quite as easily on Broadway—once lived on one dollar for an entire week.

When his screen test was shown to Ruth Chatterton, she rose right up in the projection room and said, "Where has that man been all his life?"

The publicity department rushed some pictures, hurriedly showed them to writers with the careful admonition:

"Now, *don't* compare him to Clark Gable. He's George Brent. And he's got something all his own—"

SURE he has. I had lunch with him. His first interview in Hollywood. I also had the first interview with Clark.

I laughed many times, secretly, during that luncheon with George.

It might have been the one with Clark—except that it wasn't.

"Do you play polo, Mr. Brent?"

"Yes, but I can't afford it."

Mr. Gable had made exactly the same answer.

Today, Clark has his own polo ponies.

I asked him his pet aversions.

One was, "People who ask too many questions."

Check, Mr. Gable.

He detests milk. Turns sick at the sight of it.

And he'll detest this story. He wants to rise to fame on his own feet—not as a competitor to the one who's kept him fighting for his own ounce of glory.

Incidentally, he has a dimple. Oh, now, Mr. Gable!

June Birthdays

June 1—Clive Brook, Ralph Graves
June 2—Hedda Hopper
June 4—Lane Chandler
June 5—Bill Boyd
June 6—J. Farrell MacDonald
June 11—Walter Byron, Gilbert Emery, Vera Gordon
June 13—Basil Rathbone
June 14—Cliff Edwards
June 16—Stan Laurel, Ona Munson, Barry Norton
June 17—Vivian Duncan, Louise Fazenda, C. Henry Gordon, Evalyn Knapp
June 18—Edmund Breese, Ivan Lebedeff, Jeanette MacDonald, Blanche Sweet
June 21—Helene Costello
June 26—Ernest Torrence
June 27—Robert Ellis, Alberta Vaughn
June 28—Polly Moran, Lois Wilson

What embarrassing accidents unsteady hands may cause! Photo specially posed by Miss Betty Russel

Thin ... and so nervous
—*her hands* SHOOK *like a leaf!*

Now has steady nerves —and a figure with *curves!*

OLD before her time. Wrinkles around her eyes—her cheeks pale and drawn—her neck and chest actually bony. Her hands shook and trembled so she was always spilling things. How could she keep up with young friends?

But now meet the *new* Mrs. Williams—the *young* Mrs. Williams who today is boss of her nerves. Let her tell you her secret—about her new girlish curves, too:

Her thrilling story

"I was in such a rundown condition! For months my weight had steadily gone down. I suffered from headaches, was frequently constipated, slept badly at night and scarcely ate anything. I was just a bundle of nerves. My hand shook like a leaf, so that I often spilt things.

"Today, after taking several packages of Ironized Yeast, my nerves are steady and my hands never tremble. I rarely have a headache, am almost never constipated and I sleep fine. I look much better for the flesh I've put on—5 lbs. in 3 weeks." Mrs. G. W. Williams, 535 Day Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Scores gain quicker

Almost two pounds a week is a quick gain for a person who's been losing weight for months. Yet scores of Ironized Yeast users report even *quicker* gains — 10 lbs. in 4 weeks, 8 lbs. in 15 days, etc., etc. And not only do they round out scrawny figures—but also quickly overcome constipation, sleeplessness, weakness—skin and stomach disorders, too!

Ironized Yeast contains the finest yeast money can buy—"*beer yeast*," a special kind of yeast which doctors say is extra rich in health-building value. This yeast is cultured by foreign experts. We concentrate it by a process so valuable that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

We take seven pounds of "beer yeast" to make one pound of the *yeast concentrate* used in Ironized Yeast. We then *ironize* this powerful concentrate with three distinct types of iron. This enables Ironized Yeast to help put good red blood in your veins—the kind that gives pep!

Triple "feeding" tests

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: Literally *thousands* of once-skinny, once-sickly folks owe their present glowing health and attractive figures to Ironized Yeast! If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be promptly refunded. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE. Cheap imitations can't compare with the *genuine* Ironized Yeast—stamped "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Is it the kind of picture I would like?
Which one shall we see tonight?
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Genevieve Goes Torrid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

would one day make her explode like a giant cracker!

Universal, one day, saw her performing prettily in a musical show called "Fifty Million Frenchmen," later done in pictures. The talkie headache was on. Little ladies who could smile sweetly when they asked, "Cream or lemon?" were in demand.

So they signed her and shipped her off to Hollywood with a big Broadway herd and—well, there she was.

Genevieve Tobin brought her refin ement, her daintiness, her sweetness and her correctness to the screen—and there it stayed. That, alas, was precisely the trouble! The priceless old mazzoo—the precious, indefinable something that dives headlong from the screen and catches the customer by the wind-pipe, simply was not there!

AND no one who had followed her theatrical career expected it to be. The odds were one million dollars, American money, to an old vest-button that Lady Gen would contribute a small quota of ladylike and inconspicuous movie performances.

Further, that she would do a quiet and refined flopperoo and return to the Broadway whence she had been summarily snatched by the movie mahouts.

But ah, that little fellow with the big stogie!

We swooned dead away when we heard that she had been handed a zippy part in the new Chevalier pinwheel. Tobin? Ha-ha! There were two schools of thought in the matter. One held that Lubitsch had swallowed a whole perfecto and gone stark, raving mad. The other opined that Miss Tobin was to play a statue in the Big Palace Scene.

How wrong we were, only Time—and Ernst—told!

"One Hour With You" duly arrived, in a cloud of cheers. Tobin burst squarely in our faces. She turned butterfly, and flapped her wings—she got Maurice amorously punch-drunk in a style that would have been a credit to Jeanette MacDonald herself—she slithered and swooped and wiggled around that waggish film in a way to bedazzle the eye and hop up the soul. She was a 100-proof, star-speckled wow!

Her performance, the picture, the diabolical alchemy of old Doc Lubitsch are now history. The old boy had done it again!

And now, in re the matter of Genevieve Tobin?

This. At the age of twenty-eight—not infancy in show business, by any means—a colorless actress stands at the brink of a new and colorful career. The maestro has infused her with that strange glamour he can impart. It's the *sin qua non* of modern motion pictures—without it these days a girl may as well resign herself to short Hollywood leases.

AND back of the new miracle of Oo-La-La Tobin lurks that sly juggins, Lubitsch, the star-maker!

He's responsible for an enormous amount of the screen's current feminine richness. He put "glamour" in Hollywood's handy dictionary and made the town forget Madame Glyn and her good old "It."

If he could put the stuff in bottles that comes out of his mind he'd never have to herd hams again.

He is the greatest sculptor of human clay in picture history, with the possible exception of Old Fox Griffith.

It was he who launched Negri, that raging tigress, at us over ten years ago. Once in Hollywood, the lady became a tabby-cat and slowly, sadly passed from view.

Imported to California at great expense,

Lubitsch ordered ten thousand big cigars and began his amazing career—inserting spark-plugs and self-starters in hitherto mild, motorless maidens.

He took a pretty, inconspicuous musical comedy singer named Jeanette MacDonald and made her not only an alluring siren of the screen boudoirs, but a fascinating comédienne as well.

The startling metamorphosis of Miriam Hopkins is still fresh and rare in memory. A few mystic passes with his magic cheroot and she was changed from a scrawny, uninspired little trouper into a beautiful, enticing woman—fit to tackle the torridest siren job the Hollywood foundries can offer.

And now we have the newest sparkler in the royal Lubitsch line—Genevieve Tobin, ex-Chill Sister, current pulse-jumper. She's fit to take an honored place in the scintillating company of Ernst's graduates.

Claudette Battles On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

trouper of the old school, this dainty little Colbert. She's a fighter. Any youngster who battles her way to the top in the theater has to be, and that's what Claudette did before the films snatched her.

She was a leading woman at twenty, and a beauty, too. She won't be twenty-five until Fall. Nobody gets where Claudette's gone by sitting in a corner doing cross-word puzzles. Colbert has been in there punching every minute—and her honorable and successful young career shows it.

But even these aren't enough problems.

The gabbier portion of the world seems intent on splitting her marriage to young Norman Foster wide open.

Such talk burns Claudette to a crisp.

"Why is it that the minute husband and wife get three thousand miles apart for a couple of weeks, everyone has their marriage squarely on the rocks?" she asks.

I replied that it was the evil nature of man, and perhaps a result of the war. There's no more sensible answer, and yet the sad fact remains.

"Norman and I are both in the show business. We each have a career, we prefer to be independent in it, we love each other and we're not let alone a minute by the gossipers. It's a shame."

IT is, and I could only cluck my sympathy. That was a real love match, the Colbert-Foster merger. They both had leading rôles in "The Barker" on Broadway, and caught fire simultaneously.

What a good-looking, happy and ambitious young team! Their picture careers started at about the same time and both for Paramount. They worked together in that stunning little story of newspaper love, "Young Man of Manhattan."

Now Norman free-lances in Hollywood, Claudette still labors for Paramount—and the chatterboxes won't let up on them!

Yet Claudette takes that woe in stride, too. It's just part of the Hollywood free-for-all, and she's ready for it with both fists flying.

As we sat chatting, I thought what an astonishing little paradox this child is. The face and body of a big-eyed and 200 per cent feminine girl—the indomitable spirit of a couple of Jack Dempseys and Marshal Foches.

She likes pictures and wants to be in pictures! She will be in pictures, and just about as long as she likes—you can place a few wagers on that. And she'll tussle for her place, and hold it, though fifty glowering Garbos bar the way!

Doff the chapeau to a game little trouper!

The milk was gone and the celery tonic badly dented.

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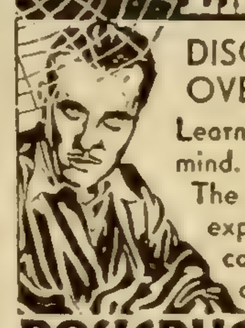

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3rd Prize—$50.00 in cash.

4th Prize—$25.00 in cash.

And 100 additional prizes of $1.00 each.

104 Prizes in all each week.

Simple Rules and Instructions

1 Listen to the PHOTOPLAY radio program and hear the simple question.

2 Write, print or type your entry clearly on plain paper. Do not decorate your letter or use expensive paper. Entries will not be returned.

3 To your letter must be attached the coupon below (or a facsimile or tracing of it). Otherwise your letter or entry will not be eligible.

4 Your answer to the question asked on any one Saturday night must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of the following Saturday. You can enter more than one of these Weekly Contests but to each one of your entries must be attached a coupon or a facsimile or tracing of it.

5 In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

6 You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy or trace the coupon from the original in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago office of the publication, or at Public Libraries, free of charge.

7 The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relative or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication or its advertising agency, is eligible for this contest. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone anywhere.

The Rockne Coupe and the 103 Cash Prizes will be awarded as soon after the close of each contest as possible. Names and addresses of principal prize winners will be printed in a future issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

Mail your contest entries or letters to:

Radio Contest Editor,

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 North Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Do not forget to enclose the coupon shown below or a tracing or facsimile of it, or your entry will not be eligible.

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CITY	STATION	LOCAL TIME
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Buffalo	WGR	8:30 P.M. EDST
Chicago	WGN	7:30 P.M. CDST
Cincinnati	WKRC	7:30 P.M. EST
Cleveland	WHK	7:30 P.M. EST
Detroit	WXYZ	7:30 P.M. EST
Kansas City	KMBC	6:30 P.M. CST
New York	WABC	8:30 P.M. EDST
Philadelphia	WCAU	8:30 P.M. EDST
Pittsburgh	WJAS	8:30 P.M. EDST
St. Louis	KMOX	6:30 P.M. CST
Syracuse	WFBL	7:30 P.M. EST
Toledo	WSPD	7:30 P.M. EST
Washington	WMAL	7:30 P.M. EST

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CLIP THIS COUPON and attach it to your entry for any one of our Weekly Radio Contests. Remember that your answer to the question asked on any given Saturday night must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight of the following Saturday.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

"Well, the best of luck," I said, in my best British-soldier, cheerio manner.

"Thanks," said Claudette. And I didn't see her any longer as a cute French doll right out of the bandbox, but as a steady, fine little fighter out to battle for what she wants, and to get it.

Have no fears for our young friend, you Colbert fans, even if she does seem to be in something of a tough corner. When the smoke clears away, it won't be Claudette's battle flag that is rolling around in the dust of Hollywood.

A charming and beautiful girl—and I want to be on her team in a scrap.

P. S. to Norman Foster. Ah, ah, you lucky, lucky rogue!

Hey! Hey! Here Comes Johnny

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

And there you have a strange commentary on Hollywood—for until "Tarzan, the Ape Man" broke box-office records all over the country and thousands of women and girls began writing letters to M-G-M and to PHOTOPLAY besieging them and us with questions about Johnny, nobody gave Johnny much of a tumble.

M-G-M owned the rights to the Edgar Rice Burroughs *Tarzan* story and wanted to make it. They took hundreds of tests of prospects. Johnny's wife—gee, I'm sorry to have to tell you that, but Johnny is married to a cute little musical comedy star, Bobbe Arnst—asked the casting director if they would make a test of Johnny.

Johnny is the world's champion swimmer. (Incidentally, he was a weakling and began swimming for his health.) He is the fastest human thing ever seen in water. He has broken every swimming record and given exhibitions all over the world—but he was smart enough to retire while he was still champ and before somebody came along to grab the honors. So he retired and became a sort of contact man for a bathing suit company. Wife Bobbe was in California making short subjects. Johnny was there on business for his company. And it was Bobbe's idea that Johnny would be swell in "Tarzan." So there—now you forgive her for marrying him, for if it hadn't been for her Johnny would never have gotten the part.

BOBBE talked to the casting director. He wasn't so keen on Johnny. "These athletes are all right when they're athletic—but I never saw one who could act."

"With a body like Johnny's," Bobbe answered, "he doesn't have to act. Oh, come on, give him a test."

And since everybody else in Hollywood had been tested for the part they thought they might as well waste a couple of hundred feet on Johnny. "He looks awfully big," one of the executives said, when he saw the enormous Johnny in a suit of rough tweeds. But Johnny isn't at his best in tweeds. They saw him in the—er—costume he should wear in "Tarzan" and they said, "That's the kid we need."

So they started to make the picture. Just a good yarn for the kids. People came out on the lot and said, "Uh-huh, a good looking boy." And let it go at that. Johnny worked, and swam, and would you believe it—none of those hundreds of women in Hollywood gave him a tumble.

Hollywood didn't discover Johnny Weissmuller. You discovered him. And you and you and you—and me!

Hollywood is a funny town—it's got to have its sex appeal marked in big letters. It's got to have its lads make courtly gestures and give the girls the flashing eye and the toothy smile. While Hollywood was raving over a lad named Randolph Scott—you haven't seen him yet—from Virginia, the kind of fellow who flatters

and talks in a low, thrilling voice and looks world-weary—Johnny Weissmuller was out on the back lot at M-G-M riding on the back of a hippopotamus and thinking he was making a picture that the kids would like.

JOHNNY isn't the Hollywood type. He doesn't cut a very suave figure in a dinner coat. He is just a little bit embarrassed and shy in the presence of adoring ladies. And he's much more at home in the water than in one of Hollywood's all-white drawing rooms, with a long, slim highball glass in his hand.

Johnny's got other things to think about besides women. He likes to swim and play golf. And, besides, he's in love with his wife. "She's a swell kid," he says. "She likes swimming almost as much as I do and she swims under water, too, hanging onto my belt and sputtering like a seal."

So the Hollywood gals didn't go for Johnny. They were too busy wondering about Clark Gable and wanting to meet Randolph Scott. Johnny belongs to you—because you found him.

Why, Hollywood didn't even know he had made a good picture. His contract was for just the one with an option for his services if he made good. And right up until the picture opened in New York they hadn't taken up his option—just waiting to see.

Then "Tarzan, the Ape Man" played the country—broke all box-office records and—presto!—eight companies wanted this Weissmuller boy. He may do an Eskimo picture, or he may—and Johnny, himself, thinks this is smarter—just do one *Tarzan* story a year.

"I should stick to *Tarzan*," he explains. "You see, I'm no actor. Well, I didn't have to act in 'Tarzan, the Ape Man'—just said, 'Me Tarzan, you Jane.' I'll never be able to act."

But a year is such a long, long time between Johnny Weissmuller pictures.

I'm afraid I haven't told you much about Johnny's history. But when *Tarzan* walks right in your office and stretches himself out on your chair—not the best reporter in the world could get a lot of facts. So I left that up to the Answer Man. He could talk to Johnny calmly—being of the same sex—so in the old fellow's column you'll find out where Johnny was born and other vital statistics. The Answer Man had to print that in self-defense, for he's got more questions about him than any three other actors this month.

DID I say the Answer Man gave vital statistics? Maybe you can call them vital. But I think the most vital statistic of all is the fact that a lad who had never been in a picture before, who had been interested in nothing but swimming all his life, and who frankly admits he can't act, is the top-notch heart flutterer of the year!

Freulich

Who's this? Richard Dix doing another Indian characterization? Oh boy, we certainly do love to fool you. Well, it fooled us, too. This is Heap Big Chief Heartbreaker, Lew Ayres, as he appears in "Laughing Boy"—honest Injun! Maybe he'll have the sort of rôle his friends wish him—one good enough for the talent he showed in "All Quiet on the Western Front"

What is your type?

Are you blonde or brunette? Is your hair long, short or "in-between?" What difference does it make? None—if HOLD-BOBS are used to keep it in place. Note these exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads . . . lasting and holding spring . . . smooth, round, non-scratching points . . . flexible legs, one side crimped, that keep the hair in place all day and all evening . . . colors that match every woman's hair. Movie stars demand them; society women demand them . . . and HOLD-BOBS will lend charm and beauty to your coiffure, too!

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No reader can afford to be without a copy of this wonderful collection of 250 portraits of leading moving picture stars at this price, which is less than the single admission price of most moving picture theaters. The Stars of the Photoplay will give you many evenings' entertainment and will be your constant reference for information about the stars you have seen on the screen.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
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Vote for the *Best* Picture of the Year

YOU who read PHOTOPLAY and are interested in encouraging better and better pictures have your annual opportunity—and in a way, duty—to encourage the producers who are making an effort to give you fine pictures, big human themes, and direction of the highest quality.

Each year PHOTOPLAY awards a Gold Medal for the best picture shown in the previous year.

But you readers of PHOTOPLAY select the winner. Your ballots tell the final story.

You have never failed to make the perfect choice, as you may see by turning to the contents page in this issue, where the best pictures of the past eleven years are named.

PHOTOPLAY furnishes the Gold Medal of Honor—the Nobel prize of the cinema, made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York. But your votes are the last word. You really award the Medal, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any motion picture company.

EACH year we ask that in selecting the best picture you forget personalities and consider the film as a whole, from a standpoint of story, direction, acting, theme, motivation and spirit.

The ballot printed below is for your convenience. Use it.

Also you will find a list of fifty outstanding films released in 1931, but that does not mean you are limited to one of these. You may choose any 1931 picture that you think worthy of this highest of all awards.

And send in your votes as early as possible.

May the most worthy picture win! May you again be able to take just pride in your selection! Everyone, whether he be a subscriber to PHOTOPLAY or not, is welcome to cast a vote.

List of Fifty Pictures Released in 1931

Alexander Hamilton
American Tragedy, An
Are These Our Children?
Bad Girl
Blue Angel, The
Champ, The
Cimarron
City Lights
City Streets
Criminal Code, The
Daddy Long Legs
Devil to Pay, The
Devotion
Dirigible
Dishonored
East Lynne
Five Star Final
Free Soul, A
Front Page, The
Guardsman, The
Huckleberry Finn
Illicit
Inspiration
Millionaire, The
Miracle Woman, The
Mother's Millions (also titled "The She Wolf")
Night Nurse
Paid
Platinum Blonde
Politics
Public Enemy, The
Rango
Secret Six, The
Seed
Sin of Madelon Claudet, The
Sin Takes a Holiday
Skippy
Smart Money
Smiling Lieutenant, The
Spirit of Notre Dame, The
Star Witness, The
Strangers May Kiss
Street Scene
Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise
Tabu
Tol'able David
Trader Horn
Transatlantic
Two Hearts in Waltz Time
Waterloo Bridge

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1931.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Send in This Ballot

Short Subjects *of the* Month

Hold 'er, Andy! Bet that durn thing can go fifteen miles an hour. It ain't safe, I tell you. If you want a good laugh don't miss Andy Clyde in "Speed in the Gay Nineties," one of the funniest shorts of the month, reviewed below

SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES
Mack Sennett-Educational

You who recall the first throbs of the "horseless carriage" will howl at Andy Clyde's race at the County Fair grounds. Barney Oldfield, in person, is one of the contestants. The antiquated machines race at a terrific speed of eight miles an hour, only to be defeated by Andy's invention, which does twenty!

FREE EATS
Hal Roach-M-G-M

Some of the gags in this "Our Gang" film are not as funny as they might be but there's a new addition to the gang, called Spanky, who is just about the cutest baby actor since little Davey Lee. Absolutely unconscious of the camera, he puts everyone in a good humor. Don't miss him!

IT'S A CINCH
Mermaid-Educational

A lot of fun about a poor dancing professor who thinks that he'll win a lot of money fighting the champ boxer, who has promised to throw the fight. A spritely enough little comedy with Monty Collins and Tom O'Brien.

THE CHIMP
Hal Roach-M-G-M

They're at it again—that Laurel and that Hardy. This time they are circus roustabouts who put all three rings on the bum and end up with the flea circus and the trained monkey. Check up another bell ringer for Stan and Oliver.

WAR IN CHINA
Educational

Many of the most tragic and exciting scenes of the Shanghai siege have been condensed into this two-reel news story. As the scenes of ransack, fire and death sweep across the screen, the main events of the siege are related by a reporter. Interesting.

IN THE BAG
Universal

Slim Summerville is the Marine bugler again, looking just as sad and just as funny as ever. This time he smuggles a girl aboard a transport. A little thing like captain's orders mean nothing to him. Emphatically very amusing.

THE FLIRTY SLEEPWALKER
Mack Sennett-Educational

Arthur Stone and Wade Boteler indulge in some old and some new gags that will give you a few real snickers. These two are the best of friends until Arthur walks in his sleep. Decidedly not for children.

BATTLE ROYAL
RKO-Pathe

Prize fight manager Jimmy Gleason stages a free-for-all fight with Eddie Gribbon as his star performer and, although it is about as slapstick as they come, and pretty rough and tumble, there are some very amusing situations.

RADIO GIRL
Paul Terry-Toon-Educational

One of the best of this series of animated cartoons. There are a lot of grand radio gags including the one where a brick is thrown into the loud speaker and it hits the announcer, before the microphone. Broad but you'll laugh.

SEA LEGS
Vitaphone

Wandering husband apprehended by wife who does usual fury scene—but there are some lively musical numbers by well known vaudeville performers. A miniature musical comedy.

HE'S A HONEY
Vanity-Educational

This is for ardent Harry Barris fans only. Others will realize there are some funny moments—but Barris doesn't contribute all of them. And it's the standard plot. Boy wins girl in spite of father's opposition.

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You will love MELLO-GLO because *it stays on longer.* Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder *prevents large pores* and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known. Women praise this new, wonderful face powder because it hides tiny lines, wrinkles and pores.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and *retain* a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO in the square gold box. White edge box for average skin. Blue edge box for fine, dry or sensitive skin. One dollar at all stores. © 1932, M.-G. Co.

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FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.

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If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

. . . now directing

THIS item appeared in PHOTOPLAY fifteen years ago: "Marie Dressler's last trip to Los Angeles was to participate in 'Tillie's Punctured Romance,' in which Charlie Chaplin supported her and which brought about a law suit and a vow of 'never again' from Miss Dressler." That "never again" meant no more pictures for Marie. And we tremble to think what would have happened if she had not changed her mind.

So let's turn to one of the funniest incidents of all film history. A team of comics played a hard-fought baseball match against the tragics that ended in a near riot. Charlie Chaplin pitched for the comics and fanned Wally Reid. When the umpire made a bad decision the Keystone cops pounced on him *en masse*. Funny—Eugene Pallette was one of the tragics. Fifteen years and three times fifteen extra pounds have turned him into a comedian.

Hollywood wasn't taking itself so seriously then and nobody had told Charlie Chaplin that he was a tragedian. He was just a funny man who turned out funny films—plenty of them.

Captain Leslie Peacock wrote of conditions at the studios and said, "In some studios so-called efficiency systems have been installed by men who are ignorant of everything pertaining to moving pictures." Those same words printed today would be perfectly accurate.

Pauline Frederick was on the cover (she is directing a stage play now) while Mildred Harris, William S. Hart, May Allison, Earle Williams, Beverly Bayne and Shirley Mason were in the gallery.

Pictures reviewed included William Farnum in "A Tale of Two Cities," Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "Aladdin from Broadway," May Allison and Harold Lockwood in "The Hidden Children," Louise Glaum in "Sweetheart of the Doomed" and Jack Pickford in "The Dummy."

Cal York items: Lois Wilson has become a star. . . . Bill Hart has just signed a contract which will bring him in $5,000 a week.

10 Years Ago

. . . too beautiful

TEN years ago we editorialized like this, "The motion picture business has a pain in the box-office," and we added that the current vogue of sex and sensation pictures was about to undermine the industry. So don't get to thinking that this present cycle of sex stuff is new.

Here's a story by Adela Rogers St. Johns called "The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful," as tragic a yarn as has ever been written. The girl? Barbara LaMarr, of course. Before she was sixteen Barbara had known the suffering of a woman of sixty. Death was one of the least of her adventures. She was one of those whose candle burned with a light so bright that it couldn't last. She was destined for tragedy.

And here's another page that looks gay as a city on parade day but which holds a hidden tear. We pictured the magnificent home of Charlie Ray. Some of the rooms were as lovely as those in Pickfair, but shortly afterwards Charlie, who entertained lavishly and brilliantly, had to give it all up. In his day as great as Pickford, Chaplin or Fairbanks, he is now occasionally seen on Broadway looking for a job. He lost all his money producing his own films.

But here's something that goes on forever, unchanged. We interviewed Lewis Stone, who was doing some of his first picture work in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and we said he was one of the best actors. Ten years later Lew is still one of the best actors.

Mabel Ballin was the girl on the cover and the gallery pictures included Pola Negri, Estelle Taylor, Gloria Swanson with Rudolph Valentino, Leatrice Joy, Hedda Hopper, Alice Calhoun and Gladys Walton.

The six best pictures were "Sisters," "Too Much Business," "Fair Lady," "The Cradle," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Pay Day."

Cal York items: Alice Brady is the mother of a son. . . . Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron deny their engagement. . . . Lillian and Dorothy Gish were entertained at the White House for luncheon by President and Mrs. Harding.

5 Years Ago

. . . still in love

SPRING was in the Hollywood air. This was the month of romance. So we announced, with pride, the marriage of Irene Rich to David Blankenhorn. And not so long ago we told of their divorce.

Then we described the engagement ring that Director Mervyn LeRoy had placed on Edna Murphy's finger. Now they are separated. And discreetly we hinted at the love of Norma Talmadge for Gilbert Roland, who was her leading man in "Camille." Norma remained the wife of Joe Schenck but now that she is almost free and might announce her engagement to Gilbert, she is casting her gentle glances in another direction.

But say a toast to Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque. Of all the five-year-ago June romances they are the only couple who are still married and still in love.

It was love that made Jack Gilbert do a little plain and fancy cutting up. Remember? He walked into the Beverly Hills police station to demand the arrest of a certain director. And it was all because of Garbo. Jack's a different boy now.

In spite of Jack's whoopee making, we pointed out that the "Real Hell Raisers of Hollywood" were the wealthy Eastern lads who came to the coast to crash the pictures. Yet not a single son of the rich made a success on the screen.

Mary Brian was the girl on the cover, while Marion Davies, Dorothy Sebastian, Gloria Swanson, Aileen Pringle, Ben Lyon and Alice Joyce appeared in the gallery.

The best film of the month was C. B. DeMille's "King of Kings." Others praised were Norma Talmadge in "Camille," Gilda Gray in "Cabaret," May Allison in "The Telephone Girl" and "Chang."

Cal York items: Greta Garbo and M-G-M have declared a truce and Greta has signed a new contract (and now five years later may we offer up a little prayer that history will repeat itself).

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

CONGRESS DANCES—UFA-United Artists

A PLEASING picture, made in Germany, with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt, but the theme of kidding royal pomp and ceremony has been used so many times. You'll be crooning two lilting Viennese waltz songs, "Live, Love and Laugh," and "Just Once For All Time."

THE BIG TIMER—Columbia

THERE are a lot of novel twists to this prize-fight yarn, and loads of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter. Constance Cummings is the girl. Good, clean fun, and not to be taken too seriously.

THE COUNTY FAIR—Monogram

IF it's action and thrills you crave, here they are. The story of the race-horse who wins in the last lap is an old one, but here it is sprinkled generously with humor. And you'll enjoy the negro camp-meeting. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances.

THE MISSING REMBRANDT—First Division

OLD-FASHIONED in treatment as these Sherlock Holmes pictures are, they all have an unmistakable charm that makes them decidedly entertaining. And here is one of the best, in which the amazing *Sherlock* (played again by Arthur Wontner) further astonishes the perpetually astonished *Dr. Watson*, by proving a socially prominent baron to be a first-class villain.

PROBATION—Chesterfield

IF you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story for a change, look no farther. The story of a wealthy young woman in love with her chauffeur is a pleasing tale that moves along smoothly and leaves a pleasant taste. Johnny Darrow, as the chauffeur, is grand. And there are Sally Blane, J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young.

AVALANCHE—First Division

IF you remember that remarkable picture "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," you'll want to see this one with the same daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet; gorgeous mountain scenery and brilliant white beauty of snow and ice. But it hasn't the emotional quality of "White Hell," because the English dialogue seems stilted and the story forced.

DISCARDED LOVERS—Tower Prod.

A FAST-MOVING and novel mystery story, in which Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who finally pays the penalty. Good cast and direction.

SIN'S PAY DAY—Action Pictures

ALL about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster and loses a wife as a result. Through the aid of a street waif, played splendidly by Mickey McGuire, he wins his way back to respectability. Dorothy Revier is the wife and Forrest Stanley the attorney.

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BEHIND STONE WALLS—Mayfair Pictures

A DIVERTING film on the old father-son-stepmother theme. An impetuous woman shoots her lover. The boy takes the rap to preserve his father's honor and illusions. The father is the district attorney; the boy won't talk. High-tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine.

THE MIDNIGHT PATROL—Monogram

ANOTHER newspaper yarn; but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, as an ambitious cub reporter, does grand work, and Robert Elliott is a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the little girl they save from a notorious gang. Fast-paced, with a surprise finish.

HIGH SPEED—Columbia

THE usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones) rescues fair damsel in time to win big auto race and save her father from ruin. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. Nice work by Buck, but all acting honors go to Mickey McGuire, who is fine as Buck's little lame pal.

LOVE BOUND—Peerless Prod.

A SLOW, ponderous picture. The story deals with the catching of a blackmailer by the son of the man she has framed, but the picture detours a bit, too many people become involved and the outcome seems vague, even to the actors. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall.

POLICE COURT—Monogram

THIS one creaks wearily across the screen—an old-time melodrama with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle, King Baggott and Leon Janney. The story, another father and son yarn (wouldn't you just know it after "The Champ"?), shows the life of a once great actor who has sunk to the depths because of the demon rum. Pretty sad.

THE THEFT OF THE MONA LISA—Tobis

A YOUNG Italian lad is so fascinated by Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" that he sets it up as his ideal of womanhood, and actually finds a girl who bears a marked resemblance to her. His great desire to impress the girl explains his theft of the painting from the Louvre. English titles are few, making it lack interest for those who do not understand German.

GOLDEN MOUNTAINS—Amkino

A TEDIOUS Russian drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. It seems that a lot of people are dissatisfied with a lot of things, but the Soviet government makes everything just dandy. Russian dialogue with English titles, which don't adequately explain what little action there is.

RONNY—UFA

GERMAN operetta with pleasant music, a handsome hero in the person of Willy Fritsch and a beautiful heroine, Kaethe von Nagy. Plenty of English captions help make the German dialogue understandable. The story is all about *Ronny*, a beautiful, but poor, costume designer, and the prince, who finally asks her to share his throne.

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Tallulah Bankhead
George Barbier
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breeden
Clive Brook
Chas. D. Brown
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Tamara Geva
Wynne Gibson
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Marx Brothers
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Frank Morgan
Jack Oakie
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
George Raft
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Jackie Searl
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Charles Starrett
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Allen Vincent
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Edmund Lowe
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mcjica
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
Marian Nixon
George O'Brien
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Raul Roulien
Rosalie Roy
Peggy Shannon
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker" Lord
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
William Post
Gregory Ratoff
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Polly Walters
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

RKO-Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Melvyn Douglas
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Barbara Weeks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Herbert Braggiotti
Virginia Bruce
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Helen Hayes
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Myrna Loy
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Johnny Weissmuller

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Tala Birell
John Boles
Tom Brown
Lucile Browne
June Clyde
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart
Boris Karloff
Paul Lukas
Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Lil Dagover
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Ben Lyon
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Vivienne Osborne
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Chas. "Chic" Sale
Loretta Young
Warren William

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (*Feb.*)

SHADOW BETWEEN, THE—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (*May*)

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—Paramount.—Oriental drama runs rampant with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Don't miss this exciting film. (*April*)

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox.—A beauty contest winner and a mad millionaire. Joan Bennett. (*April*)

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions.—If you're very, very romantic you'll like this. (*April*)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (*March*)

★ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE**—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (*Dec.*)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (*March*)

SO BIG—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (*May*)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (*Feb.*)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (*Jan.*)

★ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—Universal.—Knute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (*Dec.*)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (*Jan.*)

STEADY COMPANY—Universal.—The romance of a working girl and a truck driver. June Clyde, Norman Foster and ZaSu Pitts. (*April*)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (*March*)

STOWAWAY—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (*May*)

STRANGERS IN LOVE—Paramount.—An old theme (one twin brother good, the other bad) played excellently by Fredric March and Kay Francis. (*April*)

★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (*Dec.*)

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (*Feb.*)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathe.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (*Jan.*)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (*March*)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (*Jan.*)

★ **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—M-G-M.—A glorified fairy tale that goes *Trader Horn* one better. Swimming champ Johnny Weissmuller is *Tarzan*. (*April*)

TAXI—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (*Jan.*)

TEMPEST—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (*May*)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (*Dec.*)

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new in this Western. (*April*)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (*March*)

THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy tenement owner plays the regeneration scene in jail. Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (*Jan.*)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (*March*)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathe.—Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (*Jan.*)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW — Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (*March*)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (*Jan.*)

★ **TOUCHDOWN** — Paramount. — A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (*Jan.*)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (*March*)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolese country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (*March*)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (*Feb.*)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Ho-hum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (*Feb.*)

UNION DEPOT—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (*Feb.*)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (*March*)

VANITY FAIR—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (*May*)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (*Dec.*)

WAYWARD — Paramount. — A lot of plots wrapped in one celluloid package. Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick. (*April*)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (*May*)

WHISTLIN' DAN—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (*May*)

WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (*May*)

WISER SEX, THE—Paramount.—It has gangsters and politicians, but it also has Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman. (*April*)

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme.—A Western with a fair amount of thrills. (*April*)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathe.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (*Feb.*)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (*Jan.*)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (*Jan.*)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Old stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (*Jan.*)

YOUNG BRIDE—RKO-Pathe.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (*May*)

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser.—Author Zane Grey goes fishing in the South Seas for five reels. (*April*)

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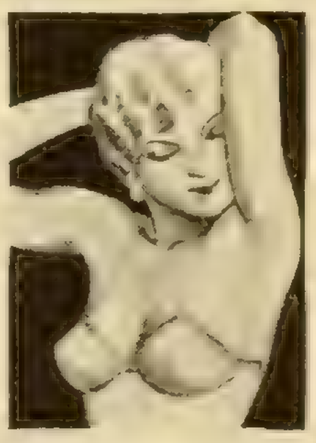

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of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1932

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County of Cook }

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"AVALANCHE"—FIRST DIVISION.—Directed by Dr. Arnold Fanck. The cast: *Stella Armstrong*, Leni Riefenstahl; *Hannes*, Sepp Rist; *Udet*, Ernst Udet.

"BEHIND STONE WALLS"—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by George B. Seitz. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *John Clay*, Robert Elliott; *Bob Clay*, Eddie Nugent; *Esther Clay*, Priscilla Dean; *Peg Harper*, Ann Christy; *Druggett*, George Chesebro; *Jack Keene*, Robert Ellis.

"BIG TIMER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Riskin. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. The cast: *Cooky Bradford*, Ben Lyon; *Honey Baldwin*, Constance Cummings; *Kay Mitchell*, Thelma Todd; *Champ*, Charles Delaney; *Schultzy*, Tommy Dugan; *Pop Baldwin*, Charles Grapewin; *Sullivan*, Russell Hopton; *Scrappy Martin*, Jack Miller; *Dan Wilson*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Smitty*, Bert Starkey.

"CONGRESS DANCES"—UFA-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Norbert Falk and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Eric Charell. The cast: *Christel*, Lilian Harvey; *Prince Metternich*, Conrad Veidt; *The Countess*, Lil Dagover; *Czar Alexander of Russia*, Henry Garat; *Uralsky*, Henry Garat; *Bibikoff, the Czar's Adjutant*, Gibb McLaughlin; *Pepi, His Secretary*, Reginald Purdell; *Ambassador of Saxony*, Eugen Rex; *Ambassador of France*, Jean Dax; *The Princess*, Helen Haye; *The Duchess*, Olga Engel; *The Finance Minister*, Spencer Trevor; *The Mayor of Vienna*, Thomas Weguelin; *The Cafe Singer*, Tarquini d'Or.

"COUNTY FAIR, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Roy Fitzroy. Screen play by Harvey Harris Gates. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Colonel Ainsworth*, Hobart Bosworth; *Alice Ainsworth*, Marion Shilling; *"Diamond" Barnett*, Ralph Ince; *Jimmie Dolan*, William Collier, Jr.; *Curfew*, Snowflake; *Lefty*, Kit Guard; *Gunner*, George Chesebro; *"Specs" Matthews*, Otto Hoffman; *Hank Bradley*, Arthur Millett; *Tout*, Thomas R. Quinn; *Fisher*, Edward Kane.

"DISCARDED LOVERS"—TOWER PROD.—Story by Arthur Hoerl. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Irma Gladden*, Natalie Moorhead; *Chief Sommers*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Valerie Christine*, Sharon Lynn; *Bob Adair*, Russell Hopton; *Rex Forsythe*, Jason Robards; *Warren Sibley*, Robert Frazer; *Sergeant Delaney*, Fred Kelsey; *Mrs. Sibley*, Barbara Weeks; *Andre Leighton*, Roy D'Arcy.

"DOOMED BATTALION, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Luis Trenker. Adapted by Luis Trenker and Carl Hartl. Directed by Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Maria*, Tala Birell; *Florian*, Luis Trenker; *Artur*, Victor Varconi; *Angelo*, Henry Armetta.

"GOLDEN MOUNTAINS"—AMKINO.—Scenario by A. Mikhailovsky, V. Nedobrovo, S. Yutkevitch and L. Arnshtem. Directed by Sergei Yutkevitch. The cast: *Peter*, Boris Poslavsky; *The Boss*, J. V. Korvin-Krukovsky; *His Son*, B. Fedosiev; *Vasily*, I. Shtraukh; *Boris*, E. Tenin; *The Girl*, N. Razumova; *The Short Worker*, F. Slavsky; *The Foreman*, M. Michurin; *Assistant Foreman*, F. Nicholaev; *Police Inspector*, N. Sholkovsky; *Factory Workers*, B. Chirkov, S. Kruitkov, Selianin, Dmitiriev, Lobanov.

"HIGH SPEED"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Bill*, Buck Jones; *Peggy*, Loretta Sayers; *Carliss*, Wallace MacDonald; *Buddy*, Mickey McGuire; *Captain of Police*, Ed Le Saint; *Preston*, William Walling; *Ham*, Ward Bond; *Kane*, Dick Dickinson; *Kelly*, Martin Faust; *Jim*, Joe Bordeaux; *Whipple*, Pat O'Malley; *Bowers*, Ed Chandler.

"INFORMATION KID, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Marty Black*, Tom Brown; *Silk Henley*, James Gleason; *Sally*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *The Information Kid*, Andy Devine; *Midge*, Mickey McGuire.

"LETTY LYNTON"—M-G-M.—From the story by Marie Belloc Lowndes. Adapted by John Meehan and Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Letty Lynton*, Joan Crawford; *Jerry Darrow*, Robert Montgomery; *Emile Renaul*, Nils Asther; *Mr. Haney*, Lewis Stone; *Mrs. Lynton*, May Robson; *Miranda*, Louise Closser Hale; *Mrs. Darrow*, Emma Dunn; *Mr. Darrow*, Walter Walker; *Hennessey*, William Pawley.

"LOVE BOUND"—PEERLESS PROD.—From the story by Paul Schofield. Adapted by Robert F. Hill. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: *Verna Wilson*, Natalie Moorhead; *Vera Wendell*, Natalie Moorhead; *Dick Randolph*, Jack Mulhall; *Lucky Morrison*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Randolph*, Clara Kimball Young; *Mr. Randolph*, Montagu Love; *The Baron*, Tom Richards; *Claudia*, Alice Day.

"MAN WANTED"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Lois Ames*, Kay Francis; *Tom Sheridan*, David Manners; *Andy Doyle*, Andy Devine; *Devens*, Guy Kibbee; *Ruth Holman*, Una Merkel; *Fred*, Kenneth Thomson; *Miss Winkler*, Virginia Sale; *Ann LeMaire*, Claire Dodd; *Miss Smith*, Charlotte Merriam; *Manager*, Edward Van Sloan; *Harper*, Robert Greig; *New Secretary*, Betty Farrington.

"MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Screen play by George Jeske. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *John Martin*, Regis Toomey; *Ellen Grey*, Betty Bronson; *Joyce Greeley*, Edwina Booth; *Miss Willing*, Mary Nolan; *Judson*, Earle Foxe; *Howard Brady*, Robert Elliott; *Stuart*, Edward Kane; *Powers*, William Norton Bailey; *Dummy Black*, Mischa Auer.

"MISLEADING LADY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Charles W. Goddard and Paul Dickey. Scenarized by Adelaide Heilbron and Caroline Francke. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Helen Steele*, Claudette Colbert; *Jack Craigen*, Edmund Lowe; *Boney*, Stuart Erwin; *Sydney Parker*, Robert Strange; *Tracy*, George Meeker; *Alice Cannell*, Selena Royle; *Bob Cannell*, Curtis Cooksey; *Fitzpatrick*, William Gargan; *Jane Weatherby*, Nina Walker; *Steve*, Edgar Nelson; *Babe*, Fred Stewart; *Spider*, Harry Ellerbe; *McMahon*, Will Geer; *Bill*, Donald McBride.

"MISSING REMBRANDT, THE"—FIRST DIVISION.—Adapted from "The Adventure of Charles August Milverton" by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Screen adaptation by Cyril Twyford and H. Fowler Mear. Directed by Leslie Hiscott. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Arthur Wontner; *Doctor Watson*, Ian Fleming; *Mrs. Hudson*, Minnie Rayner; *Baron Von Guntermann*, Francis L. Sullivan; *Carlo Ravelli*, Dino Galvani; *Claude Holford*, Miles Mander; *Lady Violet*, Jane Welsh; *Inspector Lestrade*, Philip Hewland; *Marquis de Chaminade*, Anthony Holles; *Manning*, Herbert Lomas; *An Agent*, Ben Weldon; *Chang Wu*, Takase.

"MOUTHPIECE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Frank J. Collins. Adapted by Earl Baldwin Directed by James Flood and Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Vincent Day*, Warren William; *Celia*, Sidney Fox; *Miss Hickey*, Aline MacMahon; *John*, William Janney; *Barton*, John Wray; *Gladys*, Polly Walters; *J. B.*, Ralph Ince; *Elaine*, Mae Madison; *Miss De-Vere*, Noel Francis; *Smith*, Morgan Wallace; *Bartender*, Guy Kibbee; *Tony*, Carroll Naish; *Forbes*, Walter Walker; *Garland*, Jack LaRue; *Pondapolis*, Stanley Fields; *Jarvis*, Murray Kinnell; *Wilson*, Emerson Tracey.

"NIGHT COURT"—M-G-M.—From the story by Mark Hellinger and Charles Beahan. Adapted by Bayard Veiller and Lenore Coffee. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Mike Thomas*, Phillips Holmes; *Judge Moffett*, Walter Huston; *Mary Thomas*, Anita Page; *Judge Osgood*, Lewis Stone; *Elizabeth Osgood*, Mary Carlisle; *Crawford*, John Miljan; *Janitor*, Jean Hersholt; *Grogan*, Tully Marshall; *Lil Baker*, Noel Francis.

"POLICE COURT"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Nat Barry*, Henry B. Walthall; *Junior Barry*, Leon Janney; *Diana McCormick*, Aileen Pringle; *Harry Field*, King Baggott; *Uncle Albert Furman*, Lionel Belmore; *Skid*, Al St. John; *Judge Robert Webster*, Edmund Breese.

"PROBATION"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Nick Jarrett*, John Darrow; *Janet Holman*, Sally Blane; *Judge Holman*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Alan Wells*, Eddie Phillips; *Mrs. Humphreys*, Clara Kimball Young; *Ruth Jarrett*, Betty Grable; *Alec*, David Rollins; *Gwen*, Mary Jane Irving; *Bert*, Matty Kemp; *The Kid*, David Durand.

"RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by E. Pettit. Adapted by Austin Parker. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Caroline*, Ruth Chatterton; *Julian*, George Brent; *Allison*, Adrienne Dore; *Malbro*, Bette Davis; *Greg*, John Miljan; *3rd Girl*, Mae Madison; *Davis*, John Wray; *The Doctor*, Robert Warwick; *Flo*, Virginia Hammond; *Dante*, Walter Walker; *Mrs. Drake*, Eula Guy; *1st Girl*, Edith Allen; *2nd Girl*, Ethel Kenyon; *4th Girl*, Ruth Lee; *The Judge*, Berton Churchill.

"RONNY"—UFA.—From the story by Emmerich Pressburger and Reinhold Schunzel. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. The cast: *Ronny*, Kaethe von Nagy; *Prince of Perusa*, Willy Fritsch; *Director of Perusa Theater*, Otto Wallburg; *Anton*, Willi Grill.

"SCANDAL FOR SALE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Emil Gauvereau. Adapted by Ralph Graves. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Jerry Strong*, Charles Bickford; *Claire Strong*, Rose Hobart; *Waddell*, Pat O'Brien; *Dorothy Pepper*, Claudia Dell; *Treadway*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Brownie*, Harry Beresford; *Bunnyweather*, Berton Churchill; *Stella*, Glenda Farrell; *Mildred Strong*, Mary Jane Graham; *Bobby Strong*, Buster Phelps; *Detective*, Paul Nicholson; *Police Lieutenant*, James Farley.

"SHOPWORN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Nicholas Grinde. The cast: *Kitty*, Barbara Stanwyck; *David*, Regis Toomey; *Dot*, ZaSu Pitts; *Fred*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Living-*

sion, Clara Blandick; *Toby*, Robert Alden; *Forbes*, Oscar Apfel; *Mrs. Thorne*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Andre*, Albert Conti; *District Attorney*, James Durkin; *Mr. Dean*, Wallace Clarke; *Bierbauer*, Edwin Maxwell.

"SIN'S PAY DAY"—ACTION PICTURES.—From the story by Gene Morgan and Betty Burbridge. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Iris Markey*, Dorothy Revier; *James Markey*, Forrest Stanley; *Chubby Dennis*, Mickey McGuire; *Louie Joe*, Harry Semels; *David Lee*, Alfred Cross; *Jake Bernheim*, Hal Price; *Robert Webb*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Jane Webb*, Bess Flowers.

"STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Arthur M. Brilant. Scenarized by Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Clara Deane*, Wynne Gibson; *Frank Deane*, Pat O'Brien; *Nancy*, Frances Dee; *Garrison*, Dudley Digges; *Ware*, George Barbier; *Norman*, Russell Gleason; *Miriam*, Florence Britton; *Herzmann*, Lee Kohlmar; *Lew Severen*, Arthur Pierson; *Mrs. Lyons*, Clara Blandick; *Nancy (as a child)*, Cora Sue Collins.

"STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Maurine Watkins. Adapted by Erwin Gelsey and Brown Holmes. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Molly*, Ann Dvorak; *Scotty*, Lee Tracy; *Jimmy*, Richard Cromwell; *Pop*, Guy Kibbee; *Nick*, Leslie Fenton; *Skeets*, Frank McHugh; *Sally*, Evalyn Knapp; *Capt. Slade*, Charles Middleton; *Martin*, C. Henry Gordon; *Dance Hall Girl*, Mary Doran; *Sgt. Murdock*, Willard Robertson; *Taxi Driver*, Harry Beresford; *Bell-boy*, Harold Waldridge; *A Policeman*, William Burress; *Mrs. Shiller*, Claire McDowell; *Sally's Pal*, Maurice Black; *College Boy*, Ben Alexander; *A Detective*, Richard Cramer; *Ralph*, Donald Dillaway; *Harley*, Hank Mann.

"SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by Bernard Schubert and J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Felix*, Ricardo Cortez; *Jessica*, Irene Dunne; *Hannah*, Anna Appel; *Meyer*, Gregory Ratoff; *Birdie*, Lita Chevret; *Magnus*, Noel Madison; *Miss Spencer*, Helen Freeman.

"THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE"—TOBIS.—Scenario by Walter Reisch. Directed by Geza Von Bolvary. The cast: *Vincenzo Perugia*, Willy Forst; *Mathilde*, Trude Von Molo; *An Art Agent*, Gustav Gruendgens; *The Director of the Louvre*, Fritz Odemar; *The Chief Inspector of the Louvre*, Max Guelstorf; *The Police Commissioner*, Roda Roda; *A Traveling Salesman*, Anton Pointner; *The Landlady*, Rosa Valetti; *The Orator*, Alexander Granach.

"THIS IS THE NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Avery Hopwood. Adapted by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Germaine*, Lily Damita; *Bunny West*, Charlie Ruggles; *Gerald Grey*, Roland Young; *Claire*, Thelma Todd; *Stepan*, Cary Grant; *Jacques*, Irving Bacon; *Chou-Chou*, Claire Dodd.

"TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE"—FOX.—From the novel by Kenneth M. Ellis. Screen play by Philip Klein and Barry Conners. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Vivienne Ware*, Joan Bennett; *John Sutherland*, Donald Cook; *Graham McNally*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Miss Fairweather*, ZaSu Pitts; *Dolores Divine*, Lilian Bond; *Prosecutor*, Allan Dinehart; *William Boggs*, Herbert Mundin; *Minetti*, Howard Phillips; *Parone*, Noel Madison; *Judge*, J. Maurice Sullivan; *Mercedes Joy*, Ruth Selwyn; *Gilk*, William Pawley; *Elizabeth Hardy*, Maude Eburne; *Mr. Hardy*, Eddie Dillon; *Evelyn Vandeler*, Nora Lane; *Damon Fenwicke*, Jameson Thomas; *Axel*, Christian Rub; *Juror*, Bert Hanlon.

"TWO SECONDS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Lester Elliott. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *John Allen*, Edward G. Robinson; *Bud*, Preston Foster; *Shirley*, Vivienne Osborne; *Tony*, Carroll Naish; *Bookie*, Guy Kibbee; *Annie*, Adrienne Dore; *Judge*, Walter Walker; *Lizzie*, Dorothy Wolbert; *The Doctor*, Edward McWade; *The Warden*, Berton Churchill; *A College Boy*, William Janney; *Reporter*, Lew Brice; *Reporter*, Franklin Parker; *Reporter*, Frederick Howard; *Landlady*, Helen Phillips; *Fat Girl*, June Gittleson; *Tart*, Jill Dennett; *Tart*, Luana Walters; *Justice of Peace*, Otto Hoffman.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"—M-G-M.—From the story by William Johnston. Continuity by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Limpy*, Jackie Cooper; *Jonas*, Charles (Chic) Sale; *Mr. Randall*, Ralph Graves; *Mrs. Randall*, Dorothy Peterson; *Froggy*, Andy Shuford; *Diana*, Helen Parrish; *Bullen Boy*, Donald Haines; *Abraham*, Gus Leonard; *Doctor*, Oscar Apfel.

"YOUNG AMERICA"—Fox.—From the play by John Frederick Ballard. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Jack Doray*, Spencer Tracy; *Edith Doray*, Doris Kenyon; *Arthur Simpson*, Tommy Conlon; *Judge Blake*, Ralph Bellamy; *Grandma Beamish*, Beryl Mercer; *Mrs. Taylor*, Sarah Padden; *Patrolman Weems*, Robert Homans; *Nutty*, Raymond Borzage; *Mabel Saunders*, Dawn O'Day; *Cassie Taylor*, Betty Jane Graham; *Maid*, Louise Beaver; *Bull Carron*, Spec O'Donnell; *Bandit*, William Pawley; *Bandit*, Eddie Sturgis.

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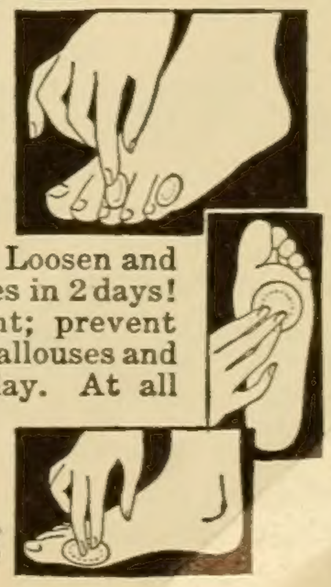

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Studio Rambles

By Sara Hamilton

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Far out on the back lot "Doctor X," another horror picture, is being made. Its first scene to be shot appropriately and promptly at midnight. The scene is an old manse. Lights gleam through the windows. Outside, artificial rain beats and pours against the panes.

Four men approach the door, and quietly knock. We glimpse Lee Tracy. And there's John Wray. Slowly and softly the door is opened. In the light within we catch a glimpse of Fay Wray's frightened face. And then a hand steals around the door. An arm. A second later the horrible *Doctor X*. We're off shrieking like a wild turkey, down Dark Canyon and under the bed.

The sound of brakes. A crash. A jar. And another car hits the old elm tree. The chauffeur, Chester Morris himself, alights. Adrienne Ames, the lady in the rear, alights. As a matter of fact, they alight together with another bump. Of heads this time. A blow-out, a scramble for tools, amusing repartee, a little of this, a bit of that, a kiss—but wait. Mustn't tell too much of "Sinners in the Sun."

Off in a far corner of a Paramount sound stage stands the tree with the green grass growing all around. And the huge car, with Chester and Adrienne, against it. A bored mechanic stands on the rear bumper, just out of camera range. Now. The signal is given. Up and down bounces the mechanic to give the effect of bumping. The jar is perfect. And the tree considers itself properly hit. But sh-h-h—don't tell I let you in on this. They're funny that way, in the movies. Now what's the trouble? Good heavens, it's Chester's shirt. What? Oh, it isn't blue enough and when Chester removes his coat it photographs gray. Blue takes white in pictures, you know.

So out goes a prop boy and in two minutes' time—no more, he's back with a violent blue shirt.

And a lady politely withdraws to peep into a cozy little—ahem, affair between Jimmie Dunn and Peggy Shannon out at Fox. "Society Girl" is in the making. Joan Bennett is visiting behind a bit of scenery. Reading a book.

GLANCE around. Lavishness. Splendor. Silken gauze drapes. Velvet hangings. Gleaming chandeliers. A New York apartment that is a New York apartment. On an alluring couch (dear me) sit Jimmie and Peggy. Now over to the victrola. Sweet, soft music. She's in his arms. Dancing. Floating about the lovely rooms. On the sidelines, the faces of the electricians and carpenters take on a wistful look, I swear it. Like a feather, they float, these two. High above on a rafter, an electrician leans on one elbow and gazes down. Suddenly the grin, the wisecracking smirk, dies an instantaneous death on the face of Jimmie. He looks long and deeply into the eyes of Peggy. And sighs. A bit closer he holds her and right here is where we scurry over to the side lot and enter, will wonders never cease, a complete Mexican village.

Suddenly, there's a commotion. The villain comes hurtling out the door. An Indian grabs a gun. Clippety clip they're off on a chase and before we can catch our breath, behind a dobie shack comes another and another. Tearing madly by.

LOOK. On those steps over there. Lovely Cecilia Parker and George O'Brien. And now, for heaven's sake, George grabs Cecilia's hand and they're off on another chase. It's all for "The Killer."

Straight from Mexico to China in twenty minutes. With little Chinese children playing in the streets of Radio Pictures Studio. Women with high Oriental headdresses. Chinese men in native costumes. A clatter of high Chinese voices. The "Roar of the Dragon" is in progress.

A vision flits by. It's Gwili Andre, the newcomer. And, as I live, over there sits ZaSu Pitts with a lapful of Chinese babies.

Silence now. The Klieg lights catch the gilt of the Chinese decorations. Action now. Up to the desk of this little hotel in China strides a tall American. There's a gasp from Arlene Judge who is watching Richard Dix out of sight. Then we see. For Richard has with him a beautiful Chinese maiden.

And with that we rush right home to tell Richard's lovely wife. Such goings on!

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that's what makes it better

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Right up to the minute

On the way home I stopped at the drug store to buy a package of cigarettes.

It was just coincidence, of course, but the clerk said that Chesterfields are the style; that more and more smokers are calling for them . . .

They're milder. They contain the mildest tobaccos that money can buy.

They taste better. Rich aroma of Turkish tobacco and mellow sweetness of Domestic, blended and cross-blended the Chesterfield way.

They're pure. Everything that goes into them is tested by expert chemists. It's the purest cigarette paper made — tasteless and odorless.

They satisfy. You break open a clean, tight-sealed package. You light up a well-filled cigarette. Yes . . . you're going to like *this* cigarette! And right there is where many a smoker changes to Chesterfield. *They Satisfy!*

the Cigarette that's MILDER *and* TASTES BETTER

Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Every night except Sunday. Columbia network. See local newspaper for time.

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